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THE QUIVER

A SOCIAL INTELLECTUAL,
RELIGIOUS PROGRESS

AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE.

SEPTEMBER, 1865.

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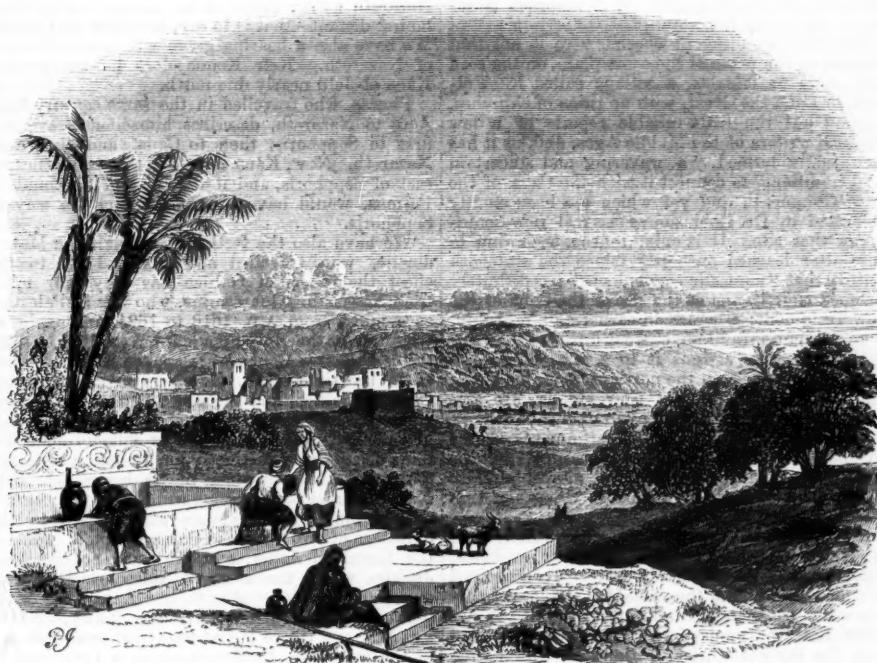
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CANA OF GALILEE.

BY W. F. AINSWORTH, F. S. A., F. R. G. S., ETC.



HE beginning of miracles was in Cana of Galilee. It was there that Jesus first manifested forth his glory, and that his disciples believed in him. There is every reason to believe that after Joseph's death Mary withdrew to Cana, which has been supposed to have been her birth-place. It became, therefore, the home of the holy family, and Jesus spent a portion of his youth at this spot. This view of the subject is further upheld by Jesus returning from the Jordan with his newly-acquired disciples to Cana.

Our Saviour likewise returned to the same place in after life, and it was thence that he sent home the noble father of Capernaum rejoicing in his son's recovery through his infinite mercy. Jesus was, on this occasion, urgently besought to "come down to Capernaum"—an expression which is singularly illustrated by the features of the country: for, in fact, the whole route from Cana, supposing that place to be represented by the existing village of Kefr Kenna, is a continued descent to the Sea of Galilee.

The Cana of the Evangelist John has, indeed, been identified, from the earliest Christian times, with the pretty village called Kefr Kenna, not far from Nazareth, being situated, according to the road taken,

at a distance of from three and a half or four to six miles from the latter place. Passing over the—at certain seasons—marshy grounds of Er Reineh, it is only the shorter distance; but deviating, to avoid these, by the hill of El Meshad, or of "the chapel," generally left to the west, it is the greater. Hence considerable differences are met with in the reports of travellers as to the time occupied in journeying from the one place to the other. El Meshad derives its name from a Moslem sepulchral chapel erected there to the memory of the Prophet Jonah, and the site has, indeed, been identified with Geth-hepher, where the prophet was born, as also with the Geth of Jerome.

The village itself lies on an eminence connected with the hills of Nazareth, and on the south side of a portion of the plain now called El Buttauf; but in this particular portion distinguished, on account of its exceeding fertility, as the Merj ed Dahab, or "plain of gold." It is on the direct road from Nazareth to Tiberias, and, as before observed, on the slope towards the Sea of Galilee.

There would be little to record of this pleasantly-situated place—although endeared to us by associations which have been immortalised by the old masters, and which have won the sympathies of all classes by the domestic character of the incidents—save to notice its traditional churches, its monumental records of two favourite disciples, its legendary relics of the ever-memorable marriage-



feast, and the amusing diversity of recorded statements regarding the number of water-jars extant at the place at different epochs, were it not that there is, on the north of the same plain, on the road from Acre to Tiberias, a village called Kāna el-Jell, or Cana the Great, with no ruins of churches, nothing but the little-reliable reports of a few monkish writers of the Middle Ages, and, as it has been justly termed, "a wavering and uncertain local tradition," to connect it with the Cana of the New Testament; and yet which has been stoutly advocated by Dr. Robinson as the real representative of that site. It is only, indeed, according to this latter learned authority, since the sixteenth century that "monastic convenience" has definitely assigned Kefr Kenna as the site of the Cana of the New Testament; whereas an earlier and, probably, more authentic tradition, current during the period of the Crusades, assigns it to a site three miles north of Sepphoris, on the north of the same plain, and where, a little east of Kefr Menda, are still found on the hill-side ruins of an extensive village. So strongly, indeed, have the arguments of the learned doctor influenced Dean Stanley, that he says, "the claims of Cana are almost equally balanced between the two modern villages of that name" (p. 359).

It behoves us, therefore, to enter briefly and succinctly into the nature of this new evidence, which abruptly discards all previously conceived opinions. We find at the outset that the local tradition which associates Kefr Kenna with Cana is not solely Latin or monastic. It has been preserved from the earliest Christian times by the native Syro-Greek community, which had a church there from almost the dawn of Christianity, whereas, no traces of such an edifice are to be found at Kāna el-Jell. Nor does it appear at all correct to say that the local tradition does not date back beyond the sixteenth century.

The pilgrim Sæwulf, who travelled in A.D. 1102-3, says, "Six miles to the north-east of Nazareth, on a hill, is Cana of Galilee, where our Lord converted water into wine at the marriage-feast. There nothing is left standing except the monastery called that of Architriclinus." The mediæval theologians made a proper name of Architriclinus, the Latin word which in the Vulgate translates what the English text terms "the ruler of the feast." They even canonised him as St. Architriclin, and looked upon him as the person in whose especial favour Christ performed the miracle.

We have, indeed, a still older statement with regard to the existence of ecclesiastical edifices at Cana in Galilee; for the English St. Willibald, who travelled about A.D. 722, describes a large church as standing there, and near the altar was still preserved "one of the six vessels which our Lord commanded to fill with water to be turned into wine, and the travellers drunk wine out of it." These *hydriae*, or water-jars, appear to have been hewn out of porous limestone, which permitted of sufficient evaporation to keep the water cool; and they are still manufactured in the neighbourhood. But no distances are given in this record, and it is of little avail, beyond attesting to the antiquity of a church, and to the existence at that remote period of only one water-jar.

It is different with regard to the narrative of Sæwulf. We have the distance given of Cana from

Nazareth as six miles; Kāna el-Jell being three hours' distant—that is to say, ten miles and a half. We have also a bearing given which is north-east of Nazareth. Kefr Kenna does lie north-east; Kāna el-Jell nearly due north.

Phocas, who travelled in the same century from Acre to Nazareth, describes himself as travelling first to Sepphoris, then to Cana, and thence to Nazareth. Now, Kāna el-Jell is three miles north-east of Sepphoris, and if the Cana of the monk of Patmos, would have been visited on the way to Sepphoris.

We have also the testimony of Sir John Maundeville, who travelled about A.D. 1322, to the effect that Cana of Galilee was only four miles from Nazareth. Quaresmius, who was in Palestine as a monk from A.D. 1616 to 1625, and again, as Guardian of the Holy Sepulchre, from 1627 to 1629, states that two Canas were spoken of in his day, as in the time of St. Jerome, one called simply Cana of Galilee, and the other Sepher Cana (Kefr Kenna). Kefr, written sometimes Kefar, Cephar, and Sepher, means a hamlet or village. Quaresmius decides very distinctly for the latter being the Scriptural Cana, because of its being nearer to Nazareth, and having some ruins.

This multiplied evidence with regard to the existence of two Canas in Galilee—not to mention the Kanah of Asher, and the Cana not far from Jericho, where the army of Antiochus Dionysius perished with hunger after their defeat by the Arabs (Joseph, B. J., I., iv., § 7, comp. "Ant.", XIII., xv., § 1), and where Herod the Great was encamped in the war with Antigonus—goes a long way to prove, notwithstanding Dr. Robinson's etymological arguments to the contrary, that Kefr Kenna, or the "hamlet of Kenna," is a corruption of Kana, or Cana. Dr. Robinson himself admits that his authority for Kāna el-Jell being the Cana of the New Testament—Abu Násir—said that the same name was applied by Christians to the village Kefr Kenna (vol. iii., p. 205). Admitting, even, that the existing name of the place, Kefr Kenna, has nothing to do with Kana, or Cana, we have still abundant evidence that there were two Canas, and that this was one of them; and the majority of testimonies are also in favour of its being the Cana of the New Testament.

Neitzschitz visited Kefr Kenna in 1635, and Surius, Vicar of the Holy Sepulchre, in 1645, manifestly as the site of the Cana of the New Testament; but as they are said to have gone thither with monks from Nazareth, that is sufficient for Dr. Robinson to reject their testimony. But the local tradition was, we have seen, handed down by the native Syrian Christians before it was accepted by the Latins.

Dr. Robinson further admits that "it is apparent that some tradition in favour of Kefr Kenna had existed before Quaresmius; but he brings forward no testimony to that effect, except the account of Bonifacius in the middle of the preceding century, which, however, is doubtful." Now, this Bonifacius quoted by Quaresmius, places Cana three miles north of Nazareth, on the borders of a large and *fertile* plain. "It is," adds Dr. Robinson, "on the strength of this 'three miles,' that Quaresmius supposes him to mean Kefr Kenna; but this is at any rate wrong, and the rest of the description applies better to the other place, or Kāna el-Jell."

But Bonifacius is not "at any rate wrong," for by one road the distance does not much exceed three miles. Granting, however, that Bonifacius underestimated the distance of Cana from Nazareth, how elastic must be the argument that extends it to ten and a half! The plain of Kefr Kenna has been extolled for its fertility by all travellers. We have seen that it is the "plain of gold" of the natives.

The learned traveller has, however, some direct testimony in favour of the identification which he advocates. "Adrichomius," he says, "near the close of the sixteenth century, quoting from earlier writers, places Cana three miles north of Sepphoris, and describes it as having a mountain on the north, and a broad, fertile, and beautiful plain towards the south; all which corresponds to the position of Kana el-Jell, and not to Kefr Kenna. Anselm, about A.D. 1507, assigns to Cana the same site; and so does Breydenbach in A.D. 1483, evidently copying former accounts." That is to say, these authorities are not travellers, like those whose statements have been previously quoted, but copyists, compilers, or recensionists. The account of Adrichomius is supposed to have been derived from Marino Sanuto, a noble Venetian, who had travelled much in the East, "and apparently visited Palestine before 1321," and who also described Cana as lying "north of Sepphoris, adjacent to a high round mountain on the north, on the side of which it was situated, and having the same broad, fertile, beautiful plain on the south, extending to Sepphoris. In coming from Ptolemais ('Akka), he says, the usual course was to proceed first eastwards to Cana, and thence south through Sepphoris to Nazareth. All this," adds Dr. Robinson, "leaves no doubt that the site of Kana el-Jell is meant. At that time the place was professedly shown where the six water-pots had stood; and also the triclinium where the feast was held; but the whole was in a crypt or cavern underground, like the Grotto of the Annunciation and of the Nativity."

Much more might be said in illustration of this view of the matter, first handed down by Brocardus or by the noble Venetian, Marino Sanuto; but it is needless, for all comparative geographers know how easily an error, once propagated, is handed down by one authority to another, till it becomes accepted as a truth.

It might, however, be concluded from this array of testimony adduced by Dr. Robinson, however slight the reliance that can be placed upon it, that there was still a marked tendency in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries to identify Cana with Kana el-Jell; but further doubts are elicited upon the authenticity of this identification by the consideration of certain peculiarly local traditions. We have seen that, near the close of the sixth century, Antoninus the martyr found no church at Cana, but he saw the *hydria*, or water-jars; and the pious pilgrim even went so far as to take credit upon himself—assisted, no doubt, by the sanctity of the said vessels—for having repeated the miracle enacted there by our Saviour. "Ex quibus hydriae duc*e* ibi sunt," he says. "Implevi aqua unam, et protul*e* ex e*ā* vinum." St. Willibald found there a large church in the eighth century, but only one of the water-jars, he says, was preserved near the altar, and he and his companions drank wine out of it. There can be little doubt, since there are no

ruins of a church at Kana el-Jell, that the church seen by Willibald in the eighth century, and that which was seen by Sæwulf in the twelfth century, were the same. There is, therefore, every reason to presume that it was the same that was seen by, or that is described by, Brocardus in the fourteenth century, and which, either by himself or by an error of his copyists or recensionists, was made to stand at Kana el-Jell, north of Sepphoris. The very name of the church attests the fact, for Sæwulf, we have seen, calls it the church of Architrichlin, and Brocardus, or Marino Sanuto, who describe only the *places* of the six water-vessels as extant, notice the triclinium, where the feast was held, only that, at that remote epoch—possibly in connection with steps taken for their security—the whole were in a crypt or cavern underground. This triclinium is also said to have been seen by B. de Saligniaco in A.D. 1522, and the presence of such a relic must have given origin to the name of the church. The relic cannot have been transposed by any monkish subterfuge from Kana el-Jell to Kefr Kenna, for Sæwulf travelled in 1102-3; nor is it likely that it, or the water-jars, or the places for them, could have been removed in the fifteenth or sixteenth centuries to Kana el-Jell, for the tradition has been persistent at Kefr Kenna. The inconsistency of the evidence adduced, then, from Marino Sanuto and others, as compared with the traditions existing anteriorly, and what have continued since, tending to affix those traditions elsewhere, is manifest.

Dr. Clarke saw in the church at Kefr Kenna only fragments of water-jars; but a whole one seems to have been set up since, and is described as being exhibited as one of the original six, by Richardson (vol. ii., p. 434), and by Monro (vol. i., p. 304). De Saulcy, however, was shown *two* water-jars, and he declares, as a competent archaeologist, that they are whole and antique. "I do not venture to affirm," he says, "that they are the identical vessels that served at the supper, but they are at least contemporaneous."

Bertrandon de la Brocqière, who travelled in A.D. 1432, describes himself as crossing an extensive plain from Nazareth, and coming to the fountain the water of which our Lord changed into wine at the marriage of Architrichlin. In the time of Pococke (1739), this fountain is noticed as being to the south of the village of "Kephur Kenna," and near it were the ruins of a church dedicated to St. Bartholomew, supposed to be the same as Nathaniel, who was a native of the place, and said to have been raised over the ruins of his house. There was also a large ruined building in the village, said to have stood on the site of the marriage festival, and near it was a large Greek church; notwithstanding which, the Greeks were said to have a tradition that the place where the miracle was wrought was at Gana, on the west side of the plains of Zebulun or Zabulon, but that the water was taken from the fountain. Dr. Robinson says of this—"Pococke alone seems to have heard of Kana el-Jell, and inclines correctly to regard it as the true site of Cana" (note to p. 206). He further misquotes Pococke as describing a house of St. Bartholomew, when what he describes is a church said to have been his house (iii., p. 204). Now, it is rather remarkable—according to Van de Velde, who adopted Dr. Robinson's theory

without inquiry—that there is no *fountain* within a quarter of an hour of Kâna el-Jellî (vol. ii., p. 405).

When De Saulcy was at Kefr Kenna—or Kafr Kenna, as he writes it—a handsome sarcophagus did duty as a trough at this fountain. The presence of this ancient sarcophagus, decorated with garlands and discs on its four faces, would alone suffice, he adds, to show that Kefr Kenna occupies an older site. The distinguished French archaeologist also remarks how much it is to be regretted that Dr. Robinson did not himself visit Kefr Kenna. "By not studying the place with his own eyes, did he not expose himself to doing that which a judge would do who would condemn a person without hearing him? . . . The doctor," he adds, "presumes altogether upon the facts of the case when he says of Kâna el-Jellî that it is sufficiently near to Nazareth to accord with all the circumstances of the history."

Had Dr. Robinson visited Kefr Kenna, he would have found that Quaresmius was correct in saying that the memory of the church erected on the spot of the miracle was preserved by the presence of a Greek church, around which are the ruins of a more ancient edifice, and which was at one epoch converted into a mosque. Such a Moslem temple would not have been constructed at a mere village like Kefr Kenna, even at the epoch of the most excited fanaticism of the Mahometans, without a sufficient reason.

Nor would, probably, the important corroborative evidence to be derived from the presence of an edifice which preserves the memory of St. Bartholomew, supposed to be the same as Nathaniel, as before noticed by Pococke; and further, of another edifice raised to the memory of Simon the Canaite, under the name of *Beit Sîmaûn*, or "the House of Simon," have altogether escaped the notice of the learned doctor.

What, indeed, can be more appropriate or more striking, in a legendary or traditional point of view, than this association of two of the first disciples of Christ with the first miracle performed by our Saviour in their presence—the first manifestation of his glory, and the inauguration, as it were, of that Divine power which confirmed their faith in him as the Messiah?

It is grievous to think—partly owing to the country being subject to Mussulman rule, and partly to an unaccountable indifference on the part of the native Christians, arising, however, possibly, from the persecutions to which they have been subjected—that the actual site of places so endeared to us by the most holy associations, should be in the present day a matter of conflicting opinions; but although new theories have been broached in modern times to disturb previously received ideas, the claims of Cana will not, upon a due consideration of the subject, be any longer deemed to be almost equally balanced between the two villages of that name.

"THE CLAPHAM SECT."

BY THE REV. W. MORLEY PUNSHON, M.A.

GRANVILLE SHARPE.


HERE is a touching Persian story which is told in this wise:—"Abou ben Adhem, waking from a brief, sweet slumber, saw an angel in his chamber, with bright wing and kind smile, busily writing in a book. 'What writest thou?' he inquired. Gazing at him sorrowfully, the angel answered, 'The names of those who love the Lord.' 'And is mine there?' The sorrowful expression deepened with the answer—"Nay." 'Then, I pray thee, write me as one who loves his fellow-men.' The angel wrote, and vanished. Shortly, when the names of those who loved the Lord were revealed, Abou ben Adhem's name led all the rest."

If, in any sense, the largest human charity may be alleged in proof of the indwelling of a higher affection, the name of Granville Sharpe may be placed in the foremost rank of those who love the Lord, for he lived only for his fellows, and worked for them with an untiring benevolence, which ceased only with his life, and which, when it could work no longer, plotted their benefit in dreams. This remarkable man was born in the city of Durham, on the 10th of November, 1735. He was a child of the prophets, for his father was Archdeacon of Northumberland, and his grandfather Archbishop of York. He was bound apprentice to a Quaker, who was a mercer on Tower Hill, in London. On

the death of his master, his indentures were transferred to his successor, a Presbyterian; a third time, passed to an Irish Papist; and yet a fourth time, to a master whom he affirms to have had no religion at all. His orthodoxy does not seem to have wavered amid these motley surroundings; indeed, his first study of languages was undertaken for the defence of the faith of his fathers; for he learned Greek to confute a Socinian lodger who assailed the Trinity and the atonement; and he plunged into Hebrew the better to wrestle with another lodger, who was a Jew. He was wont to say that he learned charity from these early controversies, and there have been few champions in the polemical arena who could so well mingle the sternest indignation against error or sin with the most yearning tenderness towards the heretic or the sinner.

Seven years of his life were spent at the mercer's counter, and the next eighteen in the office of Ordnance, where he filled the position of subordinate clerk. Unlikely places these, according to the world's fashion of thinking, in which to look for a hero; and yet, if heroism be developed in its highest degree in magnanimous self-surrender, there was a worthier knighthood measuring the muslin and registering the gunpowder, than ever charged a Paynim host, or set lance in rest for the sake of beauty or of glory.

To enumerate the benevolent enterprises of his life were difficult, for his soul burned to supply every imaginable want, and to redress every imaginable wrong. He found the descendant of the Willoughbys de Parham in a retired tradesman,

and did not rest until he had made good his friend's claim, and had seen him take his place among the peers. To defend the sacred books he waged war with a Hebraist; to reverse an unjust grant, he battled with the Treasury; to uphold public morals, he wrote against some of the customs of the theatre. In the interest of municipal freedom, he stood by the Lord Mayor of London in his struggle with the Commons. In the interests of humanity he denounced the impressment of seamen, the extermination of the aborigines in the Chartist war, and the plagues of slavery and the slave-trade; and to clear himself from what he deemed the guilt of blood, he resigned his place and his livelihood when advancing years were in bar of his obtaining lucrative employment elsewhere.

While he was yet in the service of the Government, a negro asked of him an alms. He had been the slave of a Barbadoes lawyer, whose cruelty had first ruined his health, and then turned him into the streets. Sharpe procured for him medical advice, and watched over him until his health was restored. Two years afterwards he was seen and recognised by his former master, who, finding him in good health, formed the design to repossess himself of this chattel of his which he had somehow discarded as useless. He accordingly entrapped him, and caused him to be imprisoned in the Compter. The negro wrote to Granville Sharpe, who, on his own responsibility, charged the master of the prison at his peril not to deliver him up to any one until he had been carried before the Lord Mayor. He then requested that both parties should be summoned to appear. When they came into court, a notary produced a bill of sale from the original master to a Jamaica planter of the name of Kerr, and the captain of a vessel bound to that island was in waiting to take him away. The Lord Mayor having heard the claim, said, "The lad had not stolen anything, and was not guilty of any offence, and was therefore at liberty to go away." Immediately, the captain seized the negro by the arm, and said, "I claim this man-slave as the property of Mr. Kerr." Sharpe's righteous soul was vexed exceedingly, and prompted by a hint from the City Coroner, he turned to the captain and said, "Sir, I charge you for an assault." Thus, naturally, and almost unwittingly, was he committed to the struggle which lasted for two years, and the issue of which established the glorious principle that slavery—a monster foul and unnatural—cannot be tolerated on British ground.

Legal process was at once entered upon against him. His solicitor brought him a copy of an opinion, given by Yorke and Talbot (both afterwards chancellors) when they were Attorney and Solicitor-General, asserting that "a slave coming from the West Indies to Great Britain does not thereby become free;" and assured him that he had no good defence against the action, for they had ascertained that Lord Chief Justice Mansfield had expressed the same opinion. These tidings would have crushed a coward, and made a cautious man pause, but they only aroused the fine soul of Sharpe, and, as fire from stricken flint, brought out a nobility and a courage of which he had hardly been conscious before. He betook himself at once to the study of the laws of England, especially in their bearing upon the liberty of the person in British subjects, although, as he says, "I was totally unacquainted

with either the practice of the law or the foundations of it, having never opened a law-book (except the Bible) in my life." In this research he had neither instructor nor companion. He applied to Blackstone and other eminent men, but received little encouragement. His own lawyers were against him. But his indomitable perseverance and his passionate convictions of right prevailed, and after two years, during which he had industriously circulated his views in manuscript amongst the gentlemen of the bar, his opponents were frightened, and were condemned in treble costs for refusing to bring forward the action.

Granville Sharpe, however, was not satisfied with this negative success. A few separate verdicts had been obtained in favour of African slaves, but their general right to freedom in England was yet a matter of uncertainty, and the judges discouraged all attempts to bring the subject as an argument on principle before them. Lord Mansfield said from the bench, at the conclusion of one of the trials, "You will see more in the question than you see at present. There are a great many opinions given upon it. I am aware of many of them, but perhaps it is much better that it should never be finally discussed or settled. I don't know what the consequence may be if the masters were to lose their property by accidentally bringing their slaves to England. I hope it never will be finally discussed, for I would have all masters think them free, and all negroes think they were not, because then they would both behave better." What could one man do against a settled deliverance of the judges, pronounced by one of the most honoured men that sat upon the bench, against a powerful and crafty opposition—himself, withal, of small account, with neither ample wealth nor legal training? It was like Leonidas at Thermopylae, or Horatius on the bridge. But never had chivalry a knightlier soul than burned in the breast of Granville Sharpe, and he wrought on, though single-handed, hoping against hope that the England which he loved would not be under the shame of a statute which degraded or imbruted a MAN.

At length Providence threw in his way the negro, James Somerset, whose case is said to have been chosen, at the mutual desire of the judge and the unhired advocate, to bring to a final issue a contest which had so often engaged and embarrassed the courts of the realm.

On the 7th of February, 1772, the case was heard before Lord Mansfield, with whom sat the Justices Ashton, Willes, and Ashurst. A large amount of public sympathy had by this time been awakened. A great principle was to be decided. The cause of freedom was to be tried, not on the ground of special indictment, nor legal quibble, but of innate and essential right—the right of every man in England to his own liberty, unless forfeited by the violation of the law.

Mr. Serjeant Davy, who opened the case in an earnest and able speech, prefaced it by affirming that he should maintain the following proposition:—"That no man at this day is, or can be, a slave in England." The cause was postponed until next term, and on the 9th of May was again brought into court. Mr. Mansfield, Mr. Alleyne, and Mr. Francis Hargrave, whose celebrity dated from this trial, followed on the same side, and were opposed by Mr. Wallace, and, strangely enough, by Mr.

Dunning, who, in a former trial, had "out-heroded Herod" in his intense love of liberty, and who pleaded his professional duty as an excuse for his change of opinion. On the 22nd of June the court gave judgment, in impressive words like these: "The exercise of the power of a master over his slave must be supported by the laws of particular countries; but no foreigner can in England claim a right over a man. Tracing the subject to natural principles, the claim of slavery never can be supported." Thus ended one of the most important cases in legal history, memorable for the rare forensic skill with which it was conducted; for the establishment of a principle of priceless value to freedom; for the display which it afforded of an upright judge renouncing, under the pressure of growing convictions, his own long-cherished opinion; and especially for the heroism of a poor and somewhat needy man, who forgot himself in the cause which he had espoused, content to waive all personal honour that the oppressed might be rescued from oppression, that humanity might receive a lasting boon, and that his country might be exalted to her noblest elevation as a land so sacred that its soil cannot bear the touch of a slave.

Though the accomplishment of this design would alone stamp the reputation of Granville Sharpe, it was but one among many projects of usefulness in which his long life was spent. He was so eminently unselfish, that it was no effort for him to toil for others; it seemed as easy for him to do good as to breathe. He wrote many pamphlets on almost every topic of the day, and all breathing that stern reprobation of error and that melting tenderness towards those who held or spread it, which were characteristic of his mind. To mediate between Great Britain and America—to promote the circulation of the Bible—to essay to interpret its prophecies, to vindicate the orthodox and Protestant character of the truth—to rouse men's minds to indignation against all kinds of social wrong—these were the subjects which employed unceasingly his ready, if not brilliant pen; and though his writings are not likely to live, his

kindly spirit and his earnest affection gave them an effective reputation in their day.

He was no ascetic, but full of human charities and of a sprightly humour. The young delighted in his companionship, and would listen, charmed, to his talk, as he floated down the Thames in his barge; or, less charmed, to his music as he played upon his beloved harp, which was framed, as he averred, after the precise pattern of David's, and which was struck, like his, to many a song of Zion.

In his later years the study of prophecy absorbed him, and living in the unseen, his schemes had a visionary character about them, at which men smiled, while they pitied and loved the schemer, whose very delirium was a benevolent frenzy. Thus he astonished a public meeting, held under the Duke of Gloucester's presidency, by stating that he had discovered, in King Alfred's law of frank-pledge, a remedy for all the ills of Sierra Leone, and that he had devised portable wool-packs, beneath whose friendly cover our troops in the Peninsula might fight securely, and whose manufacture would employ the depressed workmen at home. He lived in perpetual expectation of the Millennium, and spoke of it as a positive truth that it would burst upon the world in the course of the coming spring. Before that time arrived he had realised it, but "in a brighter morn than ours." To die on the eve of such a revelation to the world was the only sting which the last enemy had for him; firm in the merits of the Redeemer, in whom he had put his lifelong trust, he ceased quietly from mortality in the seventy-eighth year of his age, on the 6th of July, 1813. His remains lie in the family vault at Fulham, and a monument to his memory is, fittingly, in Westminster Abbey. Greater men have lived among us, if greatness be measured by intellectual capacity, or by lordly will; but no more guileless spirit, no truer philanthropist, no braver champion of human rights, no more loving illustrator of Divine charity. "He was a good man, and had a good report of all men and of the truth itself."

"WATCHING FOR THE MORNING."

AWAY, ye shadows gloomy,
That thrill your terrors through me;
Back to your caverns take your flight,
And let me see the light!

Ye storm-winds, blackly prowling,
With all your horrors howling;
Back to your shells with gust and qualm,
And let me feel the calm.

Show, with the glow and shining,
Black cloud, thy golden lining;
Spread forth thy light to heal and bless,
O Sun of righteousness!

Beyond that silv'ry shimmer,
Beyond that glassy glimmer,

I see thy blessed beams arise
To melt the leaden skies.

Ye sentinels immortal,
Open each heavenly portal;
The rainbow from His throne release,
The covenant of peace.

With cherub pinions wing it,
And o'er the swift clouds fling it;
So shall the gloom be glorified,
That erst my spirit tried.

Prince of immortal story,
King of eternal glory,
Light everlasting and complete,
I thank thee at thy feet.

BONAVIA.

THE HOLINESS OF GOD.



One, with reverential spirit, can meditate upon any of the Divine attributes without having a certain sense of awe come creeping over his soul. As when one stands amid the tombs of the departed, where the dust of those who once were living like himself sleeps in its marble vaults, a sense of dread, a power of silence, a pressure of sacredness are felt, so when we draw nigh unto the greatness of Him who is Lord both of the living and the dead, and whose years are eternal, our souls are filled with a sense of intrusion upon sacredness, as of sandalled feet before a burning bush. In either case the shadow of eternity seems to be cast before it, to enshroud the living in its deep solemnities. The voices of the departed from out the great unknown whisper in mysterious notes into our waiting ears; and the voice of the great Jehovah seems to be heard speaking, as the voice of a king from his throne of ages. Yet far deeper should be the solemnity, and greater far the awe, with which we draw near to God, than that which we experience when we linger by the dumb ashes of the departed. For he inhabitateth eternity, and filleth it with his presence. The dead have only gone to dwell beneath the shadow of Him who ever liveth.

So, when we thoughtfully approach into the presence of the attributes of the Most High, hardened and daring must we be if we do not bow in spirit, and stand impressed with emotions of deepest reverence and fear. Amazement, wonder, dread, these will take hold upon us.

The wisdom and the power of God are startling and overwhelming to the being whose eyes are opened in any measure to their appreciation. The only expression of the soul before them is a token of its utter inability to grasp the magnitude or measure the scope of their infinitudes. "What hath God wrought!" As one who gazes out upon the vast waters of the ocean when no land is in sight, so the worshipping soul stands before Almighty Wisdom and Power, and is in wonder lost.

Yet a deeper and a stranger feeling, one producing more thorough and abject humiliation, is that which thrusts itself upon him who aspires to meditate upon the holiness of God. Here is still a profounder deep. We think we know a little of what wisdom and power are; for we think we see some rays, however faint, of their presence among men. Nature around us, at least, displays their existence as present with us in their wondrous effects and results. Not so is it with the Divine holiness. In vain do we search the hearts or lives of men to find anything that seems like unto the perfect nature of this attribute. We see and we admire something here and there among the growing saints of God that looks like approximate goodness. It is but growing piety, a faint and diminutive likeness of the Divine excellency, as a downy feather might be thought to resemble the great fleecy clouds of heaven. Even Nature, in her wondrous miracles on every hand, does not mirror holiness for our gaze. It is a great unknown. And

we hardly dare let our thoughts go out to meditate upon it, lest their sacrilegious approach meet the sudden doom of him of old who would lay hold, with unconsecrated hand, upon the ark of God.

The glory of God, declared by the heavens and the earth, all Israel might gaze upon as they worshipped with delight; yet into the holy place might none approach but the great high-priest, bearing the blood of atonement. With what a burden and oppression of soul did this chosen man of God turn his steps toward the presence of the Shekinah between the cherubim, in the inner place—the holy of holies—as once in the long year, when all was ready, the voice of God bade him enter, and in the image of the coming Redeemer and Intercessor, draw nigh unto the earthly throne of the heavenly King! With hesitating feet and trembling hands—with a palsied tongue, and eyes that dare not lift their lids—with a spirit entranced, and a soul purged from every thought but that of God, he is borne by a strength that seems communicated from above into the sacred precincts, and stands for a time that seems but an unmeasured instant, within the thickness of the cloud that envelopes from human sight the majesty of God! And retiring, he bears with him the profound and indescribable impression of that holiness unto which no man, save as he is rarely called of God in the performance of a sacred religious duty, as a representative and type of the Holy One himself, dare once approach unto. Toward this secret place of the holy oracle we look from afar, as toward something infinitely great, and high, and good, with which, because of our sin, we can have nothing in common, and which can receive of us only homage and obedience.

With such reflections upon this Divine attribute, how strange the command, and how hopeless the prospect when we read, "Be ye holy, as I am holy!" What despair shall not fall with its impenetrable darkness upon us as we hear the words, "Without holiness shall no man see the Lord!" Oh, the rich gifts of grace Divine! Oh, the surpassing power of infinite love, that condescends to enfold us in the vast garment of eternal righteousness, when our guilty souls have once been purged in the flowing streams of precious blood! Nothing but holiness itself can make us holy; nothing but Divine purity avail to take away the stain and soil from our garments of unrighteousness. Yet this is possible for us in the future that is every moment drawing more near. We shall be like Him, else we could not see him as he is. "As we have borne the image of the earthly, so also shall we bear the image of the heavenly." When Christ, who is our life, shall appear, then shall we be transformed from the perishable, because the impure, to the imperishable, because the infinitely pure. That which now appears as a holy mount, whose glories are veiled in clouds and flame, and to which none may approach, will one day involve us in its glorious light, and transform us into the perfect image of its excellencies. Praise God for the thought and the hope, through the atoning love and ransom of the Son!

THE GEMS OF BRITISH BALLADS.

WITH BRIEF REMARKS, CRITICAL AND SUGGESTIVE.—III.



E now come to the second department of our subject—ballads illustrative of the tender passions; and the first example is entitled “Annie of Lochroyan,” said to be the most beautiful and perfect of the Scottish pathetic ballads. It opens with Annie waiting for a ship to go in search of her husband, who is abroad at the wars. Her father gives her a “bonny ship,” in which she sails “for a month and more,” till late in a stormy night, when all was “dark and the wind was cauld,” and with “her bairn in her twa arms,” she lands from the ship, “near to her true love’s door.” Long, long she stands at the door, “toilting at the pin,” in that bitter night, and at last her husband’s “fause mother” gets up and asks who it is. Annie tells her tale, but for reasons best known to herself, the mother refuses to believe her, and to let her in; and, worse than all, she personates Annie’s husband, or leads her to believe that her husband himself is holding the parley with her, rendering her grief all the more poignant with the idea that he won’t believe her. Very touching, in truth, is her recital of certain love passages between them in their courting days, given to prove that it must be she, and she alone, who speaks to him:—

“O dinna ye mind, love Gregory,
When we sat at the wine,
How we chang’d the napkins frae our necks,
It’s no sae lang sinsyne!”

Did the poor wife then think, when she gave utterance to the last line, how soon, how very soon, love’s spark dies out in some hearts? After giving her supposed husband other tokens to prove the truth of her tale, she says—

“Sae open the door, love Gregory,
And open it wi’ speed;
Or your young son, that is in my arms,
For cauld will soon be dead!”

But the heart of the cruel mother softens not, but sends the poor wretched wife off, with a bitter allusion to what she calls “her shame.” With faltering steps and a heart, oh, full—“sae full o’ wae,” as the ballad has it, she goes back to the ship, and having reason, bitter reason so to do, “sair, sair did she weep.” Lord Gregory himself at last wakens up, and tells his mother that he had had a dream that had made “his heart right wae,” a dream that his own Annie had been standing at the door, but that “nane will let her in.” Too true, indeed, the dream, for his mother boasts that if it was for Annie of Lochroyan he made, as she termed it, “a’ this din;” she had, in very truth, stood at the door, but, with almost fiendish glee, adds, “but I trow she wan na in.” In his misery of heart, he calls down a wish that he who bore him might “dee an ill death.” He runs out into the bitter night, and sees his Annie “sailing frae the land.” Piteous were his cries that she

might stay for and return to him, but the “wind grew loud and the sea grew rough,” and the ship being rent in twain, he has only for reply, the agony to see his “fair Annie” come floating to him “through the foam,” and “his young son in her arms, bath tossed abune the tide.” A cruel wave sends her to his feet, and, oh! the misery of the embrace when first

“He kiss’d her cherry cheek,
And syne he kiss’d her chin
And sair he kiss’d her bonny lips,”

to find, after all, that

“There was nae breath within.”

Of “Helen of Kirconnell,” and the “Gay Goshawk,” we can give no specimens. Read them!

We now come to the third division of our subject—ballads illustrative of the domestic affections. Regrets numerous have we that we have not the space to give examples of the ballads of this class, many and “beautiful exceedingly” as they are. Of these, we would refer our readers to “Edom o’ Gordon,” “The Border Widow’s Lament,” and to “Johnie of Braidislee.” But the latter, containing, perhaps, the most pathetic touch of ballad literature, must not be passed over here with a reference merely. The ballad opens with Johnie expressing his determination to go to the woods, hunting; his mother on hearing it, with that sense of coming woe which now and then so mysteriously oppresses us, begs him, for “her benison,” or blessing, not to go to the greenwood, and tells him that he has no necessity to go, for at home enough he has

“——o’ the gude wheat breed,
And eneugh o’ the blude-red wine,”
and adds, that he would win or gain his mother’s blessing

“Gin he wad stay at hame.”

But young and impatient blood is not always to be made to run slower in the veins of youth, or even by the entreaties of age; so Johnie goes to the greenwood, and, after many adventures, is at last shot, while asleep under a tree, by the foresters. Wounded, but not killed, he falls upon them, and kills them, eight in number, seven of them in fair, open stand-up fight, and charging the eighth, he breaks his collar-bone, and throwing him across a horse, with a fine irony, sends it off, bidding him carry the message home of their defeat. But the hero’s wounds begin to tell upon himself, and with loss of blood, feeble frame, and sinking spirits, he thinks of those who are so dear to him, and, son-like, his first thought is of his mother, whose warning words of the morning now, doubtless, come to him in his dying eve. Alone in the woods, alone to die, he wearies in vain for a messenger, and thus he asks

“O is there a bird in a’ this bush
Wad sing as I wad say?
Gae hame and tell my old mither
That I hae won the day.”

But next the thought of his true love comes up,



Drawn by M. E. EDWARDS]

[Engraved by R. PATERSON.

"Sue open the door, love Gregory,
And open it wi' speed."

See "GEMS OF BRITISH BALLADS," p. 368.



and the message to her is not of success in battle, but that she might come for him.

" Is there ever a bird in a' this bush
Wind sing as I wad say?
Gae hame and tell my ain true love
To come and fetch Johnie away."

But with the approach of death the claims of poor humanity alike force out of his mind both thoughts of mother and of sweetheart, and, in the faint feebleness of his last moments, he wishes for a reviving and refreshing drink. But who is to bring it him? Dying as he is, he cannot go to the purling brook or the gushing spring; so the bird,

his wished-for messenger to his mother and his love, is asked once more to do a deed of mercy, in language the pathos of which is not exceeded in all our ballad, if indeed in any other department of literature.

" Is there na a bird in a' this forest
Will do as meikle for me,
As dip its wing in the wan water,
And straik it on my o'e-bree?"

If any one can read these lines without being startled into tears, he has not the right stuff in him of which true men and women are made.

(To be continued.)

THE VESPER HOUR.

JIN the peaceful hour of eventide,
I walked by the winding river-side—

After the heat of the summer day,
Wooing the zephyrs' delightful play.

Their cooling fingers smoothed my brow,
Where a trace of their tenderness lingers now.

The waters rippled low and sweet,
Like the silver measures of fairy feet;

And the songster of love, unwilling to rest,
Made melody in her leaf-bound nest.

The soft-eyed flower, the streamlet's bride
Bent, her blue-deepening tints to hide.

But the river grew amorous at the sight,
And kissed her to sleep in the shadows of night.

The star-flock came forth in their fleeces of gold,
And the shepherdess moon kept a watch o'er the fold.

Then hushed were the heaven-roofed aisles of air,
And I knew it was Nature's time of prayer;

So I turned my face to the silent sky,
And pastured my soul on infinity—

Dreaming a poet's dream of love
And life in the angel land above;

And lost to the world in the trancing power
Pervading each sense at the vesper hour.

A. W. B.

THE NORTH-WEST PASSAGE BY LAND.*

CIVILISATION is another word for progress. It is but a moving on to some great, yet undefinable, goal of power, or knowledge, which is power. And the march of civilisation is, generally speaking, and sometimes literally, a quick march. When an object is to be attained, the grand desideratum is a speedy attainment, especially in these days. *Home* is disgusted at anything slow; his will and pleasure is to go a-head. Generally there are two roads to a terminus—the roundabout and the short cut; and, as a general rule, *home* is to be found, both literally and figuratively, taking the short cut. On the roundabout road only the drones and butterflies linger and dally, whilst the earnest workers are perseveringly pressing on the straight way, each towards his golden ideal. If there is no short road to a much-desired spot, *home* will endeavour either to find or to make one. The latter is exemplified in the Suez Canal, and the former in the subject of this paper, "The North-West Passage."

The names of three knights of the noble order of

* "The North-West Passage by Land." By Viscount Milton, F.R.G.S., F.G.S.; and W. B. Cheadle, M.A., M.D. Cantab., F.R.G.S. London: Cassell, Petter, and Galpin.

enterprise will ever be connected with this discovery. Sir John Franklin, Sir Robert M'Clure, and Sir Leopold M'Clintock, have done science—especially that of geography—good service. But, from a commercial, which is the primary point of view, the discovery is a failure; for, although the Atlantic and Pacific meet together, their embrace is too freezing to permit of familiar intercourse.

What say Lord Milton and Dr. Cheadle in the preface to their book lately published, "The North-West Passage by Land?" Having laid the first track, they have a right to an authority herein:—

The idea of a route across the northern part of the Continent is not a new one. The project was entertained by the early French settlers in Canada, and led to the discovery of the Rocky Mountains. It has since been revived, and ably advocated, by Professor Hind and others, hitherto without success.

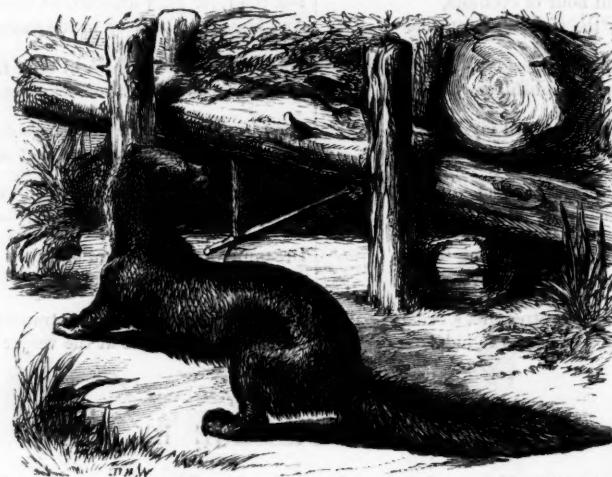
The favourite scheme of geographers in this country for the last three centuries has been the discovery of a North-west passage by sea, as the shortest route to the rich countries of the East. The discovery has been made, but in a commercial point of view, it has been valueless. We have attempted to show that the original idea of the French Canadians was the right one, and that the true North-west Passage is by land, along the fertile belt of the Saskatchewan, leading through British Columbia to the splendid harbour of Esquimalt, and the great coal-fields of Vancouver Island,

which offer every advantage for the protection and supply of a merchant fleet trading thence to India, China, and Japan.

The voyage, the passage, and the return were accomplished by Lord Milton and Dr. Cheadle in about a year and three quarters, dating from and to Liverpool. Landing at Quebec, they "stayed but to see the glorious plains of Abraham, and then hastened up the St. Lawrence by Montreal, through the lovely scenery of the 'Thousand Islands,' and across Lake Ontario to Toronto." After spending a day at Niagara, they resumed their journey by rail to La Crosse, and thence up the Mississippi by steamer to St. Paul, Minnesota, from which city—or, more correctly, from St. Anthony, six miles distant—they travelled by a stage-wagon to St. Cloud. "This seventy mile drive to St. Cloud," say they, "was the most dis-

mined to accomplish the voyage, five hundred miles in length, in two canoes, which they did in eighteen days, after an encounter and adventure with the steamer before referred to. At Fort Garry our travellers sojourned three weeks, and thoroughly enjoyed themselves, in reparation for the rough rubs they had endured on the way. From Fort Garry to Fort Carlton was a journey which occupied about a month, near which place they were compelled to make winter quarters. Having built their house, furnished it, and named it Fort Milton, they went to work at laying in provisions, by hunting and trapping. Marten trapping is described as follows:—

Folding his blanket double, the trapper places in it a lump of pemican, sufficient for five or six days' consumption, a tin kettle and cup, and, if he is rich, some steel traps and a little tea and salt. The blanket is then tied at



A MARTEN TRAP.

agreeable experience we had. The day was frightfully hot, and the passengers were packed so tightly, that it was only by the consent and assistance of his next neighbour that he (Dr. Cheadle) could free an arm to wipe the perspiration from his agonised countenance. Mosquitoes swarmed and feasted with impunity on the helpless crowd, irritating the four wretched babies into an incessant squalling, which the persevering singing of their German mothers about Fatherland was quite ineffectual to assuage. . . . The dogs kept tumbling off their slippery perch, and hung dangling by their chains at either side, half strangled, until hauled back again with the help of a leg-up from the people inside."

On the third day they reached Red River, and on the next arrived at Georgetown, where they were compelled to halt for a few days before proceeding to Fort Garry, on account of the non-arrival of the steamer from that settlement. Despairing entirely of the dilatory steamer's appearance, the party, consisting of Lord Milton and his dog Rover, Dr. Cheadle, and a companion, deter-

the four corners and slung on the back by a band across the chest. Tying on a pair of snow-shoes, he starts alone into the gloomy woods—trudging silently forward—for the hunter or trapper can never lighten the solitude of his journey by whistling or a song. His keen eye scans every mark upon the snow for the tracks he seeks. When he observes the footprints of marten or fisher, he unslings his pack, and sets to work to construct a "dead fall," or wooden trap, after the following manner. Having cut down a number of saplings, these are divided into stakes of about a yard in length, which are driven into the ground so as to form a palisade, in the shape of half an oval, cut transversely. Across the entrance to this little enclosure, which is of a length to admit about two thirds of the animal's body, and too narrow to admit of its fairly entering in and turning round, a short log is laid. A tree of considerable size is next felled, denuded of its branches, and so laid that it rests upon the log at the entrance in a parallel direction. The bait, which is generally a bit of tough dried meat, or a piece of partridge or squirrel, is placed on the point of a short stick. This is projected horizontally into the enclosure, and on the external end of it rests another short stick placed perpendicularly, which supports the large tree laid across the entrance. The top of the trap is then covered in with bark and branches, so that the only means of access to the bait is by the opening between the propped-up tree and the log beneath. When the bait is seized, the tree falls down upon the animal and



THE FOREST ON FIRE.

100
ADDRESS AT TELW-RTTOZ FRT



crushes him to death. An expert trapper will make forty or fifty traps in a single day.

Spring came round again, and off again they marched. Our space will no longer permit us to make mention of their halts and halting-places; how they hunted, and fished, and fell into dilemmas, terrors, and dangers—even setting the forest ablaze with one of their camp-fires.

We built a large fire for the benefit of the horses in the little open space we had cleared. We then proceeded to make a smaller one for ourselves, and were quietly seated round it cooking our pemmican, Mr. O'B. having divested his feet of his boots, lying at his ease, and smoking his pipe with great satisfaction. Suddenly a louder crackling and roaring of the other fire attracted our attention, and, on looking round, we saw to our horror that some of the trees surrounding the little clearing we had made had caught fire. The horses, in their pushing and struggling to supplant one another in the thickest of the smoke, had kicked some of the blazing logs among the closely-set pines, which, although green, burn more fiercely than the driest timber. The moment was critical enough. Cheadle, seizing an axe, rushed to the place, and felled tree after tree, to isolate those already fired from the rest, whilst Milton ran to and fro fetching water in a bucket from a little pool, which was fortunately close at hand, and poured it on the thick, dry moss through which the fire was rapidly spreading along the surface of the ground. We were by this time nearly surrounded by blazing trees, and the flames flared and leaped up from branch to branch, and from tree to tree, in the most appalling manner, as they greedily licked up, with a crackle and splutter, the congenial resin of the trunks, or devoured with a flash and a

fizz the inflammable leaves of the flat, wide-spreading branches. The horses became frightened and unmanageable; some of them burst through the thick timber around in spite of the flames, and one, severely burnt about the legs, threw himself down, and rolled in his agony in the very hottest of the fire. We dropped axe and bucket, hauled at him by the head and tail in vain, and at last, in desperation, beat him savagely about the head, when he sprang up and bolted away. But the delay caused by this incident had nearly been fatal. The fire had rapidly gained head, the air became hot, and the smoke almost stifling; and for a moment we hesitated whether we should not abandon all and make for the river. But we took courage, snatched up hatchet and pail once more, and as each tree fell, and patches of moss were extinguished, we began to hope. . . . Gradually we succeeded in cutting off the fire, which still raged fiercely, away from us, recovered our horses, and found that even the one which had caused so much anxiety was not seriously injured, although singed all over, and much burnt about the legs.

Towards the close of their journey our travellers lost the trail, and were reduced nearly to starvation. They came down to horse-flesh and berries, and even such food became low and precarious. They were beginning to despair, when signs of human vicinity were hailed, and another trail was found. After this their difficulties were at an end, and the rest of their journey to Victoria was comparatively a blissful one.

Whether *homo* will take up the track thus laid, is as yet a matter for speculation; whether the land passage will be the one adopted, is a matter of little doubt.

DEPARTMENT FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

LITTLE CLARE'S VOYAGE.



HAT is that tall tower I see standing in the middle of the sea?" asked a little boy of his mamma, as they sat on the deck of a steamer on her return voyage from the Channel Islands.

"That is a lighthouse, my dear," replied Mrs. Lindley.

"A lighthouse," responded the little fellow, a bright-eyed, intelligent child, of eight years of age; "I don't know, mamma, what that means."

"If you will promise to listen to me," replied the lady, "I will tell you what a lighthouse is, and what it is useful for."

"Oh, yes, mamma, I'll listen; only do tell me all about it," said little Clare, for such was the name of Mrs. Lindley's little son.

"Well, my dear," the lady began, "lighthouses are built in the middle of the sea, to warn the mariner of his danger. Now to-day the sea is calm, and the sky bright, but it is not always day, and instead of smooth water, and gentle breezes, sometimes the sea is rough, and angry billows threaten the safety of the good ship. Do you think you understand me, my dear?" asked Mrs. Lindley, as she gazed into the upturned eyes of her child.

"Oh, yes, mamma, I think I do," half laughed the little boy, clapping his hands.

"You now see that the lighthouse is visible

during the day-time," pursued Mrs. Lindley; "but at night a bright light warns the brave sailor that danger is near; so the ship stands out to sea, and thus avoids sunken rocks and shifting sands."

"But how does the light get there?" asked the child, with a puzzled expression on his little face.

"Why, my dear," replied the lady, "all lighthouses are inhabited. Men, with their wives and children, live in them; whose sole duty it is to mind the light, and take care during the nights that it never pales, or, what is far worse, that it never goes out."

"Should you like to live in a lighthouse, mamma?" asked Clare.

"Why, that I cannot answer for," replied Mrs. Lindley, with an amused smile on her face at the child's pointed inquiry; "but I doubt not that, had it fallen to my lot to be a keeper of a lighthouse, the way of duty would have made it a happy one."

"The way of duty! what is that?"

"I shall explain that to you, but not now," said Mrs. Lindley.

"Well, mamma, I should like to live in a lighthouse," remarked the child, musingly; "but how could I get there?"

"Why, my dear," replied the lady, "you could only get there by means of a tiny boat, or small vessel; there is no other way."

"Oh, go on, mamma."

"I think, my child, I can explain this matter in another way," said Mrs. Lindley.

"Oh, do, do, mamma," cried Clare; "I do like to hear you tell me all about these pretty things."

"Well, then, life is compared to the ocean, and each person is compared to a ship. The tender infant is the ship leaving the harbour, and sometimes sails over a calm sea, and under serene skies, until its voyage of life is over, and it is safely moored in heaven. On the other hand, many encounter storms and buffettings, and only with 'hard toiling make the blest shore.' Now I have already told you that life is the ocean, and each of us a tiny boat or barque, according to his or her rank or station in life. Let me try to impress upon your mind, dear child, that the Word of God is the lighthouse, and God's ministers are those who are appointed to keep the light burning. You remember the words in the Testament, 'Ye are the light of the world?'"

"Oh, yes, mamma: I learnt them at school."

"This day week, instead of being on the sea," continued Mrs. Lindley, "we were at church. Do you recollect the delightful anecdote the minister related to us?"

"Oh, yes, I do, mamma," cried Clare, gleefully; "he told us something about lighthouses. Do tell me, mamma, over again what he said."

"He told us, my dear, that he had been talking to a gentleman who, a short time ago, paid a visit to a certain lighthouse—"

"And did the gentleman go out in a tiny boat?" interrupted the child.

"He did."

"And did he talk to the man that minds the light?"

"Yes, and asked him many questions; and among others, whether, by any chance or accident he neglected his duty or left his post, even for a few brief seconds."

"And what did he say, mamma?"

"He replied, with great earnestness, 'Never! never, sir!'"

"And don't they ever go to sleep?" asked Clare, more puzzled than ever.

"Oh, yes;" said the lady with a quiet smile. "The keeper's wife or child relieves his watch. Twenty-five years ago there was an old man, who, with his daughter, lived in one of these ocean dwellings; and one night a gallant steam-ship was wrecked almost within cry of the lighthouse—"

"And were all the people drowned?" asked the child, breathlessly.

"No, dear child, not all. The old man's daughter, a brave girl, whose name was Grace Darling, urged her aged father to go to their rescue, herself offering to go with him, and by which noble act many poor souls were saved from a watery grave."

The little boy glanced with a shudder over the vast expanse of water, and then said, "How dreadful!"

"Ah, it was dreadful," replied Mrs. Lindley, with tearful eyes; "and but for those ceaseless watchers at the lighthouse all might have perished."

"Will you tell sister that story when we get to London?" asked little Clare. "Oh, do, dear mamma."

"I shall do so," replied the lady; "and I must ransack my memory for other pretty stories, and you must bear them in mind, and tell them to other good boys and girls."

The calm twilight now began gradually to descend,

and the breeze to freshen, filling the sails of the good ship, and speeding her on to her destination. Let us hope that the accidental conversation respecting lighthouses, may prove like bread cast upon the waters, and be seen after many days.

"Oh, there's a lighthouse for the soul,
That beacons to a stormless home;
It safely guides through roughest tides,
It shines—it saves—thy kingdom come."

The steamer now entered the river; the Custom-house officers stepped on board, and presently all was bustle and distracting care. May that Sabbath on the great deep leave its lasting effects on both parent and child, and may it in the future bring forth fruit an hundredfold.

LITTLE EFFIE.

A fairy child,
A winsome child—

Running, in glee, the meadows all over,
After the bee, and the cowslip, and clover,
Taking the little dog up in her arms,
Kissing the little mouse—freighted with charms

Was the dear, happy child,
The wise, loving child.

Looking, in wonder and wisdom, around her;
Scorning, in pride, social fetters that bound her;
Taking God's world as it looked to her, kindly;
Taking God's creatures nobly, not blindly—

The dear, happy child,
The wise, loving child.

Looking all beautiful things without measure,
Taking in natural things such rare pleasure;
Looking at falsehood with vision so keen,
Scorning the frivolous, hating the mean—

The dear, happy child,
The wise, loving child.

Looking at Nature as lovers are prone to,
Looking at life as though something there shone to
Her spirit and lifted her highly above us,
Faithful, though, always to bless and to love us,
Was the dear, happy child,
The wise, loving child.

On the bleak shore, when the wild ocean rages,
Plunging in glee, despite warnings of sages;
Safe in God's world, never seeming to borrow
Aught that could bring either danger or sorrow—

The dear, happy child,
The wise, loving child.

Prattling her sweet little fancies in numbers,
Taking bright fairy tales e'en to her slumbers;
Making her home a vision of lightness,
Brothers and sisters alive with her brightness—

The dear, happy child,
The wise, loving child.

Looking to God with the soul of an angel;
Taking, in meekness, his holy gospel
Home to her heart, and learning so surely
What his own Spirit was teaching her purely—

The dear, happy child,
The wise, loving child.

White rose, and lily, and wild heather blossom,
Spring's choicest emblems, lay soft on her bosom ;
Under God's holy and solemn protection,
Leave her with these ! till the great Resurrection.
The wise, loving child,
The dear, happy child.

THE OLD SQUIRE AND THE NEW.

BY MARY AND ELIZABETH KIRBY.

PART I.



AW, caw ! the rooks went on
saying, from the top of the
tall elm-trees at Sunnybrook
Manor.

Now Sunnybrook Manor stands in a wooded dell, deep in the country ; so deep that you cannot hear the rumbling of carriages, or the screaming of the railway whistle ; at least, you can-

not at present : there is no knowing what may happen, if the giant Steam finds his way in this direction ; and just now he is driving everything before him.

There is no village at Sunnybrook. In olden times there used to be. But the houses have, somehow or other, disappeared, and nothing is left but the manor and the church.

The manor is an old English house, with gable ends all covered with ivy, and a great many trees about it. The people who like cutting down trees have not found their way to Sunnybrook, any more than the giant Steam has ; so the fine old oaks and elms are let alone, and spread out their arms just which way they please. All around the manor is a great garden, as full of flowers as it can hold ; and in the front is a lawn, as soft and smooth as velvet.

On one side of the lawn is a pretty little church, with a slender spire, and which, like the house, is covered with ivy. This is where the people at Sunnybrook Manor go to church on Sundays. And beyond the church are green meadows, sloping away ever so far. Some of them are laid for mowing, and in others cattle are cropping the rich pasture, or chewing the cud at their leisure.

An owl lives in the church-tower, and has done—that is, his ancestors have done—ever since it was a church ; so they say at Sunnybrook. He is a large, white owl, with soft feathers, and great goggling eyes. He is never seen in the day-time, and this beautiful spring morning, when the other birds are astir, he is in bed and fast asleep.

You must not call him lazy, for he was out all night catching mice ; and no one can work night and day too, not even an owl.

One day the gardener's son was clipping the ivy on the church-tower, and he came upon the owl as he sat winking and blinking in his hiding-place. What did the naughty boy do but seize the owl by the legs and carry him off to the squire. He thought the squire's children might keep him in a cage, and make a plaything of him. But all he got for his pains was a sound box on the ear from the squire, who was very angry indeed. He told the lad to take the owl back to his nest, and, unless he wanted a good flogging, never to meddle with him again.

The birds at Sunnybrook make themselves quite at home, thanks to the kind-hearted squire. There are

no traps or guns to torment them, or mischievous boys to pelt them with stones, and take away their nests. So on a morning like this the lawn is covered with birds, getting their breakfasts of soft worms and grubs. The blackbirds are running about by dozens, picking here and there, as if they were very hungry. Cherries will be ripe soon, and then they will have a dessert. There are plenty of cherry-trees in Farmer Bent's orchard, and the blackbirds know it. One summer they ate so many, that he put a great ugly bell in the trees, and tied a string to it ; then he pulled the string whenever the blackbirds came, meaning to frighten them away ; but the blackbirds soon found out the trick. They found out that the bell could not hurt them, though it made such a din ; so they went on eating the cherries as fast as ever, making sport, all the time, of Farmer Bent and his great bell.

The starlings are flying backwards and forwards to their nest in the old chimney at the back of the house. When they can find time they will come down on the grass and pick up worms with their slender beaks. Every now and then they clap their beaks together, and make a chattering noise, as if they were talking to each other ; and so I dare say they are. The chaffinches and bullfinches are making a great bustle, and chasing each other from one shrub to another. They seem to be quarrelling, but it is all play, and because the fine weather puts them in such spirits.

They are smart little fellows, with their red breasts, and their shining black and purple caps. They do a great deal of good to the squire, in return for his kindness in letting them alone. They pick the seeds out of the tall, troublesome weeds that grow among the corn, and eat them by hundreds and thousands. The squire's corn-fields would not thrive half so well without the finches.

Farmer Bent is not so kind as the squire, and he does not know so much about birds. He is angry with them because the blackbirds eat his cherries, and he would like to shoot them all if he could. But the squire is his landlord, and he does not think it safe to offend the squire. So all he can do is to grumble, and to kill a stray bird whenever he has the chance.

If Farmer Bent knew how many caterpillars the sparrows picked off his fruit-trees, I assure he would be friends with them. But he will not believe any good of them. He thinks, instead of caterpillars, that they are eating the young buds, and nothing can persuade him to the contrary. But then Farmer Bent is ignorant, and ignorant people are always obstinate.

The pretty little robins are hopping about on the lawn, their eyes as bright as diamonds. They have a nest in an old hat that hangs by the wall in the tool-house, and the gardener never thinks of disturbing them. They have lived in the garden all the winter long. When the other birds had flown away, still the robins hopped about and sang their little songs.

"We will never forsake you," they seemed to say to the people of Sunnybrook ; "everybody else is gone, but we will sing all the winter through. Only please to give us a few crumbs now the frost is come and there are no grubs to eat."

There are plenty of nightingales at Sunnybrook, and they sing all night long from the copse behind the house.

When the nightingale first came to Sunnybrook the squire was a little boy. He was out rambling one day when he found a bird lying on the grass, with her wings spread out and her beak open. It was the nightingale, who had been driven from her home in the wood at Bankside, because the trees were being cut down to make room for the railway. Bankside was twenty miles from Sunnybrook, and the nightingale was spent with fatigue and fright; and one of Farmer Bent's lads had just thrown a stone at her, and hurt her leg. The little squire carried the bird home, and nursed her up till she was quite well. He did not shut her up in a cage to hear her sing, as some boys would have done. Oh, no! He took her into the garden, and said—

"Fly away, pretty bird, and be as happy as the good God intended you to be!"

Then the nightingale flew away to her mate, and they built a nest in the copse close by, and reared their young ones, and sang all the summer through. And when the young ones were grown up they built their nest in the same copse, and they sang, too, and the copse seemed alive with nightingales.

The wood-pigeon has her nest in the copse as well, and goes on cooing all day long. Her nest is only made of a few dry sticks in the fork of a tree, and here she brings up her brood. She loves her home very dearly, and if her mate were to get killed, she would pine away and die. But there is no fear of such a thing happening at Sunnybrook.

A kingfisher lives in the hole by the side of the brook. She is very gaily dressed in blue, orange, and green. As she darts backwards and forwards in the sun, her colours are quite dazzling. But in spite of her smart clothes, her habits are not very tidy. Her hole is full of fish-bones which she never clears away, and they are left until they are quite disagreeable.

The kingfisher has got better of her shyness since she came to Sunnybrook. The squire's children have so coaxed and petted her, and fed her with pieces of meat, that she has grown quite tame and sociable. She does not mind coming out of her hole, even though they may be watching her, especially if she is hungry and wants a fish for her dinner. There are plenty of little fishes in the brook, and the kingfisher soon spies one out. Then she fixes her eye upon it, and balances herself over the place where it is swimming. As soon as the right moment is come, down she drops, and before you can see what she is about, the fish is snapped up by her long bill, and carried off to be eaten.

Now, I have been describing Sunnybrook as it was in the days of the good old squire, and as it was when I knew it. And I should like to dwell on this part of my story. I should like to fancy the trees full of nests, as they used to be, and the cawing, and chirping, and twittering of the hundreds of happy birds, all contented and at rest. But I must not do so, because the time will not allow me. I must tell you, instead, of the sad change that happened to the birds at Sunnybrook Manor.

Early one summer, just when the nightingales were singing and the cuckoo repeating her note, when the bees were humming, and the butterflies were flaunting in the sun, at the very brightest and happiest season of the year, the good old squire was taken away to heaven.

He was buried in the little churchyard yonder, where many of his ancestors lay sleeping. And in

the church of Sunnybrook a monument was put up to his memory. But the good, kind deeds he had done will not soon be forgotten, and are a better monument by far.

It was a great pity that the squire left no son behind him to inherit Sunnybrook Manor. But he did not, and that was the reason why the place became so changed.

The squire's lady and her children went to live somewhere else, for the manor did not belong to them. It belonged now to a distant relation of theirs, who was coming to live in it as soon as he could.

I think the birds must have missed their kind friends. They must have wondered how it was those pretty, fair-haired little girls never came dancing out as usual when lessons were ended. They must have wondered how it was the good old squire was never to be seen walking about the grounds as he used to do. Or how it was that no visitors came to sit on the rustic seats under the trees, and listen to their songs.

Perhaps they did wonder, for birds are very sagacious little creatures, and know a great deal more than we give them credit for. At any rate, their kind friends were gone, and troublous days were coming.

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE SABBATHS OF THE YEAR.

THE FIFTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

"Nevertheless at thy word I will let down the net."—
Luke v. 5.

BY the blue waters of the lake
The gentle Saviour stood,
And round about him closely pressed
A listening multitude;
And twilight shadows on the deep
Softly began to brood.

And Simon Peter, Christ's dear friend,
In a small boat by the shore,
Sat idly looking at the hues
The roseate heaven wore;
For he had had a weary night,
And his fishing work was o'er.

So in the vessel Jesus stepped,
And looking on the main,
Seemed eager for the fresh sea breeze,
And cried, "Launch out again;
Outspread your oars, let down your nets,
It shall not be in vain."

"O Master, Master, we have toiled
Throughout the long, long night
Without the shadow of success,
And we are wearied quite;
Yet, Lord, I know thy kind command
Must be both wise and right."

As Peter spake, clear plashed the oar
Into the rippling sea,
And sweet peace stole into his heart,
As thus obediently
He bowed his will and soul before
His Master lovingly.

Who that e'er trusted in the Lord
Hath disappointment found ?
With great success this deed of faith
Most speedily was crowned ;
So full the net, it rent in part,
As they bore it o'er the ground.

Dear children, howsoever great
And dangerous the deed,
If God be with you never fear,
For oh, you must succeed ;
If Christ be in the boat with you,
Then are you blessed indeed.

The childish care—the smallest wish—
Make known unto the Lord ;
Seek that your conduct every day
With Christ's will may accord ;
Into the deep let down your fears
At Jesus' holy word.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

1. Who slew a lion in the time of snow ?
2. Who fought until his hand clave to his sword ?
3. Who, building Jericho, wrought his own woe ?
4. Who to his master was by Paul restored ?
5. The town where Amaziah vainly fled.
6. Where did Eliash Syria's hosts strike blind ?
7. Who against Omri half of Israel led ?
8. Who against Solomon's award repined ?
9. The wood where David's dearest son was slain.
10. Who was the second to take human life ?
11. Against whom did Ebed's son rebel in vain ?
12. Saul's eldest daughter, David's promised wife.
13. The name which dying Rachael her son gave.
14. Whose kindness Paul in prison oft sustained ?
15. Whose wrath did Paul in God's name calmly brave ?
16. The town where Absalom three years remained.
17. Who rescued Judah out of Israel's hand ?
18. Who slew the priests of God at Saul's command ?

Behold the Lamb of God, who takes
From us our load of guilt ;
Our crimson sins are cleansed through
His blood for sinners' spite.

NORTON PURNELL.

CHAPTER XLI.

LOVE'S RECOGNITION.

ACH, well ! may all, young and old, be interested in a story of true love; for, surely, there is not in this life of ours any grander moment than when two real noble souls recognise each other.

"O happy love ! where love like this is found !
O heartfelt raptures ! bliss beyond compare !
I've paced much this weary, mortal round,
And sage experience bids me this declare—
If Heav'n a draught of heavenly pleasure spare,
One cordial in this melancholy vale,
'Tis when a youthful, loving, modest pair,
In other's arms breathe out the tender tale,
Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the evening gale."

How often the sweet chimes that ring forth in this blessed moment haunt us through all our days, and yet never in this world do we altogether beat our music out.

The lovers sat silent and entranced; presently, however, Sophia started. She had forgotten, till now, that Norton was a *workman*. He had this evening been to her only a *man*, a noble man, her deliverer; but now the remembrance of the terrible obstacles that opposed their love came back. She remembered the prejudices of her father, and of the class with which she mingled. She remembered how she herself had felt as to the shame of loving one so beneath her in rank, and she felt an icy fear stealing through her heart—a fear that this hour's dream must end in shame and sorrow. She had been too precipitate. She had done what she had resolved never to do—betrayed her love. She felt, too, that she never should have done it but for the terrible excitement of the time.

Norton perceived a change in her; she drew back and seemed to shiver. "Ah, I said so," he cried, "it was but a dream, already you repent."

Sophia placed her hand in his. "No, Norton," she said, "we have been too hasty, and have not thought of the future. It was not right, with insurmountable obstacles before us, to make known our love to each other. But it is done, and never can be undone, and, let our love be ever so hopeless, we can neither of us forget the knowledge we have gained to-day."

"Whatever comes, it will be a blessed thought with me," said Norton, with emotion, "that you love me. But, oh, dearest, is there no hope? If I went away, and rose to some higher position in the world, would your father not listen to my suit?"

"Oh, I am afraid not; papa has such prejudices with regard to birth, that I believe he would not give me to any one that was not of good descent. And yet, dear Norton, you *must* try to rise in the world; I have faith that you could do anything you tried."

"I have made the first step," returned Norton. "In a short time I go to Miss Linfield's, at Bath, to become a teacher there."

"To Miss Linfield's? why, that is where my friends Lucy Herbert and Amy Mills are being educated. Oh, how delightful! I shall hear all about you from them."

"My aim has been," Norton went on, earnestly, "to have time for study, and I shall put myself under some competent instructor, whom I dare say Dr. Kelson will find out for me, and try to qualify myself for the bar."

"For the bar, Norton!"

"Yes; you know they tell me I have some gift of speech, and if so, I may as well turn it to account. Dr. Kelson says that he knew one who had been a dancing-master in Bath, who raised himself to the bar, and was a very successful practitioner; and so why should not I?"

"Ah, Norton, you may be Lord Chancellor yet."

"There is no knowing what I may be, dearest, with your love inspiring me as the wing wherewith to rise."

"And now, one thing more, dearest, before these happy moments have flown, let me tell you that I entertain the hope that I shall one day be able to prove to you that it is not a peasant's son you have honoured with your affection."

"I know it, dear Norton; your mother has told me so much."

"Well, then, whether I shall ever be able to prove my birth, and take my right place in the world, I know not. Of one thing, however, let me assure you: I now know who my parents were. I cannot at present say more, and I would rather not speak of the subject, but as far as birth and rank are concerned, I think even your father would not disdain me."

"Oh, how glad I am! my heart always told me it was so, Norton."

"Ah," said Norton, smiling, "your heart was as

aristocratic as the rest of them, then. You could not believe that anything worthy of esteem could rise from one of the people; I have more faith than you in the homely stuff of human nature."

Sophia was silent. She was thinking of something else.

"Norton," she said, at last, "we must be open, whatever comes. You must tell my father what has happened between us this evening."

"He will forbid me his house."

"No, he won't; but whatever he does or says, oh, Norton, be patient with him. You know he is my father, and he has a dear, good heart, though he is a little passionate and prejudiced."

Norton had not time to reply, for the chaise stopped. They were met by Sir Henry Jordiffe's carriage, containing the baronet and Mr. Wilmot. It was some time before Sir Henry had known that his little favourite, Sophia, was missing, but as soon as he heard the news, and also the suspicion that she had been taken off up the Wells road in a chaise, he ordered out his carriage, and meeting Mr. Wilmot rushing wildly about, took him up and drove off, intending to explore the road to Wells, and farther, if necessary.

I need not detain the reader to paint the joy of the father and daughter when they rushed to each other's arms again. The person was almost wild with excitement.

"Bless my heart! Bless my heart! Sophy, where have you been? What's the matter? Are you sure nobody has hurt you, my darling? Were you robbed by the murderers? What—what, I can't understand it."

Norton had drawn Sir Henry aside, and told him in a few words, for he knew it could not be hidden, his nephew's atrocious conduct. Sir Henry groaned and said, as if to himself, "Oh, Emily, Emily, why did you leave me? I might have had a son of my own, and now this miserable wretch is my heir." Wilmot, my dear friend," he continued, turning to the person, "I am grieved that one belonging to me should have caused you this sorrow," lowering his voice; "it is my villain of a nephew, Edgar, who had run away with her."

"Bless my heart! you don't say so! Bless my heart! Where is he? where is the rascal? I'll break every bone in his skin!"

"Be patient, my dear friend; let us get home and hear all about it."

Sophia and her father, Norton and Sir Henry, entered the carriage, and drove back to the rectory. On their way, a number of people met them, who had been searching for Miss Wilmot, and who, on learning from the coachman that she was found, accompanied the carriage home with shouts of joy.

While Sophia hastened to her mother, and endeavoured to soothe the hysterical agitation, which the poor old lady could not suppress, in the reaction from the agony of suspense she had been enduring, Norton took John aside, and cautioned him, both for the sake of his young mistress and Sir Henry Jordiffe, to say as little as he could about the matter.

And now, while Sophia is up-stairs, giving a hurried account of the manner of her abduction, Sir Henry and Mr. Wilmot, below in the drawing-room, begged Norton to explain, if possible, what had happened.

As briefly as he could, Norton explained how his suspicions as to the manner of Sophia's disappearance had been awakened.

Sir Henry bent his face upon his hand, and groaned in the anguish he could not hide.

"Bless my heart, bless my heart!" said Mr. Wilmot; "whoever would have thought it? Bless my heart, what a villain!"

Norton then went on to relate how he had frightened

the two men away, though he did not repeat their conversation, and how he had entered the house and found Sophia on her knees before Annesley—and the subsequent events.

"Bless my heart! why the fellow is a monster—a very fiend. But God bless you—God ever bless you, Purnell," grasping his hand, "for saving my darling." And the old gentleman stamped about the room in an agony of excitement, wiping the perspiration from his forehead.

"I, too," said Sir Henry, rising and grasping Norton's hand, "I, too, owe you a debt of gratitude, both for rescuing my sweet young friend, and for saving that wretched scamp from further crime. Ah," looking wistfully into his face—"ah, why had he not your nature?"

CHAPTER XLII.

EXPLANATIONS.

SOPHIA came down, and after a few more huggings and kissings from her father, and congratulations from Sir Henry, told her story. She had gone off up the lane towards old Mary's; it was a very lonely lane, and at some distance, before reaching the cottage, she had met a carriage which stopped, and the driver touching his hat, asked if she were Miss Wilmot. She answered that she was; and then he said, he had been going down to the parsonage for her, as Miss Shute, who lived four miles off, at Elmsley, was dying, and wanted particularly to see her. She could not die till she had seen her.

Sophia had thought it was very strange, but still never suspected any trick; for from what quarter had she cause to fear? She said she would simply call at Mary Webster's, and then go on. The driver replied she must please not call anywhere now, for Miss Shute was dying, and no time must be lost.

Thus assured, she got into the carriage and was driven off. She did not particularly notice the road, but about the time she thought she ought to have arrived at Elmsley, she looked out, and the road seeming strange, she called to the driver; but he answered that it was all right—they would be there in a few minutes. She waited some time, and began to be very uneasy. They were driving on very fast in a lonely part of the country, with stone walls on each side of the road. She felt that something was wrong, and began to scream to the driver to stop; but he only drove on the faster. Presently, however, they stopped, and an ill-looking, burly sailor man got in, and said he had leave from the driver to sit in the carriage, as he too was going to Miss Shute's.

Sophia was now terribly frightened. She tried to alight, but the fellow held her. She screamed, but he put his great hand upon her mouth. She asked him what he wanted: if he wanted to rob her, he might have all her money, only she begged him to make the driver take her back again.

He assured her that he did not want to rob her. The truth was, he had seen her, and fallen in love with her, and wanted her for his little wife, to take with him to Holland, and they were now on the way to the sea-port, and would be off to-morrow morning.

She struggled convulsively to get from him, to throw herself out of the carriage, but he held her back, and she was powerless in his grasp.

She had almost given herself up for lost, when she heard a voice calling out to the driver, "Stop! stop, or I will shoot you." It was Edgar Annesley. In a moment he rode up to the coach-door. The fellow jumped out, and fired a pistol at Edgar, but the latter felled him to the ground, and leaping from his horse, which he fastened behind the coach, he entered it, and endeavoured to soothe her fears.

He assured her that he was just riding back to Chilton, for something he had forgotten, when he had met the coach, and how glad he was to have been able to rescue her from the clutches of the villain.

Sophia thanked him heartily, and begged him to take her back to Chilton. He said he would do so, and instantly ordered the driver to turn round and drive back. But the man said one of his horses had cast a shoe, and he could not drive him back all that hard road without replacing it. So he intended to go on to the "Black Dog," which was about a mile further, and there see to the shoe.

This seemed reasonable to Sophia, as well as to Annesley, and she was obliged to acquiesce.

Annesley was very polite to her, and when they came to the "Black Dog," invited her to get out for a few minutes, and go to the fire while the horse was being shod.

She entered through an outer parlour into the inner parlour, where there was a fire. The one-eyed landlord, whose look made her shudder, brought, at the request of Edgar, some hot wine and water, as she felt very faint.

Then Edgar went out, as if to look after the horses, and she suddenly began to fear that all was not right. When Annesley returned, she started up, and the suspicion of his villainy rushed to her mind. "Wretch!" she cried, "it is you who have brought me here, then! Let me go this moment."

He saw that concealment was no longer of any use. "It is of no use for you to attempt escape," said he; "you may scream, aye, scream again, nobody will notice you. You are completely in my power."

It was at this moment that Norton made his appearance.

"Oh, Mr. Purnell," said Mrs. Wilmot, "what can we say to you to show our gratitude sufficiently for again saving our darling? God bless you for ever," said she, rising and taking his hand in both of hers.

"So say I, God bless him," said the parson. "I only wish he were a gentleman."

Of course, Sophia blushed, and Norton looked foolish, and Sir Henry smiled, even through his sadness, at this frank thinking aloud.

"My dear," said Mrs. Wilmot, apologetically, "gentle is that gentle does. But come, let us have some supper. We are very unfeeling to have kept Mr. Purnell and Sophy, too, all this time talking, when they must be well nigh exhausted for want of food."

Sir Henry excused himself from supping with them. "He must go home," he said, "and comfort his sister and niece."

It was very pleasant for Norton to sit opposite Sophia at the supper-table, and from time to time to steal a glance at her, and notice how beautiful she looked with her now heightened colour, and her eyes beaming with the new wine of life, of which she had so lately drunk. During supper, the cunning little thing contrived, by questions artfully put, to make Norton speak of himself—his engagements at Bath, and his future hopes.

"Bless my heart! So then, you are going away from us. Well, I don't, as a rule, approve of people wanting to rise above their station. I think they ought to be contented in that condition in which it has pleased God to place them. But somehow, I cannot help feeling glad at the idea of your rising, Norton Purnell."

"Thank you, sir; I am very glad to find that you approve of my plan."

"Why, bless my heart! you may rise to be Lord Chancellor, who knows? —Lord Chancellor of England, Norton, and have the giving away of I can't tell how many hundred church livings. Bless my heart!"

"Well, I think we'll be content, my dear, when we see him sitting on the judge's bench, with one of those

great wigs on. Only fancy, Norton, how wise you will look in such a wig," said Mrs. Wilmot.

As soon as possible after supper, cunning little Sophia took her mother away to her bedroom, leaving Norton and her father together.

"Now for it," thought Norton. "Good gracious! how shall I begin? Well, I must dash into the midst of it at once."

"Mr. Wilmot, I have to make a confession which will, I am afraid, require your greatest patience. Let me bespeak your utmost kindness and indulgence."

"Bless my heart! what is it? What have you got to confess, Norton? You have not gone and turned Roman Catholic, like Jim Ashman, have you? If you have, I'll never own you—I'll never own you. Those Romanists at Dunsdale are a pest to the neighbourhood."

"No, sir; I have not turned Romanist, you may be assured; but—but—I have done what I fear you will think even far more culpable; I have done what you may think even worse; I have dared, sir, to love your daughter."

If a bombshell had exploded in the room, the parson could not have been more astonished.

He stood open-mouthed, and stared at Norton. Presently he found his tongue, and began walking about the room, throwing open his coat as widely as possible, and muttering, "Bless my heart! bless my heart! oh, bless my heart! Whoever could have thought this! Oh, dear, dear, I shall go out of my mind! I shall go out of my mind! The world's coming to an end! Things are getting upside down. My daughter, Miss Wilmot, Norton Purnell, mason, son of Aaron Purnell, labourer!"

"I know it is very presumptuous, sir; but pray remember, sir, I hope to be more worthy of her than I am now."

The parson went on marching and muttering, "Bless my heart—bless my heart," as if he didn't hear. Presently he stopped suddenly, "And pray, sir, have you—have you told this—this—to Miss Wilmot?"

"Yes, sir; I must confess I have done that this evening."

"Oh, bless my heart! worse and worse! You told her? You made love to my daughter! Well, sir, what did she say?"

"Why, sir, I am happy to say that I find in her heart an affection answering to my own."

"Oh! this is too much—this is too much! I shall go mad—I shall go mad! Oh, dear; it can't be thought of! It is preposterous, absurd, monstrous! Pooh, pooh, pooh! you are both out of your minds. You're a good fellow, Norton. I don't deny that. I won't forget that. You have saved her for us. But I can't throw her away. No, no, Norton, be reasonable. Ask everything but that. Why, do you know, such a thing was never heard of, the great-granddaughter of an earl marry with a mason—a labourer's son!"

"But, sir, I have told you, I hope to rise above that condition."

"Ah, it couldn't be thought of, still; oh, dear, no! You see, however you may rise, Norton, you can't rub off your birth. There must always be a disparity between you and Sophy. No, no; you mustn't think of it any more."

"This is very hard, sir," said Norton, bitterly, "that you should punish me through life for simply being born in a cottage."

"Pooh, pooh, Norton! that's your radical way of speaking. I tell you that different ranks are the ordination of Providence, and it is presumptuous, you know, to go against Providence."

Norton knew that he might as well reason with the tower of the church as with the old parson. He, therefore, only said—

"At all events, you will let me hope that some day, if I rise in the world, you will reconsider your decision?"

"No, Norton, I shall never reconsider—never reconsider. I shall never change my mind in this matter, if I live a hundred years. Think no more about it—think no more about it."

And so poor Norton took his leave, not altogether beaten down: he never expected Mr. Wilmot to favour his suit. But he knew that he had the love of Sophia, and he felt sure now, that if he could only make known his true birth, Mr. Wilmot would accept him at once. So he determined to wait and hope.

CHAPTER XLIII.

NORTON AND SIR HENRY.

It happened that the next week after the event recorded in the previous chapter, some repairs, which had long been planned and agreed upon, were to be commenced at the Hall, and old Will Furnell was sent for to undertake the work. Norton was considered as a partner with his uncle, and took the most active share in the business. Hence, he was continually brought into contact with Sir Henry Jordiffe, in consulting and taking orders with reference to the alterations.

Though Norton had, from time to time, seen Sir Henry in the street and in church, and shared in the general feeling of awe and respect with which the Chilton people regarded him, he had seldom, until, as we have recently seen, come into closer contact with him. Now he was brought daily face to face with him, and the character of Sir Henry impressed him. There was something very noble, very majestic, in that face, in those tones, that step, and bearing. Norton's heart, at times, would thrill within him as he thought that this was his father, whom he might one day claim; and yet the next moment he would tremble at the remembrance that this father carried in his soul a dreadful and guilty secret.

On his side, Sir Henry was deeply interested in Norton, through what he had heard from Dr. Kelson and others, and through the impression made upon him when he had met him the evening of Sophia's rescue. He, therefore, took every opportunity to notice him, watching him in his work, and entering into conversation with him. The more he saw and heard of him, the more he liked him. There was a certain something in Norton's features and tones which had a fascination for him. No doubt it was—though Sir Henry did not understand it—Norton's resemblance to his lost mother. Though Norton was drawn to Sir Henry, yet he found himself perpetually studying him.

"And could this man," he asked himself, "with his calm wisdom, his gentle yet manly spirit, his interest in all that concerns humanity, could he be a murderer?"

It seemed impossible. But then again, there was something in Sir Henry's deep, unfathomable eye that suggested some awful mystery; or it might be some deep grief. Oh, that he could read the truth!

Sometimes he would reproach himself as guilty of mean suspicion; but then, again, the remembrance of his mother's letter would come to him with its unanswerable, condemning record. He would also go over and over again, the conversation to which he had listened at the "Black Dog" between Jim and Dick; and he felt assured that it pointed to the same conclusion, and that these fellows had evidence against Sir Henry, which would sooner or later come to light.

The masons were putting in new windows in place of some that had become decayed, repairing chimneys, taking out and replacing portions of the old wall that

had bulged out. Inside the house they were putting up more modern grates in place of the old-fashioned ones, which had been hitherto in use.

Sir Henry came daily to watch the progress, and when he could get near Norton, as we have said, ever drew him into conversation, leading him to speak of the branches of study that had occupied his attention, and of his opinions on men and things. Sir Henry was more and more charmed with the frankness and modesty of his character, the extent of his information, and his broad, moderate, yet philanthropic views.

"Oh, that this youth were my kinsman!" was the feeling of his heart.

Sir Henry, in his turn, would, of course, converse; and Norton listened with deep interest as he spoke of society, presenting its tendencies and future prospects, from his own point of view—so different, through his position, from Norton's. The young workman felt his mind enlarged and elevated as the statesman descended to unfold to him his large views and the practical results of his long political experience. Norton seemed to have got into a new world of thought, and to see things in many new aspects. Norton delighted to listen while Sir Henry would give an account of the great ones whom he had met—statesmen, poets, preachers, philosophers, and describe them.

Norton could not look in imagination into the new world thus set before him, without longing to enter it himself. And for a moment, sometimes, his heart would thrill as the hope would rise before him that some day he might enter it, and take a distinguished part in the world's great work, and have, with the able and gifted, that intercourse that, more than all the splendour of rank and wealth, excited his ambition.

Sometimes, as he would stand on the terrace, in front of the hall, and look round on the magnificent park and up to the old mansion, and think of the princely estates spreading over hill and valley all around, and then reflect that he was really heir to all this, and might one day be its master, strange feelings would swell within him. It is impossible not to confess that a certain strength and pride came to him. There was a quiet consciousness of power, a sense of increased dignity. These new feelings did not quite agree, perhaps, with his theories about "men venerating themselves as men," but, alas! for the weakness of human nature, there were.

But such hopes and dreams were only for moments. Ever there came in the black phantom suggested by his suspicions and fears.

Often Sir Henry discussed with Norton his future prospects, approved of his Bath plans, but advised him not to think of the law—thus taking up a new study—but to aim after eminence in the studies which he had already pursued, and to complete, at the same time, his general education.

"It seems to me, Norton," he would say, "that with your practical acquaintance with botany and geology, your familiarity with coal-pits, and your acquaintance with building, you would be valuable as a steward to some landed proprietor who has woods, buildings, and mines on his estates. And this is what I would go in for, if I were you. You know that many a steward has become a member of Parliament. I'll look out for you, and by the time you are fitted for the work, perhaps I shall hear of something. At all events, if you don't get that, you may become an eminent teacher of your favourite sciences."

Norton saw the wisdom of Sir Henry's views, and was easily persuaded. And still, and still, he watched and suspected him, even while nature pleaded in his heart.

(To be continued.)

FAITH—HOW IT SAVES, AND HOW IT MAY KILL.

BY THE REV. J. GUTHRIE, M.A., LONDON.

BELIEVE and live." Such are the self-luminous, self-legible words which, according to the well-known lines of the poet, blaze forth with stellar brightness from the portal of the Christian temple. "Believe" is the first mandate of our holy religion. As such it was often in the mouth of Jesus; and the key-note which he struck was faithfully echoed by his apostles, and still rings, like a silver clarion, over the nations and down the ages. We hear it, with awestruck Nicodemus, at the commencement of our Lord's ministry, in words that determine and destine the salvation to "whosoever believeth." We hear it throughout the course of that ministry, as in that marvellous discourse in the synagogue of Capernaum, which evolves itself from the words: "This is the work of God, that ye believe on him whom he hath sent." We hear it at the close, when Jesus, praying to his Divine Father, pronounces this same thing to be "life eternal." And we hear it in the sublime commission, shortly before his ascension, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature. He that believeth and is baptised shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned." Need we follow the apostles, from Peter's watchword at Pentecost, "Faith in his name," to Paul's life-word in the Philippian keep: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved;" onward to John's later utterance, which presents the sum of the whole matter: "This is his commandment, That we should believe on the name of his Son Jesus Christ, and love one another, as he gave us commandment?" Mark here the words "believe," "love." Very fitly are they conjoined, for "faith worketh by love." On such a smooth, golden hinge does Mercy's gate turn. Faith enters through Christ—"the door"—and straightway finds itself in an interior element of life and love. "God is love; and he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him."

Thus Christianity bears on its front proof that it is a message of salvation by faith. It reveals a scheme of evangelical truth, which, to be effectual, must be believed; and, wherever believed, is effectual; and which, appealing directly to our rational and moral nature, purports to be intelligible, reasonable, adaptable, and true. It pronounces ignorance to be, not "the mother of devotion," but the mother of perdition, and persistent disbelief to be the one unpardonable, fatal, damning sin. And, even as the straitest sect must in some sort own, its mien is universally benignant. It declares that "God is no respecter of persons;" that "what he says to one, he says to all;" and that his sayings convey such loving assurances as these: "As I live, saith the Lord, I have no pleasure in the death of him that dieth;" "God will have all men to be saved, and come to the knowledge of the truth."

This feature of the Gospel is much too prominent to have escaped the nibbling of a narrow and capacious infidelity. Many a sceptical Lyceum rings

with the loud and indignant protest, "Why should so vital an interest as my future all be made to hinge on so trivial a contingency as my faith? Why is so terrible an evil as perdition allowed to be incurred by so venial a fault as disbelief or neglect?" Even Christians are not without their difficulties on this head—difficulties often greatly aggravated by erroneous theologies; and yet no feature of the Gospel is stamped more boldly with the celestial lineaments of truth. Any type of theology, therefore, that rolls mystery on faith, that makes it difficult to see or show how salvation is by faith, by so much stands convicted of error or defect. But it is not with these Christian misbeliefs that we have now to do. We are in the presence of the sceptic, who demands of us a consistent account of the *rationale* of salvation by faith. For the sake of young men more especially, who are often so cruelly exposed to the insidious venom of infidelity, we accept the challenge, and hope successfully to meet it by an appeal to philosophy and to general experience.

We will first interrogate *philosophy*, or the laws of our own rational nature. And here the one door to knock at is consciousness, which opens to us directly. Be the inquirer a child or a patriarch, a savage or a sage, he has but to interrogate his own consciousness as to what is going on in his inner man, and he will receive a prompt and straightforward reply. Our present business with consciousness is to hear, in brief, what it has to tell us of the laws of our mental being, and then to ask if the Christian plan of salvation by faith be consonant therewith.

This clearly is our first and most pertinent inquiry. The Christian salvation, be it remembered, is a moral and spiritual result. Had it been otherwise, our appeal to philosophy might have been out of place. Had our salvation been a mechanical change, mere force could have effected it; had it been a social and political change, mere authority could have enacted it: but being a moral and spiritual revolution in the individual soul, it must take effect in harmony with our free and rational nature; and that, it will be easy to show, must be by means of truth; which is but in other words to say, by means of faith.

In taking a bird's-eye view of the domain of mind, we find just three great powers, that include in themselves all minor varieties of mental phenomena which it is possible to conceive. These are the powers of thinking, feeling, and willing. Now, according as we think, we feel; according as we think and feel, we choose (though always freely); and, according as we think, feel, and choose, we act; and acts ever tend to solidify into habits, and build up the final and enduring structure of character and destiny.

Thinking, then, or the exercise of the intelligence, comes first of the three, and complexions and determines the whole affair. "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he." But the natural food, or divinely-ordained aliment of thought, is truth; or else, if truth be absent, thought will fasten and feed upon the poisonous element of error. It

is of the very nature of truth to bless, and of error to curse: but neither has any effect unless it be believed. Believing is a kind of mental eating. In this process, attention is the prehensile act by which the intelligence seizes its food. Perception of the truth, in its meaning and evidence, is a species of mastication. Believing it is a swallowing of it down, or "taking it in," as we often say; and reflection upon it is mental digestion, which makes it permeate and assimilate with the entire inner man. According, then, as the thing thus mentally assimilated is truth or error, the result will be to feed or poison the soul. If the matter believed is unimportant, the result will be unimportant; but if the matter be vital, the result will be an issue of life or death.

Now, in the great concern of salvation, the interest involved is vital, infinitely vital, involving, indeed, all our interests for time and for eternity. In such a case, truth not only blesses, it gives life; error not only curses, it "kills." If, in so high a concernment, what is believed be wholly or mainly truth, how life-giving will be that truth! If, on the contrary, it be wholly or mainly error, how deadly will be that error! By the faith of high, celestial truth, the mind comes to be filled with noble thoughts, pure feelings, and generous impulses. By the faith of perverting, debasing error, the soul becomes enslaved to superstition, secularity, or deadly vice. In other words, we must either be saved by faith, or lost by faith; for the disbelief of the true involves the belief of the false. The laws of our mental being leave us no other alternative. Those who "receive not the love of the truth that they might be saved," have nothing left but "strong delusion that they should believe a lie," and be lost; and to this solemn warning of inspiration, all sound philosophy responds, Amen.

If any sceptic, then, should ply you with jeers or arguments against salvation by faith, tell him to go and study which be the first principles of his own mental being; and suggest to him that, until he has discovered some way in which the body can live without food, or on poison, he may spare himself the trouble of trying to persuade you that the mind can live and be happy without its natural and God-given aliment of truth.

From philosophy let us now turn to *experience*, and we shall find the dictates of reason on this subject amply confirmed and illustrated by every-day fact.

Is it really so rare a thing as scepticism would insinuate, for important interests in this world to be conditioned on faith? It is the very reverse. The entire social world revolves on the pivot of faith. By faith the child takes what the mother puts into its mouth, believing it to be food, not poison, and lies down on the bed assigned to it, believing that it will there be safe. By faith the mechanic goes forth to his work, believing that the week-end will bring him his wages. By faith a merchant will charter a vessel, and a company will insure it, believing it to be seaworthy, and its crew to be trustworthy; and that merchant will consign his goods to a foreign house, in full faith in the consignee. By faith in the ship, in its master, in its provisions, the crew will step on board, and face the vicissitudes of the stormy deep. By faith the student of history of this nineteenth century believes, on the strength of human testimony, without the vestige of a doubt, in the existence of Augustus Caesar of the first century, or of Alexander the Great three

centuries before. By faith millions of the British people believe in Paris and all France, and millions of French believe in London, and everything British, as truly and sincerely as if each of these millions had crossed the Channel and observed for themselves, though not one of them ever did, or probably ever will. By faith the patient trusts his limb or his life to the surgeon, who lays him prostrate under chloroform, or straps him to a table, and then proceeds to operate upon him as he will. By faith the client trusts his legal adviser, a constituency its representative, a government its plenipotentiary, an army its general, and a general his army, and so throughout all the more private and familiar relationships of life.

Thus, socially and morally speaking, the whole world revolves on the axis of faith. And, therefore, when a sceptic cavils at Christianity for proclaiming salvation by faith, say to him, "Friend, what can you mean? and what would you be at? Would you have such a Gospel for the whole world as would be wholly unsuited to the world? For, unless you want the Gospel plan to be ignorant, irrational, or unadapted to the end proposed, never ask more why that Gospel proclaims salvation by faith."

But you can tell your sceptical friend something more than that. If faith be as important to the world as we have just seen it to be, it is not likely that he, even he, however he may try to argue it down, can afford to dispense with faith any more than his Christian neighbour. And such we find to be the case. The sceptic, as truly as the Christian, lives by faith, walks by faith, and, by an appeal to faith, seeks to propagate his faith. In fact, the Gospel plan, "Believe and live," presents no peculiarity different from that presented by infidelity itself, notwithstanding all the sneers and taunts of infidelity on the subject. For, take any one of the many forms of that hydra-headed Disbelief, which in every age springs up from the dragon's teeth of human godlessness, how has it sought to battle out and perpetuate its position in the world? how, but by faith?—by lectures, by conversations, by books, by debates, by whatever means it can gain the ear and the attention of men.

Voltaire, in his day, had a printing-press in Geneva, by means of which it was his boast that he would, in a few years, number Christianity among the things that were. Voltaire and his fame have passed away like a shadow; but Christianity lives and spreads and reigns—the only power, indeed, that is really dominant on the earth. Whether Voltaire's printing press has yet glided among the things that were, we know not; but this we know, that not many years have elapsed since, in the wonder-working providence of God, that same press that used to vomit forth its sheeted blasphemy, was employed at Geneva to print the sacred Scriptures in connection with the operations of the British and Foreign Bible Society. The one feature, however, of this incident which is specially pertinent to our present purpose is, that Voltaire, in all his boasts and arrangements in regard to that press, avowedly proposed to triumph over Christianity by the selfsame means as that by which Christianity seeks to triumph over all the falsities in the world, namely, by the presentation of truth—that is, by faith.

And so is it still. It were easy to name noted

sceptics who, in pamphlets and on platforms, have sought to run down Christianity for proclaiming salvation by faith. By what method do they seek to compass this end? By expounding a counter-system, which may call itself Socialism, Naturalism, Rationalism, Secularism; but by whatever name it may be denominated, it is in every case a professed way of salvation by faith. It is a great-little method, in its own way, for turning the world upside down; and the method is faith. The moral lever that is to subvert Christianity, and instate the anti-Christian substitute in its place, is faith. London, the head-quarters, as we may assume, of the movement, may be called, in relation to it, the sceptical Jerusalem. Its main leader will, sceptically speaking, be the chief of the apostles. As Paul went of old and "preached from Jerusalem round about unto Illyricum," it were easy to name sceptical leaders who have periodically taken their provincial missionary tours to preach their remedy for man's moral evils, from London to Aberdeen, and round about to the Clyde, the Mersey, or the Severn. The system these men expound really purports to be a gospel, or compendium of good news. It is held up to the view of men as food and medicine for their souls. Very thin spiritual gruel it verily is, even taking its own account of it, without saying anything of the poison it holds in solution. But it is enough for our present purpose that it does profess to be mental food and drink and medicine, and that the dish in which it is presented is a testimony, or professed gospel, which can benefit us only by being attended to and believed. Nay, it is preached as something which the world has only to know and believe, to find itself immediately changed for the better. The blessings proclaimed by that sceptical gospel are exempt from gloomy and superstitious fears, and many others of the like sort, which we need not here detail. In order to the attainment of these blessings, we are called on by the heralds of the sceptical salvation, in their own peculiar vocabulary (no matter for the precise words), to repent or change our minds, in regard to the old error, Christianity, and to believe and embrace the new

sceptical gospel in its stead. The better to help us to all this, we have, in their various serials, journals, and other publications, small and great, what may be termed the sceptical gospels, epistles, and acts of the apostles, with no end of comment, correspondence, and discussion.

As yet, without meaning to impeach their sincerity, there is one thing that is very conspicuous by its absence: we hear little anywhere of sceptical martyrs. The times, we know, are changed, and we are changed in them; but when and where ever fell the times in which the martyrs of infidelity were seen in large numbers under the headsman's axe, or blazing at the stake in pitched coats, or writhing on crosses, or under the jaws of lions, simply and solely for their infidel faith?

But to our present object this default is immaterial. We are ready to admit as many exceptions in favour of infidel fidelity and self-sacrifice as may be reasonably demanded. And the more of such cases we admit, the more will it strengthen our argument; for no greater testimony could infidelity bear to the importance of Christian faith, than by submitting to martyrdom rather than surrender the faith that is its own.

If, then, inexperienced young friend, any sceptic should assail you with objections to the Christian salvation being by faith, turn round upon him and say, "And pray, what about your own gospel, and your own world-reforming plan? If we Christians seek, by God's grace, to cast the devils out of the world by faith, pray by what means other than this do you and your sons seek to cast them out?" If to this you can get any answer at all satisfactory which does not concede and defend the very thing that is assailed, you will get what has never yet been given, or is ever likely to be. Hold fast, then, by the faith of holy apostles and martyrs. "Contend earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints." "Continue thou in the things which thou hast learned and hast been assured of, knowing of whom thou hast learned them; and that from a child thou hast known the Holy Scriptures, which are able to make thee wise unto salvation **THROUGH FAITH WHICH IS IN CHRIST JESUS.**"

"NONE OTHER NAME."

"For there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved."

OH, tender loving heart,
Whereto are written dear and precious
names—

Sweet ties which earthly friendship fondly claims,—

These all may have their part:
But thou must write above all others there,
Jesus—"none other name" so wondrous fair!

Thou weary, longing heart!
Yearning for some to cheer thee here below,
Mourning for joys thou ne'er again shalt know,
That name bids care depart.
Thou wilt not find thy comfort, seeking here;
"None other name" can hush each trembling fear!

Thou joyous, merry heart!
Earth's sweetness will not always last for thee:
Dark clouds will come, and bid the sunshine flee,

All earthly joys depart.
And thou must look beyond to higher things:
"None other name" true joy and gladness brings!

Oh, burdened, sinful heart!
Heavy with woe, bowed down with guilt and fear,
Salvation waits for thee, but only here!
From all else thou must part,
And come the promised blessing here to claim,
To Jesus—"for there is none other name!"

Oh, world of needy hearts!
Why will ye ever seek where naught is found?
Why ache and yearn when such sweet things
abound?

This name all grace imparts;
All love, all joy, all mercy soundeth here—
"None other name" so great, so rich, so dear!

BANISHMENT FROM GOD.

"They that know not God, and that obey not the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ, . . . shall be punished with everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord, and from the glory of his power."—2. Thess. i. 8, 9.



HIS is one of the strong utterances of truth most pregnant with horror to the godless. When one begins to think of it, there is something in it dreadful beyond conception. In God we live, and move, and have our being. What, then, can it be to sink into the darkness where there is no God, or where the *vengeance* instead of the *glory*, of his power is triumphant—into that gulf of despair whose anguish forced the cry of the deserted from the dying Saviour, even although he was God? How can a poor, weak human being support the weight of its eternal agony?

Even here, in this life, although we are under the benign government of God, and all the extremes of heat or cold are tempered by love and mercy, and our hearts cheered by the light of hope, we sometimes think our sufferings and sorrows almost greater than can be borne; and yet sin inflicts only a very partial punishment on us now. But there, when all is over, what mysterious shuddering, when, conscious of utter helplessness, we feel that we are passing away to the "fearful looking for of judgment and fiery indignation," where mercy is clean gone for ever; when the light of love is withdrawn, and the star of hope sets in the blackness of darkness, never more to rise, and no beam to dissipate the thickening, settling gloom but the lurid fires of vengeance.

To be *lost* for ever! what can that be? We can not tell, we scarcely dare imagine. We speak low of its terrors, we almost think of it in a whisper. To awake from the sleep of death, with every evil passion at fullest stretch, and no means of getting them gratified; full of impotent rage against the justice that let us reap the fruit of our own sowing; full of the deepest malignity, hating ourselves and everything else—with heart and soul hardened for ever beyond the possibility of repentance; to be driven away with the company of the damned—to be given over to the will of Satan and his angels for torment; with the soul transfixed by the stings of conscience—with keen consciousness of sinking helplessly deeper and deeper into the pit of destruction, and the cry of lost opportunities ringing in our ears; and over all the wrath of God, terrific and appalling, drenching the spirit with unutterable torture—no death, but keener anguish, striking deeper, deeper, for ever and ever!

Are these some of the consequences of banishment from God? Can reason or imagination, strong and boundless as they seem, give us even a faint idea of what it is to be lost beyond recovery? No, they are powerless; their workings are but feeble thoughts, and can only go a little way, telling in

earthly language of the things beyond. It is something

"Unutterably worse
Than fables yet have feigned, or fear conceived."

For eye has never seen, nor ear heard, nor mind conceived the things that God has prepared for them that *hate* him, as well as for them that *love* him. Oh! it is something agonising and terrible, something unspeakably horrible, beyond our finite conceptions and weak imaginings, this banishment from God—this endless state of outlawry and orphanage of soul, of outcast wandering from all the good and happiness of a Father's heart and home. Yet this was never intended for us; those "everlasting fires" were originally "prepared for the devil and his angels;" better things are prepared for us, and love would save us; but, if with free will and open eyes we choose darkness rather than light by becoming partners with Satan in rebellion against love and goodness, we must, of necessity, share in his wages at the last. My brothers, my sisters, you know what these wages are; mark the path you are walking lest it be the way to destruction. Up, up, and flee from the wrath to come!

When we think of the love of Jesus—even the little we can comprehend of such infiniteness—we may well wonder that its greatness, its height and depth, its length and breadth, passes knowledge; yet when we think of the gulf of woe, even the little we can comprehend of such infiniteness, so dreadful beyond compare, and when we know that God is love, we almost cease to wonder. The one is commensurate with the other. Just to think of Infinite Love considering how poor frail mortals could ever endure the great wrath and curse! It seems almost no wonder that he put forth his power to save—it is just like God. But what a pledge of love! Such condescension, such endurance for rebel worms—what a sight for wondering angels! Surely, they must then have gained a fuller knowledge of the love of God for his creatures. But the greatest wonder of all is, that every human being, as soon as he comes to know, does not rush to its embrace in an agony of earnestness, lest in life's uncertainty it might pass beyond his grasp and be gone. Truly man is mad—his eyes are blinded by the glare of false light, and he walks in darkness: the best of us are often but fitful dreamers, our spiritual senses dulled by the narcotics of sin. The poison flows in our veins, sooner or later to take fatal effect. What we want is the breath of the living Spirit to rouse us from this drowsy torpor—to make us stretch every nerve for the prize of eternal life. For this let us work and pray, for life is real and earnest, that at the last we may be taken home, and not sent away into everlasting exile.

J. H.

A WORD UPON EXPECTATION.

BY THE REV. W. M. STATHAM.



ARCHBISHOP WHATELY, with his usual logical acumen, remarks, that there is a great deal of ambiguity in the use of the word "expect." Sometimes, for instance, it signifies an expectation of kindness from one I have befriended; at other times it signifies an expectation that such a one will forsake me in the hour of trouble.

"Now, the first," says Whately, "is *έπιειν*, 'to deem worthy of,' and so to consider one has a right to expect such a kindness; the other is *έπιπτειν*, which means 'to look for,' but certainly not as a right." We must, I think, all agree that the archbishop has not discovered a mare's nest, but a veritable difference of meaning in the word. Thus, when we say, "It is expected of you," there is a moral meaning in it—"You ought to do it;" in the other case, you merely look for it, when, in truth, it ought not to be. Now, without debating the ambiguity of the word, we may proceed to make plain enough our own subject of meditation, which is simply this—Expectation is always connected with its object, and therefore is either that of hope or that of fear. When the schoolboy sees the dame reach down the apple, that is one thing; when he sees her reach down the rod, that is quite another. The taste of a king pippin produces a very different sense of expectation to the switch of a birch.

We are all beings of expectation; and well has Rogers, in his "Eclipse of Faith," made use of the argument for immortality drawn from the fact that in every little moment of life here we are all looking forward to some future in time—always, indeed, acting with a view to this life's to-morrow; thus suggesting that the whole of our life is related to the to-morrow of eternity. "Even with regard to the present, as you call this life, man is perpetually living for and in the future. It is not today, it is to-morrow on which his eye is fixed. The child lives for his youth; the youth is discontented till he is a man; every attainment and possession pales as soon as it is realised, and we still sigh for something that we have not." He proceeds to show that Christianity answers to human nature, and says that as every little *present* has its little *future* for which we live, so the *whole* present of this life has its great *future*, which must, all the way through, be made the supreme object of forethought and solicitude. We begin, therefore, by remarking that the highest expectations of which we can treat are those which relate to the higher and better life.

That we *are* beings of expectation we need no laboured treatise to prove to us; but certainly we need to be reminded that the main inspiration of our happiness comes, not from the possession of to-day, but from the expectation of to-morrow. Expectations are sometimes very ludicrous things. We read occasionally of people of large expectations, which is generally considered to mean that, if they live long enough, they will get the family estates intact: or that some kindly old gentleman, having

adopted them forty-fifth cousins, means to leave them all his leases. Sometimes these large expectations are destined to grow "small by degrees and beautifully less." "You see," says the lady governess in the *Charivari*, "if I puncture this india-rubber ball, it will collapse." "Yes," says the child; "if you prick it, it will go squash." And a very slight rupture will sometimes ruin very large expectations.

Expectation is often, however, health-giving and inspiring. Oh, how blessed a thing it is that expectation can grow so strong and live so long as it does! How it enables the widowed mother to bear her pinchings and her managings, so as to send Walter to the city school, and then to college, with the idea and hope that he may one day be an archdeacon or a dean! How it inspires her heart with fortitude, should he choose an army career, during all the long, long siege, to think of the brave little ensign coming home a lieutenant in the corps. Expectation, too, is connected with confidence in others. What a precious thing it is when we can so repose in human beings, in their motives and principles, as to expect with a kind of moral certainty! "I will meet you there." We know he will. "I will send it you." We believe it. "I will write you." The postman's knock is sure, at the appointed hour, to be heard. And how heartless a thing it is to promise and pledge, and then put off! "Yes, my lad, I will do what I can for you; I'll see to it. Two or three of my friends want a clerk; just do for you." Away goes the cheery-hearted boy to tell his mother it's all right now; but as day after day dies away, no message, no postman's knock for him. And look at that fair girl who has been deceived: don't, for God's sake, call her a sentimental little fool. She's ill, perhaps, very ill. She lays a-dying now, and she's not the first who has said in the whisperings of death, "He said he loved me, mother; indeed, he did." Week after week, month after month, bright expectancy took the sickly hue of doubt, and then died out altogether.

Life is made up of expectancies. Those bank clerks, hurrying from Lombard Street to the Exchange, are carrying in those large black pocket-books hosts of promissory notes. The commerce of England is based upon them, and they are expected to be paid; the value, however, of the "I promise to pay" depending very much on the name appended to it.

It is a sad thing in commercial circles for it to be said of a man, "He! oh, his name's not much account!" and so, in social life, it is a miserable character to gain, when men say, "Promised you his vote, has he? Well, he's promised it me as well." Some men are "deceivers ever"—not, perhaps, from intention or desire to wrong, but from the sheer "blarney" of their manner, which vainly strives to please and propitiate all.

Expectancy, however, is never so beautiful as when it reposes in God. What a forcible contrast to the fickleness and faithlessness of man is the faithfulness and changelessness of God! He who sticketh closer than a brother has spoken many promises to

the human heart; and all the promises of God in Christ are yea, and in him are Amen.

"Though cisterns be broken,
And creatures all fail,
The word He hath spoken
Shall surely prevail."

It may be allowed us here, to disclaim all sympathy with the men of baseless expectations. The "Micawber"-like men, who are always waiting for something to turn up, may be well and justly disappointed. They put a seed into the earth, and expect it to grow up forthwith; if not, they dig it up, and are disgusted with it. They buy mining shares for a mere song, and expect that a new lode will be discovered, and that for the fabric of their fortune they will have bricks enough and to spare. They not only expect figs to grow from thistles, but that they will be the fourteen-pence-a-pound ones. They are the men who answer advertisements: "Wanted, £20 for twenty minutes; £10 given for the use of the same, and security worth £200 deposited. Address, O. I. C. U. R. A. Fool, Slippery Street, City." They wait the aforesaid twenty minutes, and when they have slowly past, continue to expect the promised bonus, superadded to the return of the money lent. Expect! Why, they will fly beyond the farthest arrow of illustration that you can shoot. They are men who have forgotten the old adages, "No pains, no gains;" "No sweat, no sweet." This is not the folly of to-day only—it is pictured forth in all the eras of history. Go to the Museum, and see that wonderful picture of the South Sea Bubble. There, at Change Alley, in the London of the past centuries, you see the crowd, of all ages and all classes, civilians and clergy, soldiers and statesmen. "South Sea Stock up 1,000 per cent." you will see printed on a board, staring the crowd in the face, in the midst of a tumultuous excitement. Well, we all know the end of those expectations. In due time the bubble burst, but not before ten thousand castles in the air came crash.

The great law of the Bible—"As we sow we reap"—is abundantly illustrated in the lives of men. If men sow a swiftly-productive seed, its fruit soon withers and dies. I can soon grow a crop of mushrooms; but, like Jonah's gourd, they come up in a night, and perish in a night. The fact is, that the law of duration is wonderfully related to the law of preparation. An oak is a strong tree, but then it grows up through the long centuries of years. So character, and position, and possession are surest and safest when they have been attained by the healthy law of steady progression.

It is certainly a good thing for human beings, even so far as this life is concerned, to have expectations. The cabman who rests his eye on the man successful enough to drive his own vehicle instead of hiring horse and cab at an exorbitant sum, is likely to be a steadier and better man for aspiring to the same independence. The clerk who cares for his own wee home, is already a more earnest man when, for the bairns' sakes, he tries to make the dwelling his own. And so, in every grade and station of life, it is a good thing to have some expectation, provided it be honourable, and useful, and good.

But all these expectations, though they may be a long time coming, yet, like autumn flowers, they

wither and fade at last. What should we do, what should we be, if we had no expectations beyond these? "According to my earnest expectation," says Paul, referring to Christian aims in this life. "Looking for that blessed hope," was his expectation concerning another. Nothing brightens life like the expectations which fix and fasten themselves on the future life. No other expectation will satisfy the Christian; no, not those of bridegroom or bride, buyer or seller, seeker or possessor. They are finite: we are more. I heard a missionary from Jamaica say once, that in visiting a dear child, who was on the verge of the river of death, he said to that daughter of the Western isles, "Are you happy?" Her answer was as suggestive as it was sublime, "Yes; for I can see my way!" He said, "See your way, my child?" "Yes, missionary," she said. "Thou wilt show me the path of life: in thy presence is fulness of joy; at thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore." Who shall say what panorama of blessedness constituted the expectation which filled the eye of faith in an hour like that? Honour, glory, and immortality are indeed prospects more than pleasing in the on-coming of the last hour. We have often pictured to ourselves Paul, with his head laid on the block, and the executioner's axe gleaming above his head, saying, "I am ready to be offered up, and the time of my departure is at hand. Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness."

These expectations, and such like them, are the precious prospects of Christianity. We know nothing of them save through Him who says "I am the way. . . I go to prepare a place for you: in my Father's house are many mansions."

Suffer me, in closing, to remind you that as God fulfills all the expectations his promises have raised, so we ought to endeavour to do likewise. Nothing is more provoking to a child than to have the delightful dream of happiness connected with the prospect of possessing a new toy, dispelled by the curt answer, "I forgot it;" then clearly you ought not to have promised it. Be sure that by and by your promises will be considered as worthless as the scrip of a bankrupt railway.

One moral it is allowable to suggest in connection with this subject—it is this: that expectations arising from property are not to be compared with expectations arising from character and mental power. When you see a youth with lavender kid gloves and a *negligée* air of independence, who is waiting for coming of age, and coming into possessions, who, by the language of his looks, tells you that his profession is pleasure, you wouldn't find any sensible underwriter—if there was a kind of "Lloyd's" for insuring the life voyage of young men—to insure such a vessel as that. Shipwreck is written on every inch of him, from the taffrail to the prow. But on the other hand, where you see mental energy and education with what the Greeks call *νοῦς*, associated with Christian principle and practice, then expectations may be entertained with gladness, that should Providence spare the life, there will be some end attained worth achieving here, associated with an earnest preparation for the joys and duties of the higher life of heaven.

Probably every human being you meet has some cherished expectation. Could we gaze within the temple of human hearts, we might see strange

varieties of desire. There is, however, one Eye that does this, and marks how every racer is reaching forward to his cherished goal. Reader, it may be permitted the writer to wish that all your noblest and best expectations may be realised so far as they may be for your good; and, above all, that the beautiful words of Paul may be an expectation lawfully cherished and at last most fully realised, "For me to die is gain." There are many gains in this life—doubtless you have received payment in full for many promises; *there the cup of joy runs over*, and our joy no man taketh from us.

Turning now for a moment, in closing, from the divine to the human, it is a pitiable thing that amidst the honest efforts and expectations of so many, there should yet be a multitude whose expectations are all connected with the cozening and cheating of others. Of such kind are all the mock-auctions and trickster advertisements. "What are your expectations?" it might be asked. "All the plunder we can gain from innocence; all the wealth we can filch from the foolish," might justly furnish the answer. Concerning all such expectations one's heartiest wish is that they may ever and anon be

capsized, in harmony with the brief illustration with which I close:—

In a certain northern village a professor of legerdemain was entertaining an audience chiefly composed of cobblers. After astonishing the natives with successive tricks of dazzling jugglery, he offered to bet an even shilling that he could turn a halfpenny into half-a-sovereign. "Done!" said a brawny native, handing out the copper. "Done!" said the juggler, quickly exhibiting, in the presto-quick style, a veritable half-sovereign in lieu of the halfpenny. "Down with your shilling," said the juggler. "Tak' it, my worthy," said the cobbler, tossing him the silver coin. "An' is that my bawbee?" he exclaimed, looking at the bright, new half-sovereign before him. "Undoubtedly," answered the juggler. "Let's see it," said the cobbler; and twisting it round with a cute examination, and looking out of the tail of his eye with a sly humour of delight, he thanked the sapient juggler, and, putting the piece of gold into the soft nest of his own pocket, he walked off, amid the cheers of his comrades, simply saying, "Ise warnt ye'll no turn't into a bawbee again."

THE OPEN HEART.

ALL thy windows open, heart—
Let the light of Jesus in;
Sit no longer under doom,
In the bonds of self and sin.
From a throne of light he comes;
Passing, shines upon the sun;
Rise, and walk in glory too—
Open to the shining One!

All thy windows open, heart—
Let the air of Jesus in;
Close, unwholesome as the grave,
Is the seat of self and sin.

Jesus makes a paradise;
See him walk amid its bloom.
Let the winds from holy hills
Bring thee balm and sweet perfume.

All thy windows open, heart—
Let the voice of Jesus in;
Gladness wakes, and sorrow flies
To its haunt, the tents of sin.
Hear, my soul, the voice Divine,
Melody began above;
Hither coming by the cross—
Pardon, Welcome, Peace, and Love!

"HE HAD POWER WITH GOD."



HERE are many who are accustomed to pray for spiritual blessings, and for temporal ones, in a general manner, who would yet think it almost irreverent to pray for God's help in the little particular needs of every-day life. A half-defined impression exists in their minds that God is very willing to answer our petitions for spiritual benefits, but that our little temporal concerns are almost beneath his notice. Yet will not he who supports and cares for each one of the myriad insects which float in the sunbeams, much more care for us and for all our temporal interests? There is nothing which it is right for us to do, that it is not right for us to pray about, nor that we will not do better for praying about it. One of

the first recorded prayers in the Bible was for temporal blessings. Jacob was returning to his native land with all his possessions, and his messengers had brought him word that the brother whom he so much dreaded was coming to meet him with a force of four hundred men. Justly fearing the anger of the one he had so wronged, he sent across the ford Jabbok those precious ones so much dearer to him than his own life, and all night long he wrestled in prayer with God that he would deliver him from the hand of Esau, his brother.

We may notice with profit some of the peculiarities of this prayer, which was so favourably heard and answered.

It was a prayer that took firm hold upon God. He was not approached as a God afar off, but as one close at hand. So we must draw near to him, reverently indeed, but not timidly or distrustfully. It is still as it was in the days of John—"the king-

dom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force." The real wrestling Jacob puts forth all his strength of soul, he agonises and struggles as for life itself.

Two hundred years and more ago, a pious minister was deeply distressed in view of the dangers which threatened many of the poor seamen who belonged to his parish, who were about to be engaged in a fearful naval battle with the French. So he called together his people, and appointed a day of solemn fasting and prayer to God. It is said he wrestled in prayer as in an agony, particularly for the poor seamen of Dartmouth, that they might be preserved in the hour of danger. When the battle was over it was found that John Flavel's prayers had prevailed with God as Jacob's did. Not a sailor from Dartmouth was lost, though many of them were in the hottest of the engagement. Did you ever think, soldier, when you came unscathed from the battlefield, that you might have owed your preservation to the prayers of a Christian mother, wife, or sister? Who would not choose to go into battle with such an armour girded about him? Does any one pray for you? If not, you can pray for yourself, and that will be more prevalent in your behalf than the petitions of any other.

Again, we find that Jacob did not offer a hasty, anxious prayer, in general terms, for his safety and that of his family, and then go about his worldly business. He continued all night in prayer. How many of us have ever done that? How many Christians spend an hour upon their knees morning and evening? How few think they have time for it! Yet Luther, when he was working out the great problems of the Reformation, with all Europe on his heart, felt that he could not carry on his work without

three hours of prayer daily. He felt, as all who have tried it know, that

" He makes no stop who heavenward speeds."

Wrestling Jacob was brought to that point where he could do nothing more than to hold fast to God. One touch of the angel's strength had rendered him powerless. He could only cling to him. God never takes the ability to do that from us. Jacob knew that a touch of the same mighty power could crush him to the earth, yet with a holy boldness he still perseveres, and his language is, "I will not let thee go, except thou bless me." God did not punish as presumptuous such strong supplication. He would have us in earnest in our requests. He never answers our petitions until he has brought us to this same point of relying utterly upon him. We must feel ourselves lost and powerless, and recognise all our help as coming from his hand.

And it was when he had thus prevailed with God that he also prevailed with men. When the two brothers, who had been twenty years parted, drew near to each other, "Esau ran to meet him, and embraced him, and fell on his neck, and kissed him; and they wept."

If we would be made efficient labourers to win souls, we must pray much. All our efforts will be powerless without this. We may labour skilfully and faithfully to impress sinners with a sense of their dangers, but our efforts will fall cold and useless unless we also pray much.

Whatever we need, either of earthly or heavenly blessings, let us pray as Jacob did, and we shall not be sent empty away. "By his strength he had power with God; yea, he had power over the angel, and prevailed; he wept and made supplication unto him."

THE GEMS OF BRITISH BALLADS.

WITH BRIEF REMARKS, CRITICAL AND SUGGESTIVE.—IV.



THE next point to which we have to direct the attention of the reader is, ballads illustrative of the warlike spirit. The ballads of this kind are all, unfortunately, very long; so that we are compelled to give brief epitomes of them. The first we draw attention to—which old Sir Philip Sidney said moved his heart like a trumpet, is the very old one of "Chevy Chace." The warlike spirit was deep in all classes in the early days of our country's history. The very boys partook of it, of which, by the way, there is a capital illustration in the old "Ballad of Otterburne":—

" Then up and spoke a little boy,
Was near of Douglas' kin:
' Methinks I see an English host
Come branking us upon,
Nine wargangs beirding braid and wide,
Seven banners beiring high.'"

And then the little fellow's blood runs warm, and he exclaims, in his plucky enthusiasm—

" 'It wad do any living gude
To see their colours fly.'"

Nor is the Douglas a whit behind in appreciating the good news then told him, even although, with the presentiment which we have all felt at times, he knows that the battle brings death to him; for he says to the spirited boy—

" 'If this be true, my little boy;
That thou tell's unto me,
The brawest bower o' the Otterburne
Shall be thy morning fee.'"

Of all the modern imitators of the old warlike ballads, none excels Professor Aytoun. In his "Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers" he has caught the true spirit of the old narrators; and, as we read them, our blood runs fast and our spirits are stirred as with a trumpet-blast from the battle-field. Nothing can be finer than the ballad of "Edinburgh after the Battle of Flodden," and we can only regret that space prevents us from giving specimens of them here.

Of the fifth division—ballads illustrative of fairy lore, or "weird and mystic feeling"—we can find

space for no examples, but can only refer to "The Demon Lover," which will be found in Aytoun, or in Motherwell; and to that most exquisite of all fairy ballads or poems, the "Kilmeny" of Hogg the Ettrick Shepherd, given in his poem of "The Queen's Wake;" and if the reader has ever the good fortune to come across this, let him read "Kilmeny;" and if he will not read it all, read, at all events, the opening, which, descriptive of the quiet of a summer evening, is not surpassed in literature. Let him also read the part beginning

"Kilmeny looked up with a lovely grace,"

and we will venture to say he will be delighted with what follows.

Of ballads illustrative of the sixth division—humour and satire—we can only allude here to "Our Gudeman," p. 125, Aytoun, vol. i., and "The Women are Best when they are at Rest," and "The Witch of Fife," as satirical ballads. Of satire there are many examples in old ballads; our Jacobite ballads abound in it. We do not know that there is anything more keen and cutting than that in the old ballad "Bonnie Laddie, Highland Laddie," where the Duke of Cumberland is supposed to descend—as his doom very properly, according to a Jacobite view, was—to the infernal regions, and to hold a dialogue with Pluto himself; and on which the duke expresses his fear of going into the inner chamber, as he might there meet with some of his old enemies, the Jacobites. Very cutting, surely, is the reply: that he might with all safety go in, or, indeed, wander in any part of the regions of the doomed; for whoever might be there, the Jacobites, secure in their good cause of a better place, would be certain not to be. Nor do we find satire less forcibly, but certainly more finely displayed, than in the fine old ballad of "The Lye," which will be found in Percy's "Reliques," p. 331.

We now come to the last division of the subject—moral and didactic ballads—fine examples of which are in the following:—"My Mind to me a Kingdom is," "The Character of a Happy Life," "Death's Final Conquest," and in Burns' fine poem "Lines written in Friars-Carse Hermitage."

Having thus endeavoured—we fear but incompletely—to place before the reader some of the beauties of our ballad literature, we may, perhaps, be allowed, in a sentence or two, to draw the particular attention of the young, who may not as yet have thought much upon the subject, to the happiness which can be secured in daily life by devoting some of their spare time to the perusal of books. We have seen what we can obtain from one class of them; but all are rich in suggestive matter.

A kind fairy—so have we heard told by one, himself a fine exponent of the beauties of ballad and of general literature—took a deep interest in a fisher-boy, who was imbued with a love of travel and adventure; but who, like many boys, was not over blessed with the means of enjoying either. The fairy, one day, presented this boy with a boat possessed of marvellous properties. It had the capability, at the will of its possessor, to expand or to contract in dimensions, so that it could be small enough to wind its way up the tiniest rivulets, or large enough and strong enough to sail the widest seas, and brave the roughest storms; and with this expansibility and contractility of size, there was an equality of adjustment, as regards

provisions, and for working; so that the tiny boat bore sufficient to satisfy a day's sailing amid the rocks and islets which studded the fisher-boy's native bay, or carried enough to last the voyage of a year. Thus equipped, the adventurous boy went forth, and made the circuit of the world. Now his stately ship sailed along the coasts of lovely countries; now, contracted to a little boat, he wound his enchanted way up the tiniest rivulets, and bathed himself in the fullest beauties margining their banks. As the fairy-boat to the fisher-boy, so are books to all of us: with them we can skirt the shores of our own romantic isle, be subdued with the terrors of its lofty cliffs as we sail along their base, and hear the billows boom upon their rocks; we can thread our way up the brooks, and sail upon the bosom of the loveliest and calmest of our lakes. Books, too, if so we will it, can bear us away from our own happy shores to other and far distant countries, where the sunniest of skies pours down a flood of light upon the loveliest of scenes, the most gorgeous of flowers, and the richest of fruits. We can pluck the gentians of the Alps, or feast upon the olives of the Apennines; the grapes of the Rhine, or of sunny France, may be ours; and ours, too, the fruits which a tropical clime offers in rich profusion. We can pass through the coral gates encircling the islands which gem the Southern Ocean, and wander amidst the groves of the palm-tree and the plantain. We can climb the Himalaya, and watch with wonder its sides clothed with giant palms, flaming with the flowers of monster rhododendrons, and its peaks studded with eternal snows. We can shiver amid the frozen cliffs of Greenland, or pant with the fierce heat which beats down upon the sands of Syria. We can explore the grand Nile to its source, or visit the mystic cities on its banks. We can travel, in thought, at a lightning speed, and with Prospero, in the play, we can "put a girdle round the earth in forty minutes." All Nature is laid open to our desire, and almost her every mystery known to our ken. All this, and more than this, can books give to us; for, not content with yielding up the master-key to the secrets and the beauties of the material world, they offer to us the perhaps grander gifts of the world of mind. We can go back to the first ages, and hear the garrulous gossip of old Herodotus, listen to the rolling periods of Homer, ponder over the philosophy of Plato, and hold converse with the richest minds of old. With a movement of our hand, or the turning of a leaf, we can, wizard-like, call up the spirits of the men of more modern times: we can converse with Shakespeare, with Milton, with Newton, and a host of mighty-minded men. We can keep the company of kings, yet mingle in the huts where poor men lie. We can frame a fine world of our own where we are, as free from the frowns of fortune as we are independent of her smiles; and we can teach ourselves, through that grand old Book, that "best of all books," "how best to live, so best to die." "Who kills a man," says grand old John Milton, in one of his stately and sounding sentences, "kills a reasonable creature, God's image; but he who destroys a good book, kills reason itself—the image of God, as it were, in the eye. Many a man lives a burden upon the earth; but a good book is the precious life of a master-spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose 'for a life beyond life.'"

A STRANGE STRANGER.



UPPOSE a child or a grown-up man or woman could meet himself in the street, would he know himself? I reply no—not his own face or person. The experiment has often been tried. In a certain shop, the new proprietors fitted up at the further end a very large mirror. It reflected the full figure of every one in the room. An old gentleman who was deaf, and who had not heard of the great mirror, went into the shop. As he advanced, he noticed another old gentleman coming to meet him. Belonging to "the old school" in politeness, he bows to the stranger, and the stranger bows to him. He stretches out his hand as if to shake hands, and so does the stranger. "Sir," said he, "you have the advantage of me. You seem to know me, but I can't recall your name, though it seems as if I had seen you before! Please to speak louder, sir, for my hearing is much impaired!"

By this time the clerks were too full to hold in, and broke out in a laugh. The whole thing then flashed upon him, and he enjoyed the mistake as much as any of them. Let any one go into a room lighted by the moon only, and pass by a mirror, and he will start at seeing an unknown face moving in the room, not recognising his own face. I once knew a very polite old gentleman of olden time, who was at a large dinner party. At the call to the table in a distant room, he was naturally expected to take the lead; but as he was leaving the room, he saw another old gentleman, who ought, as he thought, to have the precedence. Accordingly he paused and bowed, and tried hard to get the stranger to advance first. The company were too polite to laugh, but they ached to do so. The panels of the doors were mirrors, and he was bowing to his own image.

It may seem strange that a man who has seen his own face in the glass daily for half a century, should not know it when he unexpectedly meets it. But so it is. Men forget their own children in a few years. Suppose a man should find a great basket by the wayside, carefully packed, and on opening it he could find it filled with *human thoughts*—all the thoughts which had passed through one single brain

in one year, or five years! What a medley they would make! How many would be wild and foolish—how many weak and contemptible—how many mean and vile—how many so contradictory and crooked that they could hardly lie still in the basket! And suppose he should be told that these were all his own thoughts—children of his own brain—how amazed would he be!

Suppose a messenger from God should take us by the hand and lead us up the steps of a great building, and as we entered the porch it should begin to grow dark. Suppose that he should then open a door into a very large hall, which he called a "picture gallery." As we enter it we find it dark as night; but as the angel touches a spring, the light flashes in and fills the room. We now see that the walls are hung with pictures—so many and so large that they cover all the walls. On these are painted all the sins that *we* have ever committed. On one picture are painted all the evil words we have ever spoken—on another, all the crimes and jealousies we have ever felt—on another, all the covetings of our hearts—all the wrong bargains we have ever made—all the unkindness to our parents and friends of which we have ever been guilty—all our prayerless mornings and evenings—all our neglect of God's Word—all our ingratitude towards our heavenly Father, and our hard feelings towards him—all our abuse of the Sabbath and the means of grace—all our neglect of the Saviour, and our grieving away the Holy Spirit! What pictures would our sins—open sins, secret sins, heart sins, and life-long sins, make! Who would dare look at them? What a terrible hall would that be! It would truly be a "judgment hall."

Oh, reader, we have to meet ourselves, at the great day, and see all the thoughts of our life as if laid together in a basket; and we have to meet all our sins as if each one was painted in colours that will never fade; and how much, oh, how much, shall we need the blessed Saviour to take these bodies and make them "like unto his own glorious body," and take these thoughts and "cover them" up for ever, and take these sins all painted so clearly, and "blot them out" for ever! O divine Hand! what a work will this blotting out the sins of all thy creatures be!

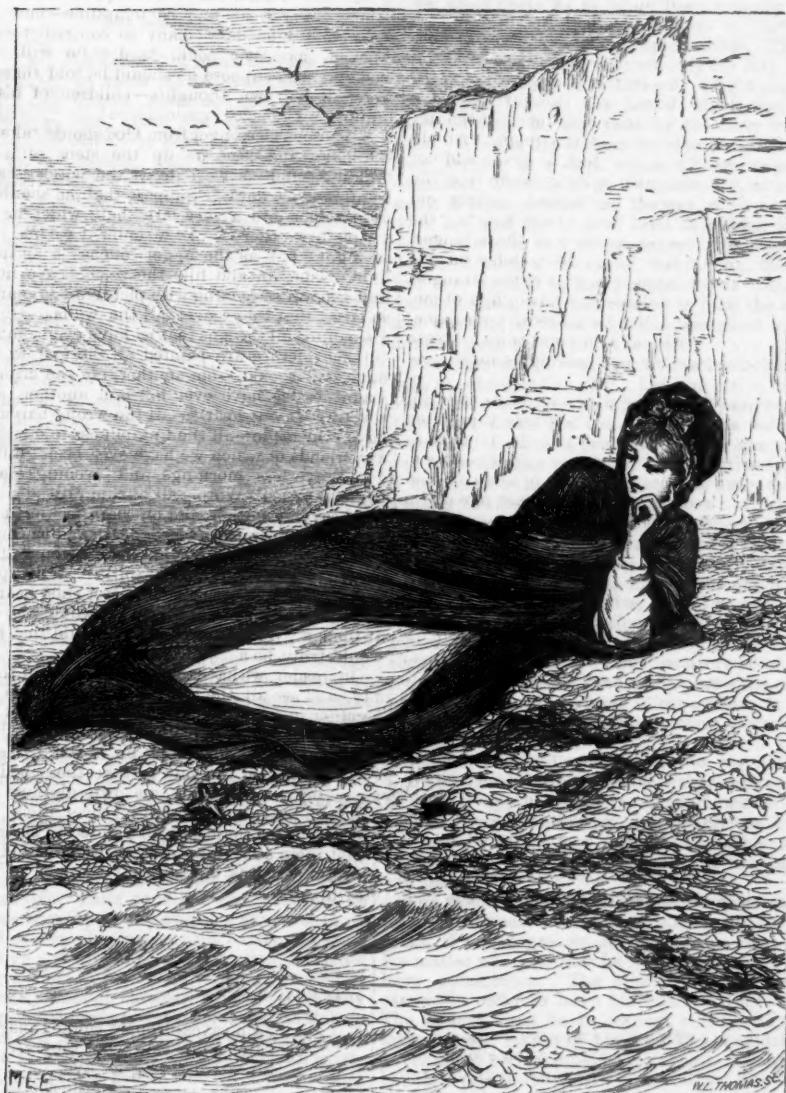
ON THE SHORE.

LYING where the waves are beating
On the shore;
Where they kiss the earth in greeting
Evermore;
When, as on a mother's breast,
The white surf's pale cheek is prest,
Weary of its long unrest,
On the shore.

Lying where the waves are swelling
To the shore;
Big with secrets they are telling
Evermore;

Fain eaves-dropper could I play,
Often wond'ring what they say,
Busy whispering for aye,
To the shore.

Lying amid sand and shingle,
On the shore,
Gazing far off, where commingle
Evermore,
In huge embrace, sea and sky,
Circled by infinity,
Filled with awe and love, I lie,
On the shore.



"Fain eaves-dropper could I play,
Often wond'ring what they say."—p. 390.



DEPARTMENT FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

EARNESTNESS.

A BOY'S ADVICE TO BOYS.

"Life is earnest."


 HAT does not mean that life should be made up of contracted brows, dilated nostrils, and pursed-up lips; that the body and limbs should be kept in perpetual strain and motion; that the hand should unceasingly clench the hammer or spade, poised the balances, and wield the pen, sword, or broom; and that the cheerful smile should be banished from the countenance, and the sound of pleasant laughter no longer heard.

It does not mean that the schoolboy should throw away his marbles as useless stones, cut up his football as useful leather, and chop his cricket bat and stumps into firewood. It does not mean that said schoolboy ought to devote his play-hours to the further prosecution of his studies; to be straining his brain over another sum of decimals, or a problem of Euclid, while his schoolfellowes are playing, to their heart's content, at leapfrog or prisoner's-base. Over-cramming is not required of him. Nor does it mean that the counting-house boy, or the shop-boy, should go without dinner or tea to finish a piece of business which does not require more than ordinary dispatch. Needless slavery is no merit, and will bring no reward.

Such conduct as that I have instanced is unnatural, and therefore unnecessary. "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," saith the proverb; which is a very useful and true one, although much abused and misapplied. But the object of this piece of advice to my fellow boys is, to caution them against falling into the other extreme—the extreme which is much more dangerous, and to which they are much more liable. In avoiding the frying-pan of all work, don't tumble into the fire of all play. As the father of an indolent son on one occasion observed, "All play and no work makes Jack a sad Turk;" and, let me venture to add, a sad shirk. To a heedless, thoughtless idler, the lightest and most reasonable task will be irksome and unbearable; while to a lad who, although he can play as heartily as any one at a proper time, is not afraid of using his brain or his hands, the same thing will be a matter of no consideration, but often the rather a source of genuine pleasure, as well as of real profit. Though careless, trifling people may try to beguile themselves into the belief that lazy listlessness and vain gadding is very nice and pleasant, there is no true enjoyment in such an existence. These are the people who (if it be in their power to waste the time which God has given them) rise in the morning at nine or half-past, fritter away the rest of the morning, take a long afternoon nap, rush, for the sake of a little excitement, to the theatre, concert, or ball-room, retiring at midnight or early morning to a sleepless bed, with aching heads and sick hearts, disgusted and wearied with the world and themselves. Heartily sick are they of their butterfly life, and heartily do they repent

of the unchecked carelessness and indifference of their boyhood, that generated a habit which so grew upon them as to bring them entirely under its dominion, which doomed them to that most wearying of existences—an objectless life. They are of no use to the world; they are only the lazy, good-for-nothing drones that listlessly drag themselves about, and live on the honey which has been gathered from far and near by the busy working bees. What is life without an object? It is like a long journey in a dark night, all dreariness and weariness. There is no goal to strive for, no radiant mark to press forward to; the sun of pleasure has soon set, and the star of hope is hidden by the clouds of doubt and despondency. He or she who has lived such a life regret, but in vain, that they had ever yielded to the promptings of their own foolish fancies, and had refused to take the advice and warning of those who had cautioned and re-minded them that "life is earnest."

And, therefore, I would have the schoolboy earnest both in school and at play. Let him strive to work out all his exercises without asking any unnecessary help, and make his own brain alone solve the problems. Is there a prize held out for competition and he would like to gain it, let him strive for it as if he meant to have it, and not idle away the first week or two before he begins to work; or, when he has made a beginning, neglect or forget it, until, grown tired of the whole thing, and desiring something new, he throws it aside entirely. Let him begin, continue, and finish, in earnest; and if, after all, he does not win the prize, he will have no cause to regret his labour and pains, for he is sure to be a gainer in the end. The extra knowledge he will necessarily have acquired will certainly be of some use at a future time. And when play-time comes, let the schoolboy be earnest in his games; to excel in cricket, whether at batting, bowling, longstop, or fielding, and in all the noble sports which young Englishmen should practise, or to try and try again at some athletic exercise, being resolved not to give it up, but to make himself master of it, and of others in their turn, and the glow of health and success in his face will make it evident that he has been amply rewarded for his earnestness and pains.

Nor would I have him, when he quits school, leave earnestness behind him, for it will be of as great, if not of greater, service to him than ever. No matter where or how he will be placed, he must have earnestness. The apprentice must be in earnest in order to learn his business thoroughly. The student must be in earnest, or he will never make himself master of his art. The candidate for government service must be in earnest, that he may be able to pass the necessary examination. The junior clerk must be in earnest, if he would obtain early promotion. The errand-boy must be in earnest to deliver his messages and parcels quickly, or there is but a poor chance of advancement for him. Then suppose that each of these have, through earnestness, gained their end. The apprentice has learnt his trade; does he still need earnestness? Yes; for without it he cannot become a skilled workman, or be successful in business. The student has become

acquainted with his art, but he must still labour to gain and maintain a reputation and connection for the practice of it. The candidate has passed the examination, but he cannot honestly hope to obtain a higher appointment except he devote his energies to the service. The junior clerk is now no longer a junior, and hopes one day to become the senior; but how can he hope to do so by other than the same means whereby he has obtained his present promotion? The errand-boy has, after many months of hard toil, gained one step up the ladder; and by dint only of the same earnestness he will mount the higher steps—from chief messenger to salesman, from salesman to foreman, from foreman to manager, ay, and from that he may rise to a partnership in the very firm into which he, years ago (and this has often been the case), entered as an errand-boy! Depend upon it, boys, there is nothing like earnestness.

Nor is an earnest spirit necessary only in out-of-door affairs, it should also pervade our private life. Let us be earnest in the performance of our duties towards God and mankind. Without earnestness every enterprise and undertaking will fail to the ground, and others will point the finger of scorn, and say, "He began, but was not able to finish." Let us be earnest thinkers, earnest workers, earnest friends, and, above all, earnest Christians.

" Time is earnest—passing by;
Death is earnest—drawing nigh;
Wilt thou always trifling be?
Time and death appeal to thee!"

THE OLD SQUIRE AND THE NEW.

BY MARY AND ELIZABETH KIRBY.

PART II.



BOUT Midsummer the new squire made his appearance at Sunnybrook. The manor was fitted up with new furniture, the garden was put in order, the shrubs trimmed, and the grass mown. These doings made quite a stir among the birds, who had seen nobody so long; and from every leafy nook and every spray, bright eyes were peeping to see what was going on.

If the poor little things could have known what was likely to happen, they would have flown away from Sunnybrook that very hour, and never have come back any more.

The new squire had brought his children with him, for it was the holidays, and they had come home from school. He had two boys and a little girl. But they were not like the old squire's children. Oh, no! not at all! The boys thought it was capital fun to pull down the nests of the poor birds, who had built them with so much pains and trouble. They would not have liked their own house to be pulled about their ears; but they never thought of that.

They liked to take the eggs out of the nest and to blow through them, and then string them together. Or, what was worse a great deal, they liked to seize upon the young birds, and carry them off, never thinking how the poor father and mother were fluttering about in the greatest grief and agony! Or,

perhaps, the father and mother were away getting food for their little ones, and the cruel boys never thought of how they would feel when they came back, and found their home and their little ones gone.

Then they set a trap on the lawn, and baited it with crumbs of bread. The birds at Sunnybrook had never seen a trap, and could not be expected to know what it was. So they came hopping round and round it, and thought the crumbs of bread looked very nice. And at length a pretty little linnet was so unlucky as to step into it, and begin to pick up the crumbs. But, alas! at that very moment down dropped the door of the trap, and she was caught. Then the boys, who were hiding behind a tree, rushed out with such a noise and shouting, that the birds flew away in a fright. All but the linnet; she, poor thing! would never fly away more. The cruel boys gave her to the cat to eat.

If the squire had been a kind man, he would not have let his children torment the birds; and if he had been a wise man, he would have known how much good the birds would do him, and would have let them live in peace. But I am sorry to say, that he and Farmer Bent were of the same mind exactly: and before the squire had been at Sunnybrook a week, this fact became as clear as daylight.

It was about the poor little birds that the squire and Farmer Bent agreed so well. The squire was determined to put them down, and he and Farmer Bent laid their heads together for this very purpose.

They began their cruel work by scattering poisoned wheat in the garden and in the fields. The next morning came the pretty little finches hopping among the corn. They were going to breakfast not on the corn, but on the mischievous seeds I told you about. Of course, the first thing they saw was the poisoned wheat lying on the ground, and looking very nice and tempting. They could not possibly suspect any harm, so they began to pick it up as fast as they could. Alas! while it was in their very beaks the poison did its work, and the poor little birds fell down dead by dozens.

Now, I told you before how Farmer Bent hated the blackbirds. He had never forgiven them for eating his cherries; though, I am sure, they had paid for them by the beautiful songs they sang. But Farmer Bent had no ear for music, and he was very fond of cherries, so now was the time for taking his revenge on the blackbirds. No sooner did a blackbird settle on the cherry-tree, than Farmer Bent snatched up his gun. Pop, pop! it went; and at every pop, down dropped a poor blackbird, screaming and fluttering. Farmer Bent's great dog snapped it up and soon made an end of it.

Now, the sparrows had led a very happy life at Sunnybrook, and a very useful life as well. Millions of caterpillars had been gobbled up by their active little beaks, and prevented from doing any mischief, to say nothing of the tiresome flies and insects they had hunted down and eaten. But in these days no mercy was shown to the sparrows. No sooner did a sparrow show itself than flash! bang! went Farmer Bent's gun. Besides, hundreds of poor little sparrows were taken in, like the finches, and ate the poisoned wheat.

Perhaps Farmer Bent, cruel as he was, would have let the nightingales alone, but the squire's two sons would not. It was famous sport to climb the trees

in the copse, and search for nests and young birds. They took so many nests, and destroyed so many eggs, that the nightingales were frightened, and began to look about for some safer place. Indeed, they did more than look, they actually flew away, and never came to Sunnybrook again. This state of things was very disagreeable to the rooks. They were grave, quiet birds, and not fond of change, as people are now-a-days. They had lived in those tall elms from generation to generation, and it would be no easy matter to move. But the popping of the guns, and the pelting of the boys, and the frights they had from traps and poisoned wheat, made them alter their minds. One day they held a consultation, and made a great caw, cawing; and then early the next morning the whole family of rooks—fathers, mothers, and grandfathers, and all the little rooks besides—rose in the air, and sailed far away from Sunnybrook, and the nests on the top of the elms have been deserted ever since.

Now, the kingfisher was out of the way of guns, and stones, and poisoned wheat, and you would think she at least might be safe. But no such thing. It was just then the fashion for little girls to wear bright feathers in their hats, and the squire's daughters looked with longing eyes on the kingfisher's beautiful plumes of orange and blue. So, though the kingfisher was leading such a happy life in her hole by the water, that life must come to an end. The squire's boys contrived a net to catch her; and one day when she came out to see what she could get for dinner, she found herself entangled in it. She tried hard to get away, for she had little ones at home expecting to be fed. But it was all of no use. The cruel boys would not listen to her cries, and ruthlessly put her to death!

And now the garden at Sunnybrook was quite deserted. There were no blackbirds getting their breakfasts on the lawn; no finches, or sparrows, chasing each other about; no robins singing their little songs. There were no nightingales in the copse behind the house, and no rooks to caw upon the trees. The squire and Farmer Bent had done their worst, and must have felt quite satisfied. But this was not the case, for I will tell you what very soon happened.

It came a warmer spring than usual, and things were very forward. The tender young corn was springing in the field, and giving hopes of a plentiful harvest; but with the corn grew the weeds, and ripened a great deal faster. There were no pretty little finches to pick out the seeds and eat them. So they were scattered far and wide, and grew up so rank and strong that nothing could be like it. Indeed, the crop of weeds was greater than the crop of corn.

The fruit-trees in the garden were coming on apace, and putting out their leaves as fast as they could; but snugly hidden within the leaves were millions of tiny caterpillars, with very large appetites. The blackbirds and the sparrows had been used to pick off the caterpillars and eat them, but there were neither blackbirds nor sparrows now. So the caterpillars grew and thrived, and, instead of being eaten, they ate up everything before them. Farmer Bent said the trees had the blight, but it was nothing of the kind; it was because the little birds were gone.

The peaches and the nectarines on the wall were nearly ripe, and their rosy cheeks were as soft as velvet, but with the hot August weather came the wasps and the flies, and the wasps and the flies were

as fond of peaches as the squire was. They burrowed into the nice juicy fruit, and devoured it to the very core. And when the peaches were finished, they came indoors, and the wasps stung the children, and the flies settled on the squire when he wanted his after-dinner nap. There never was such a plague of flies at Sunnybrook before.

Now, the sparrows used to think the flies a dainty treat, and if they could get a wasp so much the better. But the sparrows were all gone, thanks to the gun and the poisoned wheat. So the flies and the wasps had it all their own way, and very disagreeable the squires found it.

I am glad to say, the squire is beginning to see his mistake. He and Farmer Bent have quarrelled, and Farmer Bent has gone to live at another place. Perhaps he grew tired of Sunnybrook when there were no more birds to kill. At any rate, the squire does not like his corn to be choked by the weeds, and his fruit-trees to be eaten by the caterpillars, and his peaches to be spoilt by the flies; and he is sorry the nightingales have left off singing, and that the rooks have deserted their nests. So he is trying to coax back the birds. But the birds remember the poisoned wheat, and the traps, and the guns, and it will be many a long day before they venture to build their nests at Sunnybrook Manor.

The squire has found out the truth of the proverb,

“A thing is done, but cannot be undone.
A friend once lost is hardly to be won.”

GATHERING WILD FLOWERS.

PART I.



“AND what is your real opinion, doctor? Is my poor child beyond hope of recovery?”

The question was put with a trembling voice, and the eyes that looked into the doctor's face were wet with tears.

“Not at all, my dear madam; your daughter's recovery is not only possible, but probable, supposing—”

“Pray do not hesitate—tell me the condition.”

“Supposing she resided exclusively in the country for four or five years.”

“It shall be done, doctor. Ellen is now our only child; her sisters sickened as I feared she was doing, and—”

“God,” said the doctor, “transplanted the flowers of earth to the paradise of heaven.”

The mother pressed his hand and smiled sadly. It was in consequence of the doctor's decision that one of our London merchants, Mr. Honeysett, retired from the active part which he had hitherto taken in business, and took up his residence in one of the many pleasant villages of Devonshire. Ellen was his only surviving child; his three eldest daughters had been taken away in the early spring-time of life by the insidious destroyer—consumption; and Mr. and Mrs. Honeysett had watched with painful interest the very symptoms in their daughter Ellen which they had seen in her sisters, and they trembled for the result. They were not without that trust in the guidance of the Good Shepherd which can alone sustain the heart in the valley of the shadow of death; but religious faith and natural affection are not in



"She advanced timidly to where Sam's children sat."—p. 397.

the least degree inconsistent with each other, and the parents yearned over their child and hoped for her recovery, even while they committed her into the keeping of their heavenly Father, and prayed "Thy will be done."

Bright, beautiful Devonshire, land of flowers and songs, fruitful vale and verdant hill, how many a duteous lay has risen to thy praise from those to whom thy pleasant meads, and soft, warm breezes, have restored the glow and strength of health! Lovely Devon! beneath thy skies the drooping girl revived, and grateful were the praises which rose up to Him who "knoweth our frame and remembereth that we are dust," when, for the first time for six long months, Ellen kneels with her parents in the village church, rendering "humble and hearty thanks" to the "Father of all mercies."

Ellen Honeysett was not more than thirteen years old, a lovely child, with a clear complexion—red and white roses—and bright eyes that could twinkle with merriment or melt in sadness—a child with a wisdom beyond her years, deeply thoughtful, and passionately fond of flowers. It was her chief enjoyment, when strong enough to stroll over the country, to ramble

in the green valleys, or to sit beneath a branching elm or quivering ash, and gather flowers, briar-rose and bluebell, convolvulus and woodbine, or to pluck the bending lilies on the margin of some glassy stream.

On more than one occasion during these pleasant rambles, Ellen noticed a small hut—courtesy could scarcely call it a cottage—a battered, weather-beaten wooden structure, with a door so low that a middle-sized man must bend almost double to pass, and a window that was *glazed* with paper and old rags—first cousins, as we all know, and highly useful in their way, but better out of the way when light and air are needed. It was "Young Sam's" cottage: he was fiddler by profession; and the adjective was employed, in describing him, to distinguish between himself and his father, who had also been in the musical line, and had left no better legacy to his son than an indifferent violin and a ditto reputation. For Sam, *père et fils*, were none of the steadiest: catgut scraping at weddings—ay, and christenings—and fairs and junkettings of all kind, is not the steadiest sort of employment. But it suited Sam. Never was man more in his own element than he, when perched on "coigne of vantage" he scraped "Sir

Roger" from his barbiton, and shouted out the figures to those who did not know them, and grew hot and fiery, and cooled himself in cider, with a touch of spirits just to keep it steady.

Sam was one of the characters of the neighbourhood, and known for miles round. He picked up some money, but seldom brought any home. He had no great liking for home, for there was sometimes a smoky chimney, always a scolding wife—things which, the impartial will confess, are not conducive to domestic happiness. But Sam's wife had a tipsy husband, a heavy, flabby child that she was compelled to carry with her when she went out with her basket of oddities to win bread for her family—a boy, seven or eight years old, and an idiot girl of twelve.

It was the sight of these two children that had especially attracted Ellen's notice. She had thought the dwelling very miserable, but the wretchedly woe-begone aspect of the children struck her still more. They never joined in the sports of the village children, never seemed to stir through the long day from the low-browed door of the hovel they called a home. There they sat on the ground, the girl with her back against the wall, with vacant stare that it was very painful to observe, the boy leaning on her shoulder—sometimes asleep, sometimes playing with her ragged, uncombed hair.

One day, as Ellen was passing near the cottage, she thought she would venture to speak to these orphaned orphans. She had with her a bunch of wild flowers and a few sweet cakes. She advanced timidly to where Sam's children sat, and stooping down offered one of the cakes to the little boy. The child seized it eagerly.

"Do you like sweets?" she asked him, but he only fixed his hungry eyes upon her and gave no answer. "I see you do," she continued: "I have some more here—will you have another?" "Yes," he answered, very distinctly. "And sister," said Ellen, inquiringly, "will she have one also?" She turned towards her as she spoke, and saw her eyes bent—not upon her—not upon the cakes she offered, but on a blushing briar-rose which was bound in the woodland bouquet. Ellen gave more cakes to the boy, and then pressed them on the girl. But the girl's attention was absorbed in the flower; she shook her head and frowned when the cakes were offered; but when Ellen drew forth the rose and presented it to her, she took it and examined it attentively. It was in vain that Ellen endeavoured to make her speak, she swayed herself to and fro and would give no answer, so that Ellen at length desisted, and having parted with all her cakes to the boy, gave them a pleasant "good morning," and pursued her walk.

Ellen on her return home related to her mamma what had taken place. "I really believe, mamma," she added, "that the fiddler's daughter is not such an idiot as they suppose; she was very pleased with the wild briar-rose, and yet I suppose she might have gathered a dozen for herself."

"I think it probable," Mrs. Honeysett replied, "that the poor girl seldom stirs from that miserable hovel, and that the rose was almost as fresh to her as it would be to a town-bred child; or perhaps," she added, "she may have been pleased with the gift."

"If I thought that, mamma," said Ellen, "I would give her flowers every day."

Mrs. Honeysett smiled at her daughter's eagerness. "You would impose upon yourself a heavy, and maybe useless labour, but there can be no impropriety in

your giving her a bouquet occasionally. The quickest appeal to the reason is through the heart, and the heart opens to kindness when it is fast closed by harshness or neglect."

On the next day and the next Ellen so contrived her walk as to pass by Sam's cabin. There sat the children at the door, the boy willing enough to take the cakes offered, and to prattle a little; and the girl, in stolid silence, taking the proffered flowers—a handful of blue harebells on the second, a bunch of fragrant honeysuckle on the third. On the fourth visit, Ellen offered her another wild rose if she would tell her what name she was called by, and after a sullen silence she said "Nell."

"Then your name is the same as my own," said Miss Honeysett. "I am called Nell, sometimes."

The girl was apparently absorbed with the flower, but she looked up at her visitor, and said, "You don't look like me."

The words made an impression on Ellen, and on relating them to her mamma, she said, "I was thinking, mamma, if I had not been better treated than Nell has been I should look as she does."

"My dear child," said her mamma, "that thought should make you the more grateful for the privileges you enjoy."

"Yes, mamma; but does it not seem very wrong that a mother should so neglect her child?"

"It is scarcely safe for us at any time to form a judgment concerning the conduct of another: the trials and sufferings of poverty are heavy to bear, and extenuate much that would be inexcusable under other and better circumstances."

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE SABBATHS OF THE YEAR.

THE SIXTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

"Therefore if thou bring thy gift to the altar, and there rememberest that thy brother hath aught against thee; leave there thy gift before the altar, and go thy way; first be reconciled to thy brother, and then come and offer thy gift."—*Matt. v. 23, 24.*

Tis a gift, thy prayer—
A lowly offering of love, dear child,
That you lay down before the Reconciled—
Christ, the beloved of the Father, he
Who first loved you so truly—wondrously,
With love exceeding rare.

No dreary shade of hate
Must soil the earth around, 'tis holy ground;
But love's forgiving sweetness must abound.
If hard thoughts linger, pause and turn away,
It is not well before thy God to stay,
But strive, resist, and wait.

But turn thee on thy way,
And take sweet pardon on thy kindly face,
And fold thee in thy brother's dear embrace;
Forgive thy friend, and be thyself forgiven,
Then kneeling low before the gate of heaven,
Place there thy gift, and pray.

And bring that song of thine,
Angels will join it from their throne above,
If the great key-note of the hymn be love;
If no dark thoughts within thy soul be kept,
God will the humble offering accept,
For Christ's sake, the Divine.

NORTON PURNELL.

CHAPTER XLIV.

THE OLD OAK CHEST.

ABOUT this time Norton, who had been reading the strange story of "Eugene Aram," introduced the subject, and asked Sir Henry if he thought it possible for a man to commit a great crime in early life, and still to go on pursuing noble aims, and devoting himself to lofty pursuits.

"For instance, sir, do you think you could possibly be *your* present self if you had committed such a crime as that of Eugene Aram?"

It was a bold question. But Norton felt as if some overpowering impulse prompted him to ask it.

Sir Henry seemed struck with sudden emotion. He grew ashy white, and Norton thought he was about to faint. In a moment or two, however, by a strong effort he seemed to have mastered himself, and answered, in a low, yet somewhat quivering voice, "It is a strange question, Norton, a strange question. Why do you put it to me? Look into your own heart, young man. You, too, have not been without your faults, or you have been more than human. Look back into your own youth: are there no sins there that appear black to you now, that you would willingly blot out with your tears, but cannot? And yet, have those sins prevented you from being your present self? Rather, have they not helped you to become your present self, stimulating you to efforts to escape from them? Ah, it would be very sad, very sad for us, if we could never rise above our sin—if there were no after atonement for us."

"True, sir," replied Norton; "the sins of our youth do start up to shame us, and drive us to rise above them. But, surely, such a sin as murder must overshadow the whole life, and perhaps the whole moral being."

"Aye, aye," said Sir Henry, almost savagely, "so you think. And so men dwarf their common sins, by comparing them with some *one*, which they erect into a mountain of horror. No, no, tell me not that even murder is the worst of sins. Young man, don't you think the murder of the soul—such murder as many young men commit with the fell weapons of scepticism and evil example, is worse than the killing of the body—perhaps of some worthless wretch like Geoffrey Lester? Ah, how many of us have to answer for murder of the soul!" And Sir Henry walked away, as if too much moved to bear any more.

These words, coupled with the agitation that accompanied them, went to the heart of Norton like a knell. Alas! he had no doubt now of his father's guilt; and yet he set himself to the dangerous work of finding excuses for him. Was it so dark and inexpiable a crime after all? If it were committed, as he fancied, in a moment of passion, committed, without intention, and instantly repented of, might it not be atoned for by a life of self-devotion since?

From that time, Norton fancied that Sir Henry came less frequently to watch him at work, or to enter into conversation with him; and when he did come, there seemed such a sadness in his countenance and restraint in his manner, that Norton became more and more convinced of his guilt, and now needed only one more confirmation of it, by gaining access to the closed chambers, so connected with the tragedy of his early history. He looked forward to the probability of finding some opportunity to get near these, in the chances which his employment about the Hall might bring. But at present he was working in the very opposite portion of the building, in the rooms to which the reader has been before

introduced, as the hall in which Sir Henry executed his duties as justice of the peace.

One day Norton was helped only by a mortar-boy in taking down the large old-fashioned grate, to re-place it by a more modern one. The old grate lay back in a recess, which had evidently been one of the vast yawning chimneys such as we see in the old halls of the Elizabethan era. The greater part of this open space had been arched over, and it was not until Norton had removed some of the brickwork that he could look up, above through the funnel. While examining this to see if it were clear for the passage of the smoke, he noticed, to his astonishment, something like a door, a little way up in the side of the chimney. His heart beat fast at the sudden thought that perhaps this was an opening into some secret passage, such as he believed there must be in an ancient building like the Hall, and he determined to prosecute a search for it. He sent the boy away with some chisels to the blacksmith's, telling him to wait while they were being dressed. Having thus got rid of his companion, he at once set about his explorations. He locked the door, lighted a candle, which he had already provided for examining the dark portions of the work, and mounted through the hole which he had made in the brickwork spanning the chimney. Then standing on the crown of the arch, he found he could easily reach the little door which he had seen from below. Heaps of blackened plaster had fallen down, and Norton was convinced this door had been plastered over to conceal it, but that time and the present alterations had made the blackened mortar scale off and expose the hidden door. With the help of a chisel, he readily opened the door, and drawing himself up through the aperture, found he was in a narrow passage which seemed to run along in the wall, between the upper and lower windows of the building. There was room for him only to stand in a stooping posture, and the air felt stiflingly close, showing that the need of ventilation could not have entered into the consideration of the ancient builder.

By the aid of his candle, however, which burnt dimly enough in the stagnant air, he groped his way over the rough stones of the floor, and presently the passage widened into a little recess or cell. "This, then," he thought "has most likely been the hiding-place of some fugitive in the troublous old times." And as he glanced round at the rude stone seat, the oaken shelf in the corner, the old rusty sconce fastened to the wall above it, he could not help wondering who had been the last in hiding there. He pictured the poor hunted Royalist or Puritan seated in this narrow cell, trying to find consolation in the Bible, which had evidently once been there, for the old oaken covers remained, though the leaves between had crumbled to dust or been devoured by mice or insects.

These thoughts were almost instantaneous. He could not pause for them, so nervously anxious was he to press forward to solve the mystery which might await him at the end. He continued his way until, after a journey which he fancied must be the whole length of the building, the passage ended abruptly in a flight of rude stone steps. At the top of these he found himself stopped by a little door, similar to the one by which he had entered at the first. Surely this must open into the closed chambers. He paused with a sickening sensation. He was now, then, perhaps, on the very edge of the terrible discovery which should confirm all his most dreadful suspicions and fears. He almost shrank from putting out his hand to open the door, and felt as if it would be better to go back and remain in uncertainty.

for ever than, by moving another step forward, stand, perhaps, face to face with fearful revelations.

But he must go on; he must know the worst, whatever it might be. The door yielded with a moderate push, and mortar fell from it as it moved, showing that it also had been plastered over, for the better concealment, like the first. Norton carefully put his head through the aperture, keeping back the candle, but all was dark and still. Then, bringing forward his light, he found that the door opened, not into the uninhabited chamber, but into a large chimney, like the one in which he had ascended. On looking down, he found that though he might safely drop to the bottom, he might cause too much noise for safety, and would be unable to ascend again, so mastering his impatience, he retraced his steps to the Justice Hall, and returned with a scaffold-rope which happened to be lying with his tools. Fastening this to the chisel, which he forced beneath a step, he let himself gently down, with the candle fastened, ministerwise, to his hat. He alighted on what seemed the stack of an old boiler or furnace, and, stepping down from this, found himself at last in what was evidently one of the uninhabited chambers.

What a strange feeling of horror came over him as he looked round on the "darkness made visible" of the gloomy place. The apartment had clearly never been completed since the house was built. The rough stones dimly appeared through the obscurity. There was no ceiling, and the light of the dim candle scarcely penetrated the cloud of darkness that hung beneath the roof. The crevices between the stones and the corners of the windows were covered with countless dusty cobwebs, and on one side of the room was a heap of undefined forms which looked like a huddled group of spectres. These, however, Norton found, on a closer glance, were only portions of old furniture, ancient high-backed chairs, tables piled one on the other, with baskets of old glass and porcelain. In one corner of the room, near the chimney by which Norton had descended, were a few shelves covered with dusty bottles and other vessels, which together with the small furnace in the chimney, seemed to suggest that at some time the place had been used as a kind of laboratory. But the undisturbed dust of many and many a year seemed to rest on everything, walls, and shelves, and vessels, and furniture, and floor.

Was this, indeed, the fearful chamber to which his mother had penetrated, and whose mystery had nearly driven her mad? He went forward with his candle above his head. Ah! *yes*, there is the form of a chest on the left-hand side of the chamber, and near the wall, now dimly looming into sight. "O God!" he thinks "it is all coming true." Yes, there is the old oak chest. He stands beside it, just, perhaps, where his father had stood on that fatal night. He can even fancy he discerns traces of footstep to the door, trodden on the ancient dust, and now partially covered again. Nothing was wanting but that he should lift the lid, which he almost touched, and gaze on the ghastly witness within.

With a sudden dash, as of one who does some desperate deed, he lifts the lid. One glance—only one—was sufficient. All his worst fears are confirmed. There lay the same ghastly object which had met his poor mother's eyes, and scared them with horror. He let fall the lid, and the sound echoed through the deserted chambers. The servants below stopped, startled in their work, and trembling, whispered to one another that the ghost was walking above them. Norton had no curiosity now to explore the adjoining chamber. He mechanically opened the door, but he was so absorbed in his own feelings, that it was only afterwards he remembered that it was somewhat smaller than the other, unfinished and unlighted, and partly filled with lumber. It was only afterwards, too, that he speculated on the reasons for which these chambers had been allowed to remain

unfinished and uninhabited; and he concluded they had been purposely left uncompleted in order to furnish an excuse for keeping them shut up, thus affording a convenient hiding-place, unvisited by servants or others in dangerous times. No doubt the secret of the passage would then be known to the master of the house, and a fugitive disturbed in the closed chambers might ascend the chimney and escape into the passage, where he would be unsuspected. Probably the movements of captives hiding in their chambers in days of old, had given rise to the ghost stories connected with the Hall.

How Norton got back to the secret passage he did not remember. He was like one in a fearful dream. When he reached the recess, his strength failed him, and he dropped down on the narrow seat.

He seemed hardly able to think. One great weary woe seemed to lie upon his heart. It was all true then. He was the son of a murderer. This man—this noble-seeming man—whom he could have loved so much, was haunted by the memory of a great crime, and his remorse had frightened away his mother out of life. He felt as if he wanted to remain where he was, as if his father's crime were borne by him, and as if he ought to stay there with it, and bury it and himself for ever from the hated light.

Then a wonder rose in his mind, why his father should have been so imprudent, risking the discovery of his guilt by keeping this witness of his work so near him. But the explanation suggested at first, in the words muttered by Sir Henry, and overheard by Lady Jordiffe, recurred to him.

After a time, however, Norton remembered that if he remained here much longer, suspicions would be raised, the door of the hall forced, and the secret passage and all that it led to discovered. He hastened back, therefore, to the chimney from which he had entered, hastily plastered over the door, and blackened the mortar with soot, so as to make the place undistinguishable from the general surface of the chimney, and descending to his work, hastily built in the grate, and narrowed the aperture into the chimney, so that no one could easily look up into it, or ever discern the place of the door from below. Not till he had done this did he pause or open the door to admit the boy, who had now returned from the smith's, and was standing in some wonder without.

As soon as Norton had finished the job with the grate, he went home, determined never to go to that fatal house again.

When he reached the cottage he retired to his bedroom, that he might be alone with his misery; he was really ill with his feverish emotions. On the morrow he could not rise; he seemed in a low fever, and though it was not on him for many days, he seemed so worn down and unlike himself, that Ruth and Aaron acquiesced in his conclusion that a change was necessary for him, and that, as soon as he was able, he should leave the masonry, go into Bath, and quietly prepare himself for his new mode of life.

"Thou art tormenting thyself again about Miss Sophy," said Ruth to him; "how hard 'tis for thee to have faith, though she's a showed thee what she is. Now, I've got faith, Norton, in Miss Sophy, and I know all will come right in the end."

Norton was not unwilling that Ruth should think that Miss Wilmet was the cause of his mental uneasiness, and therefore only said, "I dare say I shall be all right when I have had a little change; my mind, you know, has been tried by many things lately, and has broken down a bit at last, but I shall soon be set up again."

Sir Henry came to Aaron's cottage to inquire about Norton's health, and offered to send his own physician to attend him, but there seemed a strange constraint and distance about Norton which repelled his patron,

and he took his leave, sighing to think that, with all Norton's good qualities, he was like many other self-taught men of the lower classes—proud, changeful, suspicious, and ever apt to take offence where none had been intended. He went home with a sad heart at the thought that one in whom he had begun to take so great and strange an interest, should pass away from him so soon.

Norton was grieved at having to take so sudden a leave of Uncle Will, throwing the whole burden of the work upon him, but he felt that it was impossible for him to go back to the Hall. There was a shrinking in him which amounted to horror, and made him feel sick and faint when he contemplated such a step. No doubt he inherited some of the nervous sensibility which had been his mother's sorrow, leading to her flight and death.

He was expressing to Aaron how sorry and ashamed he felt to leave Uncle Will at so short a notice.

"Thee never trouble thy head about that, Norton. It'll do Will good to stand a little moar on his own feet; and as to making out his bills and putten down the work, why Tom can do that, for I've heard thee say he can write and sum amwoast as well as thyself."

CHAPTER XLV.

DEPARTURE.

THE day of Norton's departure for Bath was a sad day for the Furnell household. Betsy idolised Norton, and Tom and Jos, now big boys, looked up to him as to a father. Little breakfast was eaten by the three on the morning they were to part with their brother "Norty."

"Never mind, dear Betsy," said Norton, kissing away the tear that was stealing down her cheek; "never mind, old girl. Why I'm not going to the other side of the world. Just get up on the hill there, and you can see Lansdown and Bickford's monument, and Bath is just in the valley this side of that; so you can fancy where I am at any time."

Betsy tried to laugh, but her tears only flowed the faster; and Tom and Jos were ready to blubber in sympathy.

But there were preparations to be made. Norton was going with his jolly old friend James Savary, the carrier, and Tom and Jos had volunteered to wheel down the trunks, and Betsy went with them to carry Norton's coat, and also a cake which Ruth had baked for him.

Ruth and Aaron locked up the house and followed with Norton. On the way Ruth said, with tearful eyes: "It is hard to part wi' thee, Norton, very hard, when we've lived together so many years, and to think we shan't see thee nor hear thee day after day; we can't help feeling it, though we knew it must come some time."

"Yes, mother dear," said Norton, "I shall feel it as well as you, going to live among strangers and leaving all who love me behind; but I shall come over to see you very often, you may be sure."

"Well, I hope so, I hope so, Norton. Ah, when thou art a grand gentleman, as thou wilt be, thou mustn't be ashamed of us."

"Ashamed of you, mother! What do you mean? I'll be ashamed of myself first."

"Well, I don't mean we shall want anything from thee, we shall be above that, but thou must own us, and come to see us: and Norton, my child," and here Ruth fairly broke down, "thou must let us love thee, and let us think as thou art our own still."

"Oh, mother, I thought you had more faith in me."

"Aye, aye, Norton, my boy," said Aaron, "thy mother have got faith in thee, I know, and so have I, for the matter o' that, but thou know'st thou art gwain away into a different world, and among fresh folk, and it seems

neartal like to think thou'l get ashamed a bit of poor plain country folk like we."

"Oh, father, you do not understand me. I shall always be too proud of you—proud that I *can* own you. Do I not owe to you whatever I am?"

"No, my boy, thou dostn't owe everything to me. There's no denying it, blood's blood. 'What's bred in the boone won't out o' the flesh.' There is summut in having a gentleman for one's father."

"Father," said Norton, stopping short and turning round upon him, "I don't like to hear you talking like this. 'Tis not just to yourself. 'Tis not just to your class. There is, I grant, some little grain of truth in what you say. I can fancy that I owe to my birth and constitution some sensibility—some quickness to feel and learn; but sure I am that the chief feature of my character, such as it is, I owe to you. If I have anything of energy and perseverance to win my way with, depend upon it, father, I have caught it from you, who have taught me from childhood not to be afraid of hard work; and believe me, I can carry with me nothing which will help me to be the true gentleman so much as your true-heartedness."

Aaron was fairly taken aback at these words of Norton. The moisture stood in his eyes. His lip quivered, and he tried hard to gulp down his emotion. After a time he succeeded, and, grasping Norton's hand said, with broken words,

"God bless thee—God bless thee for them words, my boy."

"And you too, dear mother," continued Norton, tufning to Ruth; "if I can only carry with me *your* spirit of trustful, loving piety, and all that obedience to duty in daily life that comes out of it, I shall have that foundation which I shall prize more than any outward polish I may win in the new world to which I am going."

"Well, well," said Ruth; "here have I been wasting the last few minutes by asking thee not to forget we. I should ha' asked thee not to forget the Lord. Doan't, dear, forget him. Mind thy prayers. Don't let all thy learned books meake thee forget the Bible."

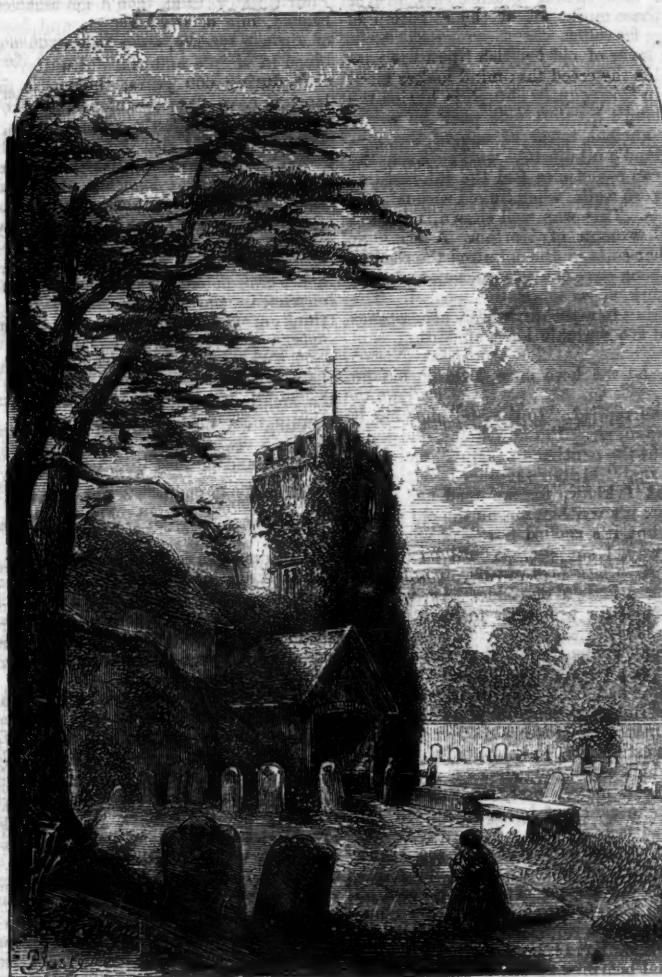
"I'll try to remember, dear mother. You may be sure the thought of home will keep it in my head."

On arriving in Bath, Norton succeeded in finding lodgings which seemed exactly to suit him. They were in a large house in Tim Street, a house that had evidently seen better days, as, indeed, have most of the old houses in that once aristocratic neighbourhood. He had a good-sized old wainscoted room, painted white and green, over a parlour, used as a greengrocer's shop. Entered from the sitting room, was a small closet, just large enough to hold a narrow bed. This accommodation, to Norton, who had always been accustomed to the confinement and shifts of a cottage, seemed a luxury.

Norton set to work to prepare his lectures and diagrams, determined to omit no single element that might possibly contribute to his success. He resolved to write his lectures carefully, and then commit them to memory, so that he might be able to speak extempore to his classes. He began with his old habits, working from six o'clock in the morning; lighting his own fire, he would work on closely till about dinner-time. After dinner, he would take some light reading and a newspaper for an hour or so, and then work on again till five, when he would take his tea, and sally forth for an evening stroll, with a volume of one of his favourite authors in his hand.

What a wonderful thing it seemed to him to have leisure to think and study all day long. He felt like a new being entering into a new existence; his soul had emerged from a chrysalis state of confinement, and was now free of the universe. And then over all these things there was playing the golden light of love.

(To be continued.)



HORTON CHURCH, BUCKS.

THE BURIAL-PLACE OF MILTON'S MOTHER.

EW travellers along the great highways see this church. It stands very near the pathways of the world's traffic, but in a quiet little rural nook, whence it seems to look with patriarchal air on the life of the nineteenth century. The Bath road, and the old coaching town of Colnbrook, are but a mile from the ivy-garlanded tower. At the same distance is the Wraysbury Station of the London and South Western Railway. The Great Western line runs about three miles from Horton, which may be easily reached from the Langley or West Drayton

Stations. Staines, proud of its antiquity, and Windsor, with its grand palatial castle, are but three miles from the rippling brooks and quiet meads of Horton. The place is thus surrounded by the world, and yet stands in such a peculiarly isolated corner that no great thoroughfare brings the rush of traffic or crowds of pleasure-hunters to disturb the even current of its daily life.

The exterior of the church might attract, for a minute, the notice of the passing stranger. The ivied tower, the quiet churchyard, the ancient brother yews, looking as if they could tell the history of the parish for a thousand generations; and the position of the venerable pile, just on the

outskirts of the village, over which it seems ever watching—all these might arrest the attention of even an ordinary traveller.

But should a lover of old English literature pass by, one who holds the creed that mind makes man, and hear that in this country church is buried the mother of England's greatest epic poet, he would look upon yon ancient tower as one of the memorials of England's intellectual work. Even the simple peasant can sometimes feel the interest imparted to time-worn walls, when linked with mighty and heroic names. This was well shown, not long ago, by an old woman of Horton. A stranger stopped before her cottage and inquired the road to the church, she soon gave the information, and then resumed her work of weeding the garden. The gentleman, wishing to ascertain whether the rustics of the place had any suitable ideas of Milton, said to her—

"A great poet lived here once, I think, did he not?"

"Ay, sir," she replied, "so they tell me; but it was a long time ago, sir. I'm no scholar, and don't know much about the gentleman. But," and here she brightened up, "Milton's mother is buried in the church, that I know, for we read her name often on Sunday; it's written, sir, on the old stone, over her grave, but it's spelled Sara—not Sarah—that's the old way, I suppose. You'll be able to read the name, sir—Sara Milton—if you will just pull the matting a little a one side. Ay, what a grand thing it was for a mother to have such a son!"

The poor woman evidently felt that the mother of a great man was a person to be honoured.

Her interrogator had been wont to laugh at the stolidity of the Buckinghamshire peasantry, and this woman's interest in Milton's mother not only raised her in his estimation, but elevated the whole of the class to which she belonged.

Let us now look more closely at this church, which contains the ashes of her who nursed the author of "Paradise Lost."

The tower is, in parts, ancient, and covered with luxuriant ivy, which mantles with perennial verdure the time-greedy stones. The ivy also crowns the east and south walls of the churchyard, forming, with its gnarled stems, a series of natural pilasters. No remarkable monuments, no celebrated names, no proud armorial bearings fix our attention, as we pass through this resting-place of Horton's many generations. Small rural hillocks abound, almost concealed by the long summer grass, and beautified by that simplest of all grave flowers, the daisy, the very name of which (day's eye) may well remind us of the coming dawn of an immortal day.

The two yew-trees, spreading more than half way across the churchyard, form a sombre foliage veil, isolating the church from the village roadway. These yews perform a charitable office; they just hide from scrutinising eyes the tasteless alterations, additions, and "improvements," which have joined masses of brickwork and carpentry, in the churchwardens' fashion, to the old tower. The most remarkable part of the church is the ancient Norman arch, in the style of the twelfth century, over the principal entrance, near the tower. Some old and long-forgotten sculptor expended more than common labour on this work. No less than eight lines of architectural mouldings enrich the doorway.

Four lines of the zig-zag ornament, one of the nail-headed, one of the lozenge, and lastly, two lines of zig-zag tracery, show how variety may be combined in simple and graceful unity. Beneath this arch, during 600 years, the rustic generations of Horton have passed—infants, to the ancient and massive Norman font; village brides, with simple flowers adorned; sturdy yeomen of the old breed; grey-headed sires, and many a corpse in solemn stillness borne. Beneath this same ancient entrance, Milton, his father and mother, probably, often entered the church, and, silently beneath its ancient tracery, the body of Sara Milton was carried on the 8th of April, 1637. Her son stood in the church on that day, we may feel assured: he who, in the "Comus," had sung of "daisies trim," of violet-embroidered vales, and of rural seats, ivy canopied; then followed, over bright April flowers, and amidst the verdurous richness of the new-born Spring, the body of his mother into the small chancel. Let us take our stand for a minute near the spot where Milton stood by his mother's open grave. A dark slab now bears, in rude letters, the inscription—

"Here Lyeth the Body of SARA MILTON, the wife of
JOHN MILTON, who died
The 3rd of April, 1637."

It seems strange that her son, the great master of both Latin and English, did not compose some short expressive epitaph which might have told to future generations the son's affection or the mother's merits. The rector Goodal entered her death and burial in a few Latin words: "Sara, uxor Johnis Milton, Generosi, Aprilis 3^o Obiit 3^o" [Sara, wife of John Milton, gentleman.] That year was not a dark one to Milton only, but to the parish. The plague had entered the place, and the dread of the terrible pestilence made all hearts thoughtful. The reader will notice that Sara Milton was buried on the third day after her death; probably fear hastened her interment. We have no certain information from which we can picture the mourning company, which, on the 8th of April, stood in the chancel of Horton church, John, the father, verging towards his eightieth year, and John, the son, in his twenty-ninth year; Goodal, the Puritan rector; some of the Bulstrodes from the neighbouring manor-house; the Brerwoods, Scawens, and others from the surrounding parishes, were probably at the funeral; perhaps both the young poet and his father may then have regarded that grave as their own future resting-place. Greatly, indeed, would Horton have been honoured had the author of "Paradise Lost" been borne to this grave near his mother in the year 1674. But the grave of Sara Milton is solitary; her husband and her famous son lie far away from their former rural home, in the heart of London, close to the almost ceaseless rush of the great world's busy multitudes. The church of St. Giles, Cripplegate, contains their bodies. The mother's grave has been allowed to remain undisturbed; the feet of village school children and of rustic worshippers alone tread reverently over her dust. But sacrilegious or rude hands have, it is feared, been laid on the remains of Milton; as only twelve years ago a bone from his coffin was said to be in the possession of a literary gentleman. If this be true, then has rural Horton guarded its dead with more care than Cripplegate.

Did Milton himself, his father and mother, habitually worship in this country church? There can be no reasonable doubt that in some part, not far, probably, from the place where Sara Milton rests, the family often assembled during the five years of their residence in the parish. Milton, no doubt belonged to the Puritans, but he did not refuse, at this period of his life, to join in the services of the English Church. The rector of the parish was Edward Goodall, himself a Puritan, who had been presented by the Bulstrode family in 1631, a little before the senior Milton settled in the place. The rector had been curate to the celebrated Puritan preacher, Thomas Gataker, of Rotherhithe, and must have been an acceptable preacher to even an extreme Puritan. There was therefore nothing in the character of the preaching to prevent Milton from worshipping in this church. The very part where he sat or knelt cannot indeed be indicated. In the church of St. Clement Danes, Strand, the parishioners have fixed a plate showing the exact spot where Dr. Johnson used to worship. Horton would doubtless be equally ready to preserve all such memorials of the great poet, had not "Time's effacing fingers" obliterated the evidences of the past.

How great a change has been effected in the popular judgments about Milton. The simple fact that his mother lies buried in a country church, now gives to the building an undying interest. In his own time there were public writers who mocked at the imperishable name. Hear William Winstanley, who published "Lives of the Poets" in the time of Charles II.; thus he yelped at England's great poet—"His fame is gone out like a candle in a snuff, and his memory will always stink." Such was the judgment of Winstanley.

The reader may, perhaps, inquire what memorials of Milton himself are to be found in a village where he lived for five years, from 1632 to 1637. Is there a house, a room, or an old tree in the parish which can be clearly connected with him? Horton can give but one reply to such inquiries. There is not the fragment of even a moss-covered stone to remind her of the great one who once walked across her meads and pondered in her lanes. The house in which he lived, where he probably wrote some of his earlier works, especially the "Allegro," "Penseroso," "Comus," and "Arcades," has entirely disappeared; even the site is matter of dispute. The majority say that it stood, on or near, the place now occupied by the mansion of Mr. Tyrrell, a few minutes' walk beyond the church. The traditions of the neighbourhood are certainly in favour of this view, and there is no evidence against the opinion. The doubters, however, say there is no proof for the statement except local tradition. If we accept the assertions of the Horton folk there will be little doubt on the matter. Some of the old people still speak of "Milton's apple-tree," and point to the place where it grew in Mr. Tyrrell's grounds. One still possesses a stump of this tree, which he obtained when it was cut down many years ago. We once witnessed a display of rustic indignation on the total loss of all visible and local monuments of Milton's former presence. An old man was met close to the supposed site of the poet's house. We got into a chat with him on various parish matters, on which he spoke out with all the energy of a village politician. We expressed our sorrow at the

total disappearance of the mansion in which Milton had lived. The old man quite joined in these regrets, and, striking his stick on the ground, exclaimed, "Ay, and the tree under which he used to sit and write poetry, that's gone, too!" He spoke with the air of a man who had sustained a personal injury, and probably expressed the feelings of the Horton rustics, whose traditions had evidently been rudely shaken by the destruction of the apple-tree. Perhaps Milton had never sat under it; perhaps his home was not within the grounds in which the tree grew; but rural logic loves the positive, and hates a "perhaps" or an "if."

While standing in the churchyard—the ivied tower behind us, and the Horton road in front—let us make one attempt to call up the image of the locality as it was seen by Milton. Without pretending to fix on the exact site of his abode, we may safely assume that a little to the right of the church, on the other side of the road, stood the house in which the poet spent five studious years. A short distance behind the church was the Elizabethan manor-house, the home of the Bulstrodes, friends of the Milton family. Nearer still, close to the south side of the old church tower, stood Place House, another Elizabethan mansion, built by the Brerewoods, but probably inhabited in Milton's time by a branch of the Bulstrodes. In its ample gardens, and by its long canals, Milton may have discussed literature and politics with Bulstrode Whitelock. In 1634, "Comus" was performed at Harefield House, the seat of the Countess of Derby; and in the February of the same year, Bulstrode Whitelock had been appointed by the Inns of Court to superintend the performance at Whitehall, before the king and queen, of the "Triumph of Peace." The two friends being thus united, by similarity of pursuits, in politics and in theology, would often naturally meet in this old mansion. The visitor need not look around for these homes of Milton's friends; they have disappeared, and portions of old-fashioned brick walls by the side of the churchyard alone remain to remind us of Place House. This building was pulled down about the year 1775, and the presumed residence of Milton about twenty years later. So perish, one by one throughout the land, the monuments of old times and of famous men.

The face of Nature is more enduring, and we can still gaze upon the landscape, probably little changed, from which Milton may have drawn pictures of quiet beauty. New trees and enclosure acts have made some change, but the Colne yet ripples between its daisied banks; the "liquid notes" of the nightingale may be heard "when all the woods are still," though no second Milton pens a sonnet on the soft lay, "most musical, most melancholy." In the distance rise the hills by famed Runnymede; Cooper's Hill stands as beautiful as when Denham sung, and the turrets of Windsor Castle furnish a noble boundary to the view. All this local scenery, slightly modified by time, supplied some of those images of quiet beauty which young Milton gathered in many a sequestered ramble. The influence of the breezy commons, leafy nooks, and gently flowing waters of Horton and its neighbourhood, may therefore still be traced in the descriptive passages of the "Comus," "Allegro," and "Penseroso." In this

respect Horton is more honoured than Chalfont St. Giles, the other Buckinghamshire village connected with Milton. When Chalfont received the great poet into the small cottage which yet stands at the end of her street, he was blind, persecuted, and old. His imagination gathered no materials for beautiful creations from a landscape to him unseen. But Horton may reasonably believe that so active a mind did not meditate for five years in her fields

and by her streamlets, without gathering one flower of poetry for his rich and enduring garland.

This may console the parish under the loss of the poet's house and the destruction of all the local signs of his former presence. He who visits the quiet church to stand by the grave of Milton's mother, may feel that he walks amidst the scenery which for several years coloured, by its soft influence, the rich imagination of England's sublimest poet.

A TRUE GHOST STORY.

AVE you ever seen a ghost? How frequently is this question asked among our fireside groups, and how seldom is it answered in the affirmative. I venture to say that many of our readers have heard it asked, and I will also venture to say that not one of them has ever heard the questioner state that he had himself seen one. But instead of this there follows the relation of what some one else has said; how Mrs. This or Mr. That had heard mysterious noises in the White-room, or had seen the shadow of a ghost passing along the lobby, or how the servants had heard the rattle of keys. There is one feature in which all these second-hand ghost stories agree, and that is the time when the ghost visited this world. It is sure to be after twelve o'clock at night, generally before one. And certainly there is something bewitching in that border-hour of the day; the mind becomes more emancipated from the body, thoughts flow more readily, and partake less of an earthly character, and there is intense communings with spiritual things. I speak from experience. How often have I sat up till one and two o'clock in my library reading or writing, or merely thinking, after the entire household have gone to bed. Not a sound is heard except the sighing of the night wind or the thick, muffled fall of the snow; the fire has sobered down, and the red cinders send out a rich, warm glow, and fill the room with a subdued light which invites one to lay down the pen or the book, and, with the slippers on the fender, to indulge in unrestrained thought. It is of some absent friend we are thinking, when a noise is suddenly heard which makes us start, and our blood curdle. It is only the effect of a gust of wind which has shaken the door, or the shelves of the bookcase have creaked; but still, however assured we may be as to the innocent cause of the noise, we at once begin to think of the spiritual world. The strong-minded will think of the unseen Providence which fences us in, and of the guardian angels which watch over us, and of the probability—at least, so it has been with myself—of the room being then filled with them; and this will go on until, from the overworking of the mind, one fancies that he can hear the sound of the angels' wings and feet, and feel the motion of the air caused

by their action. Now, at such a time the subject of ghosts, their existence, the place where they live, the cause of their visits, is sure to suggest itself; and the question is asked, over and over again, "Are there any ghosts at all?" I have frequently discussed this question with myself at such a time, until I felt afraid to move, and did not know how I should ever reach my bed; but still I could come to no satisfactory conclusion. I had heard plenty of authentic stories about ghosts being seen, but I had never spoken to any one who had himself seen one. I was in a state of doubt on the subject, though on the whole strongly disposed to believe in their reality, when an incident occurred which completely satisfied me; it was not a meeting with a credible person who had seen a ghost, but I myself actually came in for an interview with one, felt it, and spoke to it.

It is so seldom that one meets with a genuine ghost story, that I think I should do wrong if I kept this incident to myself, I therefore place it before my readers; in the first place premising that I will not exaggerate in the smallest degree, nor relate anything which did not really occur to myself; and, in the second place, entreating any one who commences to read this article to continue his perusal of it to the end, and not, as people too often do, read half the story and then throw it aside as too improbable to be believed.

I had gone with a party of friends in their drag to spend the day with a gentleman who had a lonely place on the borders of E— Forest, and as we drove back at night, I requested that I might be allowed to alight at a certain cross-road, which was the nearest point to my own house. My request was met by friendly urging to go on with the rest to the Court, and there take a bed, as it was now just twelve, and the road was lonely, and the night dark; but I answered all such kind proposals by the reply that my wife would be sure to sit up until I returned, and be very uneasy about me, that I must therefore set off. And now another plan was tried to make me change my mind. Seeing me so resolute, one of the party, a gentleman of the county, remarked that he would not take a very large sum of money to walk that road alone, and at such an hour of the night.

"Why?" I said; "what are you afraid of?"

"What!" he replied, "have you never heard of the ghost?"

"No," I said, "never; but tell me all about it. What ghost? where is it?"

I then heard that, in the time of the Bloody



Assize, a man had been hung in chains upon a tree called Heddon Oak, underneath which my road lay, and that between twelve and one o'clock mysterious sounds were heard there, accompanied with the clanking of a chain. So far from this deterring me, I expressed my firm resolve to take that road that night, saying that I had long been anxious to see a ghost, and that I would gladly go where I heard one was likely to be met with. I could not help being struck by the earnest manner in which my friends tried to dissuade me, and I must confess to a little heart-sinking when, on getting down, they wished me "good-night, and God bless you," and once more urged me to give up my resolve. However, I remained firm, and the carriage rolled away, and as it did so, I entered the narrow road along which my path lay; it is what in those parts is called a lane, very narrow, with lofty hedges that almost meet on the top, rising on either side. This, of course, added to the darkness, which was so great, that I had to feel with my stick for the banks to avoid walking against them.

Gradually the sound of the carriage wheels died away, and as I went along, looking occasionally up through the interlacing of the branches at the stars, which here and there showed themselves, I could hear nothing but the rippling of the tiny rivulet at the other side of the hedge, and the gentle bleatings of the sheep and lambs. I felt very lonely indeed, and the thought recurred, over and over again, that I should have taken my friends' advice, and gone on. This feeling of misgiving rather increased as I entered the wood, of which the oak formerly formed a part; but I braced myself up with the reflection that the story, after all, might have no foundation, that at all events a ghost would not harm me, and that should one appear, my long-cherished wish would be gratified.

Such was the current of my thoughts as I pursued my way along the road, which wound round the wood, when I thought I heard the sound of a chain. I halted and listened with breathless attention; but after a minute, hearing nothing, I proceeded, selecting the turf at the side for walking on, that I might catch the faintest sound. It was not long before it came, this time not faintly but distinctly, no single clank, but a thorough rattle, which brought me up sharp to a standstill. My first thought—for up to this time I had been on the whole rather sceptical on the subject of ghosts—was that some of my friends were in the road and making the noise. They knew the country well, having been born in it, and hunted and shot over it from boyhood, and I thought it likely that having driven on a little further, one or two of them had crossed the fields into the wood, and brought with them the drag-chain, and on hearing my footsteps, had rattled it for the purpose of trying my nerves and testing my courage. So I called out to two of them by name, and said that I had a couple of good stones in my hand, that I was a very good shot, and that if the noise was repeated I should fling them with my best aim to the spot from whence the sound came, and that if I hurt them or spoilt their beauty, I would not be answerable for it. This I shouted out in a stentorian voice, and scarcely had the words fallen from me, when a loud and long rattle was heard about a hundred yards off, and coming from the midst of the trees. Instantly I flung half a

dozen stones in quick succession, and listened intently to hear the noise of people running away. But no; I heard plain enough the rattle of the stones through the branches, and the thud of them as they fell on the ground, at the very spot whence the sound of the chain had come. After the last of them had fallen, there was awful silence; not a branch crackled, not a leaf crisped and crunched; all was quiet, and I could hear distinctly the beatings of my own heart. I suppose it was only a few moments, but it seemed to me as if hours had passed while I thus stood with every faculty strained to the uttermost, when again the terrible noise of a heavy chain sounded forth, and half as near to me as on the previous occasion. Now I thought of turning and running away, but very shame, and fear of the ridicule of my friends, who would be sure to question me on the subject, prevented me; besides which, I was very curious to ascertain the issue, if only my nerves would not desert me: and very nigh going they were. I peered through the leafless hedge, for it was winter-time. Though the noise was repeated so loud that the wood re-echoed with the sound, which seemed now to be only the other side of the hedge, I could see nothing. My feet gave way, though my spirit struggled bravely to be firm; my knees felt quite weak; the sensation of cold water trickling down my back ensued; my head felt chilly and creepy, though the perspiration was in drops on my forehead; I felt them falling down my nose. I suppose the hairs of my head stood up, for my hat fell to the ground. I did not dare to stoop for it, but, bracing myself up, I shrieked out with a highly nervous voice to the ghost, and adjured him to show himself.

"Come," I cried, "if you are a ghost, let me see you. There is my hand, touch it. Come, I want to talk with you. You will not hurt me, for I believe in ghosts. I want to hear something of the other world—of the land of spirits, from whence you came. Do not keep me in this horrid suspense. I never injured you; come and talk with me."

The words had scarcely fallen from me, when the loud rattle was repeated so close to me, that I thought the ghost was coming to me, and I trembled all over; but I could discern nothing. I even threw my arms wildly about me, expecting to feel something. Again, all was still—still as death. As I stood, I perceived a gap in the hedge, a few feet further on; and going down on my hands and knees, I crept stealthily to it, with the view of looking through, and trying whether I could not see the ghost at the other side. Slowly and nervously I got through the gap, holding my breath, and clenching my teeth; when, just as I was emerging on the other side, I saw close to me an object which staggered me. There were two big eyes from which fire gleamed: above them stood two horns; while a hot breath issued from the nostrils, heavily charged with an earthy effluvia, which on the instant I felt was sulphur. I stopped aghast at the awful sight which was so close to me. My brave resolutions were fast ebbing, my senses were departing, when the ghost came still closer, as if in answer to my challenge. Something unearthly cold touched my forehead, and I fell back, screaming aloud from fright. But soon I learnt that I had nothing to fear; that the ghost

would not harm me. My own voice was still sounding in my ears, when the ghost gave utterance, and as my shriek died away in the woods, they were filled with the long-drawn haugh-eh! haugh-eh! with which a donkey brays. My ghost

was a tethered donkey! I got up feeling heartily ashamed of myself, and that I was the greater donkey of the two. However, I reached home a wiser man, with all incredulity on the subject of ghosts thoroughly laid for ever.

REMARKABLE ESCAPES OF EMINENT MEN.



T has frequently been asserted that "truth is stranger than fiction," and that the events of every-day life exceed in variety of incident and depth of interest aught which the pen of the novelist can portray, or the most thrilling pages of romance depict. Incontestable evidence of this exists on every side. So universally, indeed, is it admitted, that he who runs may learn its truth. A retrospect of the lives of men eminent in their day and generation—men who have played no undistinguished parts in the great drama of life—can scarcely fail to convince even the most sceptical observer.

The record of deliverances, when apparently in the most imminent danger of death, which have fallen to their lot, is such that, did it not rest on undeniable authority, he who had the hardihood to credit, would expose himself to no small amount of ridicule.

Some years ago a young man, holding a subordinate position in the East India Company's service, twice during the course of one day attempted to deprive himself of life by snapping a loaded pistol at his head. Each time the pistol missed fire. A friend entering his room shortly afterwards, he requested him to fire it out of the window; it then went off without any difficulty. Satisfied thus that the weapon had been duly primed and loaded, this young man sprang up, exclaiming, "I must be reserved for something great;" and from that moment gave up the idea of suicide, which for some time previous had been uppermost in his thoughts. That young man afterwards became Lord Clive, and thus was permitted to see the fulfilment of his own prophecy.

Two brothers were on one occasion walking together, when a violent storm of thunder and lightning overtook them. One was struck dead on the spot, the other was spared; else would the name of the great reformer, Martin Luther, have been unknown to mankind.

On the birth of Cyrus the Elder, his grandfather, Astyages, the last King of Media, ordered the infant to be destroyed by exposure in the open air, and entrusted the execution of this cruel command to Harpagus, one of his most faithful attendants. But the herdsman, to whose hands the child was committed for destruction, was induced, by the entreaties of his wife, to rear it as his own son, under the name of Agrades. When the boy had arrived at the age of ten, the circumstance of his preservation was made known to his grandfather, who received him into favour, and pardoned the herdsman, but wreaked his vengeance on Harpagus by causing his son to be murdered. In this manner was the

founder of the Persian Empire rescued from the jaws of death.

The holy St. Augustine, having to preach at a distant town, took with him a guide, who, by some unaccountable means, mistook the usual road and fell into a by-path. He afterwards discovered that his enemies, having heard of his movements, had placed themselves in the proper road with the design of murdering him. Thus was this good man preserved from a violent end.

Bacon, the sculptor, when a tender boy of five years old, fell into the pit of a soap-boiler, and must have perished, had not a workman, just entering the yard, observed the top of his head, and immediately delivered him.

When Oliver Cromwell was an infant, a monkey snatched him from his cradle, leaped with him through a garret window, and ran along the leads of the house. The utmost alarm was excited amongst the inmates, and various were the devices used to rescue the child from the guardianship of his newly-found protector. All were unavailing; his would-be rescuers had lost courage, and were in despair of ever seeing the baby alive again, when the monkey, as if conscious that he bore in his paws, if not a valuable, at least no common, charge, treating him very gently, and having amused himself sufficiently, quietly retraced his steps and deposited his burden safely on the bed whence he had removed him. On subsequent occasion the waters had well-nigh quenched his insatiable ambition. He fell into a deep pond, from drowning in which a clergyman named Johnson was the sole instrument of his rescue. Many years afterwards, this loyal person, then an old man, was recognised by the republican general when marching at the head of a victorious army through Huntingdon. "Do you remember the day when you saved me from drowning?" said Cromwell. "I do," was the patriotic reply of his deliverer; "and I wish with all my soul I had put you in, rather than see you in arms against your sovereign." Such are two passages in the life of Oliver Cromwell.

At the siege of Leicester, a young soldier, about seventeen years of age, was drawn out for sentry duty. One of his comrades was very anxious to take his place, and pressed much to be allowed to do so; for this singular caprice he could assign no reason, merely a strong desire. No objection was made, and this man went. He was shot dead while on guard. The young man first drawn afterwards became the author of the "Pilgrim's Progress," and thus was mankind within a little of being ignorant of the name of John Bunyan.

Doddridge, when born, was so weakly an infant it was believed to be dead. A nurse standing by fancied she saw some signs of vitality. Thus the feeble spark of life was saved from being extin-

guished, and an eminent author and consistent Christian preserved to the world.

John Wesley, when a child, was only just preserved from fire. Almost the moment after he was rescued, the roof of the house where he had been born in. Of Philip Henry a similar instance is recorded.

When a child, too, Lord Loughborough, in the act of wantonly irritating a large turkey-cock, was attacked by it, and would inevitably have been killed, had his cries not attracted the attention of a nurse, who succeeded in gaining aid in time, and thus was one snatched from the jaws of death who was destined hereafter to sit on the woolsack.

John Knox, the renowned Scotch Reformer, was always wont to sit at the head of a table, with his back to the window. On one particular evening, without, however, being able to account for it, he would neither himself sit in the chair, nor permit any one else to occupy his place. That very night a bullet was shot in at the window, purposely to kill him; it grazed the chair in which he usually sat, and made a hole in the foot of a candlestick on the table.

Sir James Thornhill, the eminent artist who painted the inside of the cupola of St. Paul's Cathedral, having accomplished one of his paintings, gradually retired backwards to see how it looked at a distance. Intent on the painting, he had approached the very edge of the scaffolding, and still retiring, would, in a few seconds, have fallen from it to the ground, when a man below, perceiving his situation, and fearing to alarm him by crying out, snatched up a brush lying at his feet, and threw it against the picture, thus greatly disfiguring it. The artist, in hot displeasure, sprang forward, to find that he was thus spared to complete his mighty work.

Many years have now elapsed since three young subalterns might have been seen struggling in the water, off St. Helena; one of them, peculiarly helpless, was fast succumbing. So utterly impotent to aid himself was he, that those endeavouring to rescue them, left his companions to assist him first. He was saved, but as by fire, to live not for an age, but for all times, and to leave to posterity a name graven on the scroll of fame in characters imperishable, as Arthur Wellesley, Duke of Wellington.

The life of John Newton is but the history of a series of marvellous deliverances. As a youth he had agreed to accompany some friends on board a man-of-war. He arrived too late to go; the boat

in which his friends had gone was capsized, and all its occupants drowned. On another occasion, when tide-surveyor in the Port of Liverpool, some business had detained him, so that he came to his boat much later than usual, to the great surprise of those who were in the habit of observing his then undeviating punctuality. He went out in the boat as heretofore to inspect a ship, which blew up just before he reached her. Had he left the shore a few minutes sooner, he must have perished with the rest on board.

Samuel Kitto, when a bricklayer's boy—for such he was—in the act of stepping from a ladder to the roof of a building, carrying a hod of mortar, missed his footing, fell to the ground, and was taken up for dead. Life, however, was not extinct, and the then unknown stripling, though ever afterwards dumb, was spared to become a distinguished traveller and writer.

Of Flavius Josephus it is recorded that, commanding a small body of troops in the Jewish war, he, with forty of his soldiers, finding the fortune of the day adverse to them, entered a cave with the intention of killing each other, rather than fall into the hands of Nero. With a view to confer an especial favour on their leader, who had previously been governor of the place in which their retreat was situated, it was proposed by his comrades that Josephus should be the first victim. With that tenacity of life innate in man, he proposed that they should cast lots to determine the order of their self-martyrdom. Thirty-nine having thus been balloted for and killed, still their captain's name was undrawn, and he was left with but one to bear him company. They twain determined to surrender themselves to the Roman power, rather than imbrue their hands in each other's blood. Thus was Josephus spared to write that history which to this day is the marvel of the world, which has obtained for him a name destined only to die when time shall be no more.

See we not from these examples on how slender a thread our existence hangs?—how, in the midst of life, we are in death? Yea, even the heathen poet, tell us that

“ Ever heads the mortal urn
Whose lot embarks us soon or late
On Charon's boat; ah, never to return.”

May we not take courage, and be thankful in that

“ God has wisely hid from human sight
The dark decrees of future fate,
And sown their seeds in depth of night?”

WHAT NEED I FEAR?

MHAT need I fear, though the sea be rough,
Though the waters flash and foam?
The barque of my God is strong enough
To carry me safely home.

The Pilot who stands by the straining helm
Has weathered the blast before,

And countless barques he has guided safe
Along the rock-girt shore.

Then courage, faint heart! though the sea be rough,
The haven and home are nigh,
The dawn of the day that shall bring thee rest
Is lighting the eastern sky. **J. E. A.**

CONCERNING INTELLECTUAL AND MORAL GREATNESS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SELF-MADE MEN."



HERE are men who maintain that all human minds are originally constituted alike, and that the diversity of gifts which afterwards appears, results from education. But it is plain enough that God hath made marvellous differences. All children are not alike precocious, and all men are not alike capable of learning or of teaching. Education will do much, but it cannot do everything. One man receives at his birth a mind so obtuse, that although sent to school, furnished with accomplished teachers, and surrounded with all the appliances of learning, he emerges a dunce; while to another, God gives such acuteness of mind and wealth of imagination, that by the sheer force of his genius he pushes his way upwards to eminence, amid every form of hardship, difficulty, and privation. Ferguson discovered some of the mechanical laws, and constructed machines that exemplified them when only eight years of age. Mozart was a musician from his childhood to the last moment of his life. Pascal discovered the 32nd proposition of Euclid before he was twelve years of age.

Original genius must be inherited, it cannot be acquired. The thoughts which rise up in the gifted mind—the flash of wit, and the play of fancy—are as much the products of spontaneity, as much independent of the will, as is the herbage by the wayside independent of the farmer. Nature arrays before the mind of the man of genius her glowing pictures, gives the meditative philosopher her grand conceptions, suggests to the painter's fancy her lovely imagery, and fills the ear of her gifted musician with her loftiest harmonies, by no choice, merit, or effort of theirs, but entirely out of her spontaneous liberality. It is as impossible to raise some of the productions of one mind on the soil of another, as to raise the products of England on the plains of Hindostan. We can no more give to an Addison the stormy grandeur of a Chalmers, to a Pope the breadth and massiveness of a Milton, or to a Crabbe the intellectual splendour of a Byron, than we can raise on our heaths or our waysides the luxuriance of a tropical vegetation.

A lofty intellect is a noble object, whether it break out among the peerage or the people; but great talents unallied to moral power are as a price in the hand of a fool to get wisdom, or as tools beside a workman who knows not how to use them. We have no wish to deny to genius the praise to which she is entitled; but to give her more, would neither be just to her nor safe for the world. It is melancholy to contemplate the misdirected efforts of men like Alexander, Caesar, and Bonaparte—men who, under the influence of right motives, might have been intrepid and dauntless reformers, or have carried the Gospel, in the face of dangers and death, into the regions of barbarism and idolatry.

Genius has discovered the sciences and perfected the arts, and these have given to man an almost unlimited dominion over the world in which he lives. But it is easy to show that the progress of art and science, unless their application be regulated by sound moral principle, is even dangerous to the world. Genius may be employed in boring cannon as well as in printing Bibles: in the one case it is the instrument of desolating the world, in the other of enlightening and blessing it.

All those great moral revolutions from which, during the past eighteen centuries, the world has reaped such incalculable blessings, we owe, under Providence, mainly to character. Christianity was planted in the world, not so much by talent as by character. Alas! mere genius could have done little in that great work. Her fires would have paled and her voice would have grown dumb before the storm of opposition which the first preachers encountered. We recognise in the Reformers great lineaments of mind. Luther, Knox, and Calvin rose high above their contemporaries in point of mental stature, but they were even more distinguished in point of moral character. It required men with an heroic hardihood of soul, unbounded homage for truth, and a contempt as unbounded for falsehood, to set in motion the ponderous wheels on which the Reformation chariot rested. The leaders in all our great enterprises have been marked by a noble disdain of ease, honour, and self.

The foundation of all great character must be laid in a change wrought upon the heart by the Holy Spirit. Propensity towards sin, and aversion towards holiness is characteristic of the race. The primary element of moral excellence is right feeling towards God. Man, having lost this, cannot, by his own unaided efforts, regain it. Divine grace is absolutely necessary for the illumination of the mind, the ordering of the affections, and the inclination of the will to that which is good. God has revealed a scheme for the pardon of human guilt, and the moral renovation of the human soul. The reception of the Gospel testimony by faith works by love, purifies the heart, and gives an entirely new direction to the mind.

Self-control is an important element in moral progress. Without this there is no true manhood. The animal, though he may carry his head erect, and wear the contour of a man, in the eye of reason and faith really growls like a beast. Alas! on the page of history we find many instances of the conjunction of the most splendid genius, with an utter abasement, or prostration, or negation, of the moral sense. Need we refer to an example familiar to all?—that of a noble poet who lately blazed across the horizon of our literature—

"Like some fierce comet of tremendous size,
To which the stars did reverence as it passed."

Poor Byron exhibited to the world what the world will not soon forget—the intellectual strength of a giant in unseemly alliance with the moral weakness of a child. In the maintenance of self-

control we must have regard to the supreme authority, else the exercise will only be partial and temporary. The power of conscience alone can silence the clamorous demands of the lusts of the flesh and the lusts of the mind. The training of conscientiousness was a uniform habit with Paul. "Herein do I exercise myself, to have always a conscience void of offence toward God, and toward men."

Illustrative examples as a means of moral culture have the sanction of high authority. Fifteen books of the Old Testament, and five of the New, are historical, in which the Holy Spirit has illustrated his Divine teaching in the characters and doings of individuals. Abraham, Moses, and David occupy a large space upon the canvas in the Old Testament; in the New Testament one great biography eclipses all the rest: the man Christ Jesus is a perfect model for imitation. The study of the lives of reformers, missionaries, and philanthropists is also conducive to moral greatness.

Of the singular efficacy of hardships and trials in forming strong characters, many beautiful examples might be given. It was in the school of affliction that Joseph acquired the profound insight, wary sagacity, and manly vigour which made it an easy thing for him to administer the affairs of the great kingdom of Egypt. It was in the wilderness of Midian, whilst seated amid the mountain solitudes of Horeb, and looking wistfully across the Red Sea to the green plains of Egypt, and the proud cities that girt the Nile, that Moses learned the vanity of earthly glory, and had his temper, naturally impetuous, mellowed, sanctified, and changed. David was not permitted to feed God's inheritance immediately on being taken from the

sheepfold. He was driven forth from among men, and chased upon the mountains; and had he not been so, such oceans of feeling had never been poured into his soul, such graceful utterance of poetry had never been infused into his lips, and such skill of music had never been seated in his right hand. His trials were but the tuning of the instrument with which the Spirit might express the various melodies which he designed to utter by him, for the consolation and edification of spiritual men. Go over the long list of the great leaders of men in all ages and in all lands, and you must have the fact brought most impressively home, that their eminent moral qualities were cultivated and called into action in the school of difficulty.

High mental power, as we have already seen, does not of itself secure any moral superiority. The peculiar and much-envied constitution of mind denominated genius, does not seem to be the best basis for moral greatness. Milton may be named as an exception, but in his case, as in others, exceptions, on the whole, but confirm the rule. What poet ever headed a reformation? Dante could detect the errors of the Romish system, lash the vices of the clergy, and consign the Pope to everlasting fires; but the genius that could produce the "Inferno," could not emancipate Italy. A mind of rare constitutional vigour, and comprehensive understanding, with deep susceptibility, abiding impression, and healthy sensibility, appears to be the best basis for the higher developments of moral greatness. The means of attaining moral elevation is within the reach of all; and all who rightly use the means will attain it in a greater or less degree.

PROGRESS.

STEADILY, steadily, step by step,
Up the venturesous builders go;
Carefully placing stone on stone—
Thus the loftiest temples grow.

Patiently, patiently, day by day,
The artist toils at his task alway;
Touching it here and tinting it there,
Giving it ever, with infinite care,
A line more soft, or a hue more fair:

Till, little by little, the picture grows,
And at last the cold dull canvas glows
With life and beauty and forms of grace
That ever more in the world have place.

Thus with the poet—hour after hour
He listens to catch the fairy chimes
That ring in his soul: then, with magic
power,
He weaves their melody into his rhymes.
Slowly, carefully, word by word,

Line by line, and thought by thought,
He fashions the golden tissue of Song—
And thus are immortal anthems wrought.

Every wise observer knows—
Every watchful gazer sees—
Nothing grand or beautiful grows,
Save by gradual, slow degrees.
Ye who toil with a purpose high,
And fondly the proud result await,
Murmur not, as the hours go by,
That the season is long—the harvest late.
Remember that brotherhood, strong and true,
Builders, and artists, and bards sublime,
Who lived in the past, and worked like you,
Worked and waited a wearisome time.
Dark and cheerless and long their night,
Yet they patiently toiled at the task begun;
Till, lo! thro' the clouds broke that morning

light
Which shines on the soul when success is won!

HARVEST HOURS.



HAT a scene of beauty and plenty meets the eye, as I leave my sheltered home in the valley and throw myself beneath a spreading elm on one of these watch-tower hills! The whole landscape, except where sleep the peaceful waters of the lake, is checkered with the varied colours of the grass and grain. Here is a field of tall grass, across which the long undulations come swelling in the summer breeze. Yonder waves the golden wheat, heavy and ripe for the reaper. On the slope of that opposite hill waves brightly in the sun the light-awned barley, and the regal rye with his coronal of spears. At my feet the potatoes are putting forth their delicate blossoms. The peaches are beginning to blush upon the boughs and the old apple-trees are bending with the heavy fruit.

Ere long there will be new attractions, as the year wears on and the mower has swept down the second growth of grass, and the reaper has bowed the yellow grain in homage; when we follow the loaded wagons to the hay-mow, and hear the loud whirr of the threshing-machine; or when we stand in the orchards, whose branches touch the ground, with their yellow and green and russet and red apples. I think there is no sight in the world, unless, perhaps, a vineyard of ripe grapes, which gives such a comfortable feeling of Nature's prodigal fertility and God's good bounty as a corn-field, where the sheaves, all heavy and golden, are stacked together, and here and there are heaps of ripe, full ears.

He that can pass through scenes like these without a swelling heart of gladness and a grateful recognition of the Lord's unmerited bounty, must be very dead in unbelief. For this, the lesson of God's bounty, is written all over the field, the orchard, and the garden; and he who runs may read, as well as he who lies here in the elm-tree shade, and, with eyes half-shut, surveys the illuminated typography of God.

Nor will the healthy mind fail to detect also the marks of God's wonderful power and wisdom as the author and finisher of creation, and the myriad-minded Being who presides over the commissariat of providence. The thoughtful will never weary in studying and admiring the adaptations of means to ends, which pervade the material structure of our earth, and the whole wonderful provision of Nature, whereby seed-time and harvest are insured to us. This entire earth, with its varied and concurring elements, seems organised for the express purpose of feeding man. All things work together in earth and air and water for our good. The sun shines, the moon and stars ride through the night, the winds blow, the rivers run rejoicing to the sea, the clouds gather, the ice forms and melts, the lightning glows from one end of the heavens to the other, invisible agencies are at work in the soil beneath our feet, invisible agencies in the atmosphere about us, invisible agencies in every drop of water that hangs in dew upon the tree-top

or that helps to fill the channels of the deep;—all work on for the grand consummation of the year, the sublime “it is finished” of Nature's agonies and struggles, the harvest.

What seeming confusion among those agencies, and yet what perfect harmony with each other, and with all the uses and ends of Nature and of Providence. How silently, too, and secretly they work. Human plans are ushered in with noisy obtrusiveness and vain parade, and the unconcealed creaking of the rude machinery. But all things in God's kingdom, whether of nature or of grace, come not with observation. There may be ineffable harmonies, unheard by human ear, that float off from their very perfectness of motion, but no rude jarring, no harsh creaking and rattling, as in man's weak and clumsy struggles.

How strange and different from man's ways, that the ground beneath our feet—so homely in itself, and so devoid of nutriment for animal life—should bud and blossom with the rose, should produce from its bosom all that can tempt the delicate palate, or build up with vigour the bones and sinews of a manly strength! How strange that gases, and alkalies, and acids, and all the heterogeneous and even hurtful elements of which the earth, and air, and water are composed, should in conjunction fill the world with fragrance, health, and bloom, and food, and light, and beauty!

How wonderfully has God built the whole structure of human life and interests upon the harvest-field, as on a broad and enduring base! Out of the bosom of the fruitful earth come all the supplies of animal existence, all the materials for every form of industry. And thus indirectly from the earth spring all human thought and culture, all laws and society, all arts and progress, all the advancing civilisation, and all the blossoming happiness of our race.

Such are a few of the suggestions, alike curious and edifying, from the contemplation of a harvest-scene, all tending to enhance our sense of God's creative power and providential wisdom. But there are historic associations that come back to us, at such a time, like the wafted fragrance of a distant hay-field. The golden frame of harvest holds many of the sweetest pictures that linger in our memories and hearts. The pathway of Bible narrative runs through many a harvest-field, even as Christ himself passed with his disciples through the fields of corn, wherefrom we may for ourselves glean the heavenly seeds of many a heart and life lesson that shall be food for our souls. Who can follow the harvester as he sickles the nodding grain, and fail to recall the sweet, sad vision of Ruth, gleaning in the rich acres of her noble kinsman? Who can stand among the golden sheaves, without being reminded of the fateful day when little Joseph, gay and sportive in his coat of many colours as the butterflies that he chased through the grass, went over the fields to Dothan, in search of his scowling brothers? Samson's foxes, with their burning firebrands, rush through the standing corn of our imagination. “The long gleam of the ancient Nile” is before us, and we revel in the seven years of

MUCHA'S ILLUSTRATION



"My wild flowers!"—p. 415.

DEPARTMENT FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

SUMMERING WITH FLOWERS



plenty, and mourn amid the blasted crops of the seven years that swallowed them up.

Yonder, at the head of his little band of disciples, advances one whose sad and majestic features indicate the Man of Sorrows. He, who was rich beyond compare, for our sakes has become poor. He, who has filled every grain of this ripe harvest, and whose sunshine and showers have caused the grass to grow in the valleys, is glad to feed his hungry followers with the pauper's privileged handful as they pass along; and even of this the

envious hypocrites that dog his steps would fain deprive him, because, forsooth, it is the Sabbath day! How often that meek and royal form rises before me amid the ripened and the gathering grain. Methinks the farmer need never be at a loss for profitable and suggestive thought; for every corn-field seems hallowed by a Saviour's footsteps, and every whitened stalk and every wayside flower, and even every stone and briar, and weed, and bit of trodden soil, are mementoes of His wise and gracious words.

DEPARTMENT FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

GATHERING WILD FLOWERS.

PART II.



N Ellen's next visit to her strange namesake—taking with her as usual a wild rose—she was accompanied by her mamma. When Nell took the flower she went straight into the cottage and called out to Ellen—"Come in, see here." Ellen and her mamma entered. Everything was in the utmost confusion, showing not only poverty but gross carelessness; everything out of its place, everything ragged and dirty—not a piece but what was cracked or broken. Into a crockery-mug half filled with water Nell had placed her flower, and she evidently prided herself on having achieved a triumph. Mrs. Honeysett and her daughter gave her great praise for her thoughtfulness, and a smile—not unlike a wintry sunbeam—came on the girl's face. "They die so soon," she said, and pointed to three withered roses on the sill.

On retiring from the hovel, Mrs. Honeysett said to Ellen, "I am of your opinion, my dear child: Nell is not so great an idiot as she is said to be; she stands in need of careful training."

"Is it not terrible, mamma, to see so much carelessness? I suppose poverty need not be ragged, dirty, and untidy."

"It need not; but the poor woman, Nell's mother, has a hard matter to get bread for her family, and people are likely to grow careless about clean platters when they have nothing to put on them."

Next day was a very busy time with Ellen; she went down to the cottage, and persuaded Nell to arrange tidily the rag bundles, which were called beds for want of better. She induced her, showing her how it might be done, to make the inside of the cottage look a little neater and quieter, and Nell sat down and stared with surprise. In a basket Ellen had brought with her some food, and this she divided between the children, reserving a share for their mother when she came in from her day's tramp. All that she did was communicated to her own mother, who encouraged her to proceed with her work.

So while "young Sam" was fiddling at village revels far and near, touching up his bow with rosin and himself with strong waters; while "Sam's wife"

was tramping the country with her youngest slung at her back, and her basket of penny goods on her arm, Ellen was busy in their desolate home—like a good fairy in a fable; the children came to look for her visits, and to love her for her gentle words and kind deeds. Along with the wild roses she brought with her were buds, and to see those buds expand into flowers as they rested in the crockery-mug with their stalks in water, delighted Nell above everything.

One day Ellen said to her, "Would you not like to read?" She answered that she would, but reading was not for such as her, and that the school-children laughed at her and called her names. "But suppose," said Ellen, "there were no children to be rude. Suppose you were the only scholar and I the teacher, what then?"

"I would try."

And Nell did try with all her feeble senses, and in the effort her powers became stronger, as all our powers will if properly exercised, and she could read by herself at length "the sweet story of old."

Months had rolled by, winter had passed, the season of flowers had come back, though for that matter flowers are never altogether lost to Devonshire at any time of the year. Nell had expanded like the blossom she had watched so curiously. Ellen had shown her how to use her needle and thread, and though she had pricked her fingers a good many times, and made stitches of all sorts of lengths, she was now able to do a little plain needlework, and coarse towels, and those articles which required no particular neatness, were sent to her by Mrs. Honeysett, who, of course, paid her for her labour.

The alteration in poor Nell, and, indeed, in the aspect of the cottage, for that was improved, could not escape the notice of Nell's mother; as for her father, he was seldom at home, never very sober, and always inclined to take things as he found them. He said nothing; but the woman, by a singular perversity, grew angry at the change. Ellen and her mamma had frequently endeavoured to see the woman, but always in vain—she was out on the tramp. At length, however, they were one day fortunate enough to find her at home. She was sitting resting her head on her hands, with her bare elbows on the table.

"Well," she said, when they came in, "what brings you here? Can't you keep in your own place, without spying about to see how poor, other folks be?"

"Indeed, I assure you, we meant no offence,"

said Mrs. Honeysett. "My daughter has found pleasure in her namesake."

"What! in Nell?" the woman rudely questioned; "that's mighty fine, no doubt, but it won't do with me; Nell's a born idiot, and the sooner she is under the daisy quilt the better."

"Hush! hush!" said Mrs. Honeysett, softly; "your poor child will hear what you say." Ellen was talking to her by the apology for a window.

"Hear me! let her; she has often heard it before."

"You misjudge the condition of your child: surely you must see this—she can now read and work—"

"Read and work!" the woman answered, scornfully; "what's the good? She is getting quite churchified, too—what's the good? Religion may be all very well for people that have nothing else to do, but it aint for the likes of us."

"Religion," said Mrs. Honeysett, "is necessary to all conditions, but its blessed consolations and precious promises can least of all be spared by the poor."

"Well, I don't want it; it never did me any good; it never will—there!"

After some further conversation, Ellen and her mother withdrew from the cottage, bidding a kind farewell to Nell. Turning to look back, when they had gone some distance, they saw Nell weeping.

"What a dreadful woman that is, mamma!" said Ellen: "it is terrible that Nell should not have a better mother. She had thrown away all the wild flowers that Nelly had gathered, and threatened her and called her names."

"Nelly's lot is hard, my dear, but it might be worse. I think she loves God."

"I am sure of it, mamma."

"Did she speak harshly of her mother?"

"Oh, no, mamma, only sorrowfully."

"That is well. The woman has been hardened by many trials and much want; in her case we might be the same."

And so time rolled on. Nelly still worked for the ladies, and to this, as it brought a little money, her mother did not object. Ellen called upon her at the cottage sometimes, and helped her with her reading, but of this the mother never approved. "Where's the good?" she said; "it will never be of any use to her."

Sam still scraped his fiddle at village festivals, still spent most of his time and all his money away from home. His face grew redder, and his body thinner, and his eyes were often bloodshot, and his hand shook as he flourished the bow, and his voice quavered as he called, "Set to partners; cross hands; down the middle and back again." The ladies knew most of this, but they never found the opportunity of speaking to Sam. When he came home, he "skulked in," his wife said, after nightfall. One bright summer's afternoon, however, he came home early—sober, *for him*—and with ninepence-halfpenny in his pocket. But he did not walk home, he was carried on a rude litter, for he had fallen by accident through a trap in a barn where a dance was going on, and had snapped the bone of his right leg and dislocated his shoulder. He was in a sorry plight, and the village surgeon shook his head at the case, and said, "If he had not been a drinking man something might have been done." That implied that nothing could be done, and the wife, forgetting all her trouble, throwing aside all her grievances, remembering only that he

was her husband, and her lover once, wailed over him as if her heart would break.

And now over the storm came the soft voice of the child—poor Nell—speaking words of hope and comfort, the tears falling fast on the fevered hand she held. How busy she became, and now how useful! Her mother, absorbed in grief, scarcely noticed her, but the eyes of the poor sufferer watched her curiously, and in the stillness of the night, as she held a cup of water to his parched lips, he said—

"Nell, how changed you are."

"It is the ladies' doing."

In a day or two, when the sufferer was calmer, he began to talk to Nell again.

"And you can work, Nell?"

"Yes, the lady taught me."

"And read, Nell?"

"Yes, the lady taught me."

"Let me hear you: you will find the 'Song-singer's Companion' in my pocket."

"May I read from my own book?"

"Your book?"

"Yes; a book the lady gave me."

And Nell read to her father of Him who came to seek and to save the lost.

The fiddler was silent for a long time when the child ceased, and then he said—

"I wish I could see the ladies; maybe they could tell me something."

Nell reported his words, and Ellen and her mamma called at the cottage that same afternoon. The man poured forth his grateful thanks for what had been done for his child. "What made you think of Nell?" he asked Ellen. "Indeed, I know not," Ellen said. "I was gathering wild flowers."

"God bless you! you have cared for my wild flower, and but for that care she must have continued just as she was—and I—oh, young lady, she has been reading to me about Jesus; I wish I had thought of these things sooner; now it is too late."

His visitors spoke those words of comfort and encouragement which have led so many sinful souls to the Saviour. When they retired the grateful thanks of the sick man followed them. They—no opposition being now offered—took care that he should want for nothing, and the good clergyman of the parish paid him frequent visits; and there came over him that happy change which comes to all who have their hope in Jesus.

The fiddler was lame for life, but he learned to bless God for it. He went forth, "halting as he went;" but he had met with God, and prevailed. And now his home, once so wretched, became happy; his wife was assisted, by the kind consideration of Mrs. Honeysett, to suitable employment. Sam took to basketmaking, a trade he had partially learned in his boyhood, and Nell, the wild flower, was taken for some time into the service of her first friend—young lady's maid I think they called her—and faithfully devoted herself to the duties which devolved upon her, until she was fitted for something better.

"Well," said the doctor, five years later, the same M.D. who had ordered Ellen into the country, and who had come on a visit to her father's house; "and do you long to be back in London?" It was to Ellen he addressed the question.

"Oh, no, doctor."

"And how do you occupy your leisure?"

"Gathering wild flowers."

The doctor raised his eyebrows inquiringly—"Eh! an odd amusement, but pretty, no doubt; may I see a posy?"

Ellen laughed merrily, and turning to Mrs. Honeysett, said—

"Mamma, may I let the doctor see?"

Her mamma consented; and so throwing on her brown hat, Ellen led the doctor out of the house, and down a shady lane to the very place where Sam's cabin had stood in "days of yore;" but it was gone, replaced by a very neat building, over the door of which was written the word "School." It was a new village-school under the special care of Ellen—Ellen the beloved of all the children in the parish. Nelly was installed as teacher, and Sam helped and taught the youngsters to sing, accompanied on the violin, which did its duty bravely. They were singing when Ellen and the doctor entered, but stopped to raise a shout in her honour.

"And these," said the doctor, looking round at the merry faces, "are—"

"My wild flowers!"

"IF I WERE A PRINCE!"

ELL, now what would you do or what would you have if you were a prince? I suspect that your little head is full of extravagant notions on that subject. You have visions of magnificent skates, rocking-horses or live ones, and dogs, or you may fancy some musical instrument and books without end! Now Jimmy turns up his nose. He never would touch a book, not he! He forgets that his princely parents or guardians would be able to compel him to do so. Indeed, if he were a prince, a good education would be indispensable, and he would have to study much harder than he does now. Then, too, he would be obliged to pay very great respect to his parents, for lords and princes are accustomed to the utmost respect from all around them.

In the times of Lady Jane Grey, of whose twelve days' reign you may have heard, the children of noble families were trained so strictly that they were not allowed to sit when their parents were receiving company in the drawing-room. If they became very tired, they were permitted to kneel upon cushions; but even if strangers were present, they were obliged to remain standing on one side of the room for hours together. Then there was so much to be learned about behaviour and etiquette, and they were obliged to do everything just right, even in their plays and amusements, or else they were "sharply taunted, and sometimes corrected with pinches, nips, and bobs." This means, I suppose, that they were scolded, had their noses snubbed, and their ears boxed. At all events, their treatment was so harsh that they were glad to take refuge in their books.

The Lady Jane had a teacher whom she very much liked, and she says, "When I am called from him I fall to weeping, because whatever else I do but learning is full of grief and trouble, and wholly mislikes me."

Yet these same severe parents were ready to try

to put her on the throne of England. You will find her story a very interesting page of history.

King Henry IV. of France, when he was a little fellow, was permitted to run out barefoot on the hills and play with the peasant boys. This is a very unusual thing for young princes to do, but this was done so that he might grow up strong and robust. But when his school-hour came he had to leave his little play-mates to their sports while he went to his books. If it had not been for the wise training and the learning that he got while a boy, it is not probable that he would ever have become the great man that he was afterward. Indeed, there are so many things that princes need to know in order to act their part well, that it is customary to give them a very thorough education.

Jimmy thinks now that he will dodge to the other side, by saying that as he is not a prince he does not need to study. Ah! but, my dear boy, do you not know that any man who is wise and skilful may in this country become great if he choose? And would you choose to be so much of a dunce that you could never obtain any high position? I do not believe that you are so giddy and thoughtless, so unworthy of your country, as to say "Yes" to that question. But besides the matter of ruling, there are a thousand other things that you will want to be wise enough to do well; and if you should grow up without learning, you will be greatly vexed with yourself, and sorry that your friends did not make you study when a child. So now is the time, while you are young. Give up your foolish fancies of what you would do if you were a prince, and make yourself a true nobleman.

THE SABBATHS OF THE YEAR.

SEVENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

"The wages of sin is death; but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord."—Rom. vi. 23.

SOMETIMES Sin is robed in splendour,
And he wears a gladsome face,
If you have a conscience tender,
He will try with weary grace
All your scruples, all your tremors, by his cunning
to displace.

Ones, dear children, give him power,
Nor trample him your feet beneath,
In that sad and fatal hour
He will draw from out its sheath
The red dagger, for his payment to his slaves is
ever death.

But the Saviour, kind and holy,
Hath a sweet reward in store
For the child who, meek and lowly,
Loves him, serves him more and more;
To the little ones thus loving opened is the heavenly
door.

Rest and holy peace are given,
Free from care, or toil, or strife,
In the glorious fields of heaven,
In the land where joy is rife,
God himself will crown you, children, with the
everlasting life.

KNOWLEDGE AND JUDGMENT.

BY THE REV. R. MAGUIRE, M.A.

"And this I pray, that your love may abound yet more and more in knowledge and in all judgment."—Phil. i. 9.

HE Epistle to the Philippians is a loving epistle. It is characterised throughout by expressions of love and affection on the part of the apostle, and contains allusions sufficient to indicate a large return and reciprocity of love on the part of the Philippian Christians. And in this is displayed a model spirit for all churches and congregations to attain to: the loving heart of the apostle is knit to the affections of his people, and this is a real, earnest, living, energetic, working love—a love that rejoices in the memory of the past (i. 3), and engages itself in prayer for the future (i. 4), and is filled with thankfulness for the present, for their continued fellowship even from the first. And thereupon the apostle prays an earnest prayer, and breathes a fervent wish that their "love may abound yet more and more in knowledge and in all judgment" (i. 9). Here is allusion made to two characteristic outworkings of Divine love in the heart—in "Knowledge" and in "Judgment." Upon these twain developments of Christian love we propose to speak in this paper.

1. KNOWLEDGE.—The principle of love needs deep foundations, if it is to "abound" with fruit and increase. It must first abide, before it can abound. Love is not mere feeling or impulse; these would be but shallow and superficial foundations for a principle that needs to be "rooted and grounded." God asks for no man's mere feelings or impulses in themselves. Religion that consists only in fits and starts is not from God, and conduces not to God's glory. Impulse is worth nothing unless it be cultivated into a principle. The flint stone, which, "when much enforced, doth show a hasty spark, and straight is cold again," is but a poor defence against the cold of a winter's day; and yet may the hasty spark be kindled into a flame, and thus give forth a cheerful warmth and heat. And so may love be cultivated; but it must, to be lasting, be established on abiding principles, not on transient and temporary impulses, and one of the means of its increase is "knowledge."

It is impossible to love one whom you do not know. Any feeling of the kind you may entertain is not true *love*, but mere *fancy*. Love is based on knowledge, while fancy springs out of ignorance, or but partial knowledge. Therefore love is abiding and abounding, and fancy is fickle. True love comes of deep foundations, and arises out of our study and appreciation of character and disposition, so that the more we know, the more we love. Thus is it with our love toward Christ; to love him we must know him: "And this is life eternal, that they might know thee the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom thou hast sent" (John xvii. 3).

Such knowledge must be, as all knowledge is, the result of study. And what is the usual and ordinary study of Divine things on the part of the

great majority of our fellow-men? As is our intelligent knowledge of Christ, so will be the measure of our faithful love towards Christ. Accordingly, as love abounds in proportion to knowledge, it comes to be of much importance what is the style and character of the *reading* of the people. We would here ask very seriously—What is the amount of the ordinary popular study of the Bible, and of works illustrative of the Bible? And by the word "study" we mean not only the reading of the Bible, but also contemplation, meditation, prayer, reference, research, and all the painstaking efforts that are usually included in the study of any science on the part of any diligent student.

And is there not a wide field for the attainment of spiritual "knowledge" opened up in that department of Christian literature which comprises Christian biography, and the record of Christian missions—those practical examples of holiness of spirit, and earnestness of life, when devoted to the following of Christ? These are the "footprints on the sands of time;" how elevating, how encouraging, how instructive to those who would thereby be stirred up to a holy emulation of these faithful servants of the Lord! There we would read of those bold, brave heroes of the Lord who waxed valiant in the good fight of faith; and of those self-denying missionaries and martyrs, who, for the deep love toward their Master, braved the perils of the land and of the sea, and jeopardised their lives, and resisted even unto blood. There we would read of personal growth in grace, and increase of faith, and ripening of experience, and abounding of Christian love. We would read of these illustrations in high life, in humble life, in middle life, in all classes and conditions of men. We would read of holy men, holy women, holy children, who have thus adorned the doctrine of God their Saviour in all things.

There is no lack of Christian literature of this wholesome tone and character. The Church of Christ is abundantly fruitful of such testimonies, and some of the ablest pens have been enlisted in the work of recording them. And yet too often the light, the transient, the frivolous, and the worthless float upon the surface, while the weightier and more solid have been allowed to sink down out of popular sight, and almost beyond the popular reach. How earnest ought we to be in the promotion of healthy literature for the people, as being calculated to increase their "knowledge" of things Divine. There are, we fear, thousands and tens of thousands whose only books for study are their ledgers, their only periodical reading the newspapers, and their only occasional reading the light literature of the day. So far as these are concerned we would simply ask—Whence can they expect to derive that "knowledge" of Christ which is to enable them to abound yet more and more in the love of Christ?

And how much do we lose of Christian instruction and edification by neglecting the study of the Scriptures, and of these fair echoes of the Word of God! If we are to learn anything of any science, it is by

TRUE GOLD.

"When he hath tried me, I shall come forth as gold."—Job xxiii. 10.



HIS must hold of every Christian; but how few seem confidently to rest upon the thought in the hour of actual trial! Too commonly we give way to the thought that our suffering is to be felt merely as suffering—merely as so much evil. But why? Do we esteem ourselves as only dress, to be destroyed in the refiner's fire? Do we really assume that there is no true good in us who are "born again"? Have we so low an estimate of our new life and the price at which it was purchased?

Our enduring affliction is certainly no proof that God has cast us off—that he does not mean to bring us as pure gold out of the furnace into which we have been cast. Of the Church generally it is said: "I have chosen thee in a furnace of affliction;" and what is true of God's people as a whole, must be generally true of each one in particular. Now we should feel greatly encouraged if certified of an absolute election to eternal salvation—why not rejoice to see a process of selection from an ungodly world actually going on in our daily history? The mode of picking us out from among the tares may

seem a little rough; but if it be effective, and the separation be finally made, we shall not, in the end, feel very much aggrieved by the inconveniences of the process. Pure gold is not the finding of every spot on the earth's surface; nor can it be derived by any process of transmutation from baser ores. The copper that could by any alchemy be so converted, ought to submit quietly to whatever might be the severities of the operation.

Shall we, writer and reader, come out as Job did? With his faith we shall. The promises whereby he was made partaker of the Divine nature are good for us as for him. Our faith in Christ will not be less efficacious in drawing out the virtue of those promises, than was Job's confidence in the less fully revealed mercy of God. The fires of affliction are sometimes a little too fierce for our comfort; but if not too severe for our good, we ought not to be quite so eager to escape them as we sometimes are. There are other burnings in store for those who refuse to profit by these—burnings more severe, and without the property of refining and purifying as do those of a well-ordered Christian life. Let these be accepted for the time, and those avoided for ever.

NORTON PURNELL.

CHAPTER XLVI.

THE NEW LECTURER.

AND now the time came for Norton to give his first lecture. It was to be "On the Study of Nature." Miss Linfield had not only collected her pupils, but a large number of their parents and friends as well, so that on the morning of the lecture Norton found that he had to pass to his desk between long rows of forms, all of which were occupied by ladies. When he reached the platform and faced his audience, he was for a moment fairly frightened, and wondered how in the world he should stand there, and speak in their presence. However, gulping down a tumbler of water, he at last mustered courage, and commenced—very nervously at first, it is true, for his legs felt shaky, and a cold perspiration started from every pore; but he found himself presently able to go on. Led by the interest in his subject and the cordial sympathy of his audience, he forgot his timidity, and succeeded in regaining confidence.

The aim of his lecture was to show that there was a large and, he believed, true way of looking at Nature, which made it appeal to, and exercise together, both the reason and imagination.

But as we should fail to do the subject justice from memory, or even if we could give the thread of his argument, would at all events fail to give the reader any adequate idea of his fashion of delivery, which created an almost greater effect upon the minds of his hearers than

his arguments themselves, we will only say that he was listened to with almost breathless attention by all his auditors, and by most with feelings of the strongest admiration. His earnest eye and pleading, almost trembling voice, showed how thoroughly he believed his doctrine, and how deeply it had taken possession of his own mind. He was evidently an enthusiast, a worshipper of Nature. Among his auditory, were many young ladies just at the age when the mind is most open to impressions of the beautiful, and a little, too, of the mystical, and not a few caught some of his enthusiasm. They saw a new mode of study opened before them, the prospect of entering on a course of observation which would be made interesting and poetical by this enthusiastic teacher.

Some, indeed, of the elder ladies who had studied botany in the pages of some old books, shook their heads and said his lecture was more poetry than science. The reverend and learned Canon Crawshaw, who had attended with his wife and daughters, also shook his head. There was a sound of heresy to him in talking of imagination in connection with a science. It irritated him. He could not understand it. It seemed like a lot of dangerous nonsense. He said he was afraid the young man had been reading Jacob Behmen or Paracelsus, bringing up again the thousand-times refuted errors of Plotinus and Plato. However, as the reverend and learned canon was not very clear in pointing out what it was he disagreed with, his insinuations only had an effect upon two or three old ladies, to whom the very hint of heresy in science was like the hint of a ghost in a churchyard to a superstitious schoolboy.

Norton's lectures at Miss Linfield's school, followed up

in the spirit in which he had begun, were a decided success. He seized upon the imagination, and touched the poetical sympathies of the elder pupils, so that there was quite a *furore* for the studies which he taught. In brief, we may say he had, in a few months, engagements at three other schools; and he was realising a most respectable income.

He had put himself, as soon as he settled in Bath, under the tutorage of Dr. Sewell, a gentleman of eminent classical and literary abilities; and day by day he was making great progress, especially in Latin, Greek, mathematics, and composition.

Dr. Sewell took great interest in Norton, and often invited him to join his own family circle. He was not slow to use this opportunity of educating himself in social usages. He was, of course, rather nervous at first, through his ignorance in these matters. He would tremble in the drawing-room for a quarter of an hour, debating with himself which was the right arm to offer the lady whom he should lead down to dinner, and would be very anxious when reviewing the long ceremonial of dining, lest he should have blundered in any etiquette of the table. However, Norton had too much native refinement not to become very soon master of his situation. Before very long he was at his ease; and few who now met him in society would have guessed what had been the standard of his original position in the world.

But Norton had two qualities which, perhaps, more than any others, go to make the gentleman. He had that sympathetic imagination which easily realised the feelings and condition of mind of others, and thus enabled him to understand what *would give* them pain or pleasure; and he had that amiable desire to please, which led him to act upon his perception.

There are what we call vulgar natures, which no amount of education can refine. They are perpetually saying and doing things that annoy and wound the feelings of others, and yet, perhaps, it is not from any want of benevolence; it is from that deficiency of sympathy and imagination which makes them incapable of realising the state of feeling of others, and perceiving what would pain or please.

Great, however, as was his progress in other matters, there was none in the course of his true love. He had not communicated with Sophia since the evening of his declaration, for she declined to write or receive a letter without the permission of her parents. He had gone over to Chilton to spend a Sunday at least once a month, and the lovers had stolen glances at each other—that was all.

Sophia, indeed, had put the person in a most furious passion, by assuring him that she should never think of any one but Norton. Frank Hinton had proposed for her, but she had firmly though kindly declined his offer. At last Mrs. Wilmot, seeing Sophia's real and constant affection for Norton, and hearing from time to time how he was prospering, tried to reconcile herself, though with many a sigh, to think favourably of the connection in the distant future. "At all events," she said to herself, "it won't be much worse than her marrying a poor curate; and she might have done that."

The person, however, would not hear a word about the possibility of such a union. He would rather see Sophia dead, he said, than see her degrade herself and her family by marrying a labourer's son.

CHAPTER XLVII.

UPWARD AND ONWARD.

NORTON had been now two years in Bath. He had profited by the educational help of Dr. Sewell, and now added Latin to the subjects of his teaching. He was frequently invited to give lectures to the literary and other

kindred institutions, and had a profitable connection of private teaching in the influential families in the neighbourhood of Bath, so that he was obliged to keep a horse, in order to attend all the places where he was engaged.

One of the families in which Norton taught was that of Mr. Rowsell, at Rowsell Hall, a place of considerable pretensions near Bath.

Now it happened that the Rowsells were friends of the Wilmots, and Sophia had been invited to spend several months with her friends Millie and Kitty Rowsell, and to take part, if she liked, in the lessons by which these young ladies were finishing, or rather, super-finishing, their education. Mrs. Wilmot was very glad for Sophia to have the change of scene and company which the visit would give her. She was also pleased for her to have the opportunity of receiving lessons, especially in music and drawing, from better masters than could be obtained in Chilton. Perhaps, also, she hoped that a new occupation might distract her daughter's thoughts from Norton. Little did she suspect that it was to bring her into closer contact with him than ever.

Of course, Mrs. Rowsell had not thought it necessary in writing to Mrs. Wilmot, inviting Sophia, to give a list of the names of the masters attending upon her daughters. She had simply said her girls were taking lessons in various subjects, and Sophia could join them or not, and in as many subjects as she chose.

The day after the arrival of Sophia at Rowsell Hall, Millie was giving her friend an account of their studies, and photographing for her their different masters. They had thus dispatched their music master, their drawing master, their Italian master, "And now," said Millie, "our favourite teacher is to come. Who do you think it is?"

Sophia blushed and turned pale. She seemed to feel instinctively what was coming.

"It is one who comes from your own village—so he has told us. We have engaged him since I wrote to you last, or I should have mentioned him. His name is Mr. Purnell."

"Norton Purnell?" faltered Sophia.

"Yes, do you know him?"

Sophia felt that she was becoming foolish and might betray her secret; so she put a strong constraint upon herself and said,

"Oh, yes, very well. I suppose he teaches you botany; I know he is very clever on that subject."

"Yes, and we like him very much. He is the most gentlemanly teacher we have ever had. He is very handsome too! and then he makes the subject so interesting. Will you join us?"

"Oh, yes, very gladly. You know, I have dabbled a little in botany before, and I shall be very glad, at least to sit by with my work and hear your lessons."

So when at Norton's next visit to Rowsell Hall he was ushered by the servant into the magnificent old library, now devoted to the studies of the young ladies, he was startled almost out of all presence of mind by seeing Sophia sitting in the oriel window with his two pupils.

His agitation was so extreme that it was impossible for the Misses Rowsell not to observe it; but fortunately they attributed it to the general bashfulness and timidity caused by his meeting for the first time one from his own village, where he had been known under such very different circumstances.

Sophia had been schooling herself all the morning for the interview, not, indeed, with perfect success. There was a blush upon her face, and a certain tremulousness in her voice, as she stepped forward and with a smile held out her hand to Norton.

"How do you do, Mr. Purnell? You hardly expected to meet me here. My friends here have kindly permitted

me the privilege of joining in their studies, and if you have no objection, I shall remain while you give your lessons on botany."

Of course, Norton stammered out that he should be exceedingly happy, and made inquiries concerning her parents to cover his confusion.

And so, then, he was going to have the happiness during several months of sitting in the same room with his beloved one, breathing the same air, looking upon her face, hearing her speak. He felt it too a privilege to have this opportunity of setting forth in the presence of Sophia some of his best thoughts—of unfolding more of his mind than he had ever been able to do hitherto, and thus show her more what he really was.

I need not tell the reader how the presence of Sophia inspired him with more vivid thoughts, and made him take that warm enthusiastic pleasure in his subject which is sure to communicate an interest to the learner; and as, time after time, Sophia listened to his lessons, of course she thought she had never heard anything so beautiful, so profound, so eloquent before.

There are few situations to a woman who loves and is beloved that can bring intenser delight than that of listening to words which she feels to be eloquent, and of drinking in thoughts which she feels to be great and beautiful, from him whom she has won to herself. When she steals a look around and sees, by the glistening eye and rapt attention, that he is moving others as well as herself, she triumphs in his power and repeats to herself, with a thrill of ecstasy, "And he is mine—all mine!"

They were glorious hours to the lovers through all that summer spent in that quiet and beautiful retreat, and in those lessons which were for them a sweet communion of mind with mind. Still these meetings were very tantalising, for the lovers had no opportunity of speaking together in private.

The visit of Sophia to Rowsell Hall was drawing to a close, and still Norton had found no means of saying a word of his love, when one day a botanical ramble was planned through some of the woods, lanes, and fields in the neighbourhood. The party at Rowsell Hall was to be joined by the Misses Gardiner, daughters of Sir John Gardiner, a neighbouring squire, their brothers, and two other young gentlemen visiting with them.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

BOTANISING.

MISS WILMOT and her friends rambled through the woods and fields of Heycombe and descended to the Avon, which meandered through the rich valley below. The ladies had brought Norton, "our Professor," for the identification of certain flowers unknown to them; and the gentlemen had pretended to take an interest in the occupation, but really valuing it more as an opportunity for enjoying the company of the young ladies. When coming back up the valley, they found quite a group of rare and beautiful ferns. Sophia wished to have a root of them to take home, and Norton set to work with his large knife to dig one from the earth. Sophia looked on in eager interest,

and the pair did not notice, till the work was accomplished, that the rest of the company had walked on, and were out of sight in the windings of the path through the thickly-wooded park along the river. Norton and Sophia therefore were fair to follow alone. Both trembled with emotion at discovering themselves left together. Norton, however, seized the opportunity, and taking Sophia's hand and drawing her towards him, whispered,

"Sophia—dear Miss Wilmot—tell me, have you forgotten what you once said to me? Oh, tell me, do you still love me?"

"Still, dear Norton," whispered Sophia, "ever the same; and you?"

"Oh! my own darling, do you ask me? You know—ah, I am sure you know—how my heart clings to you. And is there any hope? Does your father at all relent?"

"I fear not, and yet I cannot but hope that some day mamma will prevail over him. If you are content to wait, let us still go on and do our duty, and keep our hearts true."

This sort of botanising I shall not further unveil, or tell the secrets of that evening walk by the river's side and through the old park. The words of passion which Norton again repeated, and the sweet looks of love with which Sophia responded, I shall not report; suffice it to say that this walk realised that dream of walking and talking with Sophia which he had formed in prison.

When they arrived at home, a little after the rest of the company, that little hypocrite Sophia actually pretended to complain bitterly against her friends for having left her behind. They looked more guilty than she did, for the truth is they had been so much otherwise engaged, that they had not missed the presence of Sophia and Norton in their company until they came near the Hall.

Norton returned to his work with a new energy. The hope of one day calling the beautiful Sophia "wife," made him determine to toil with twofold devotion and perseverance. He was now getting a very good income, but he was not content. He wanted to raise himself into a position which might be thought at least more nearly approaching that of Sophia, and to realise a still larger income. He was acting on the hint long ago given by Sir Henry, and studying to fit himself for undertaking the duties of a steward to some gentleman possessed of lands, woods, and mines.

Sir Henry had not forgotten that hint, and had been on the look-out ever since. The wished-for opportunity at last arrived. He learnt that his friend and neighbour, Lord Easton, proprietor of a considerable piece of the western coal-field, wanted exactly such a steward as he had described. He lost no time in driving over to Easton Castle, and described to him in such glowing terms Norton's character and abilities, that Lord Easton wrote to Norton at once, requesting an interview, and the result was that Norton was appointed to the situation at the income of £600 a year.

Fortune thus seemed to smile upon Norton, but alas! a terrible Nemesis was awaiting him. He himself seemed to feel a sort of presentiment that his happiness was too great to last, and that some calamity must come to cloud it.

(To be continued.)



A WORD UPON OPPRESSION.

BY THE REV. W. M. STATHAM.

BRITONS never will be slaves" may be a very popular melody, but it is a very questionable fact. True indeed it is that we Englishmen have the highest ideas of liberty, the noblest guarantee for it, the wisest and steadiest development of it, and, perhaps, the heartiest love for it of any people under heaven; but, for all that, there may exist a great deal of oppression—not Governmental oppression, not military oppression—but social and moral oppression. Sometimes it is of a patent character, and then men mark it and condemn it at once; but oftentimes it is of a secret and silent character, and only the ear of God catches the cry, "O Lord, I am oppressed."

Still, we often look in the wrong quarter for lost liberty, as we often do for lost keys: they perhaps were found, after all, just under our nose; and it is near at home that we are mainly to look for oppression.

Man is his own oppressor. We are, after all, our own worst enemies. We load ourselves with burdens that press heavily upon our spirits. Our higher and better nature is crushed by the claims of the lower. We pamper the body, and we starve the soul; we adorn the outward man, and we leave the inner spirit in the cold cell of neglect, shivering, naked, hungry, and forsaken. No poor victim imprisoned in the peculiarly pestiferous dungeons of Naples was ever subjected to more miserable treatment than that to which many a man subjects his better self. It would be a sad act of oppression to keep a child in a mansion, with pictures on the walls, and beauty in the landscape, and yet to leave it without bread by day and without comfort by night. Yet this is what we often do: we leave the soul in a world of beauty, inhabitant of a bodily temple well adorned and beautifully contrived, and there it is doomed to starve. Many men who would scorn to oppress their neighbours oppress their own consciences. Many men who, if they heard a cry at midnight, and imagined that some chained one cried for help next door, would spring from their couch and hasten to deliver, yet leave the soul within them to cry, neglected and unattended, within its prison walls.

In another way, also, men are their own oppressors: they are never contented. Whilst they could live easily and happily in one estate, they are vainly ambitious to win a position in another. I well remember that, when the princess's jewels were exhibited at the Museum, the multitude of spectators was broken by some dozen barricades; no sooner had one fold of humanity been emptied into the gates than the next took their fold, and the next theirs, all with amazing eagerness rushing to fill the vacuum. So it is that human beings rush to fill up some position in front of them. Oh, to dine, dress, and drive like the people over the way! and to attain this, how they will oppress themselves with anxiety and misery, and, worst of all, with debt!

Thus, in very many ways, men are slaves of society—of themselves. All this ensues from the lordship of self. Why not, then, conquer self? Have you ever tried it, reader? Where self has been turned into an engine of oppression, appetite, desire, passion, and custom, hold you in their grasp. The worse self is stronger than the better self. I am reminded of the story relative to the mutiny on board the ship, and the call of the captain to a negro to hold an offender fast. "Have you got him, Sambo?" says the king of the crew. "Sure, massa, I have," he answers. "Bring him to me!" is the commanding word. No answer is given, no obedience is seen. "Bring him here!" severely shouts the captain. "Please, massa, I cannot, for 'ain't got me!" This, verily, is a picture of the conflict that often goes on between the weak spirit and the powerful flesh, and we are brought again into subjection to the oppression of sin. There is a power, however, which can set us free from ourselves. "Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty." "If the Son shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed."

True, indeed, it is that an outside oppression exists in many ways amongst us. I am not referring to the difficult questions of overwork in our cities, or of underpay in our villages; of overcrowded dormitories, or of underfed workhouse boys. There is another sort of oppression. We make light of the unwritten laws, but, though unwritten, they are not unrecognised. We are all of us very often oppressed by outside opinions and influences. The customs and fashions of others become in time laws, which have almost undisputed empire over our hearts. Try to set them aside, and you will begin to gauge the difficulty. The task is perilous indeed. The loss of a certain kind of reputation, the decline in prestige and favour with a certain class of people—weighed in the balance, these are weighty things. Men may, in this way, become our oppressors before we are aware. Their sneer may wither our first prayer. Their slight estimate of the Sunday may lord it over our instinct and judgment; their affected philosophy may get the better of our private and prayerful opinion.

As people read the daily papers and retail them, in no sense at all uttering their own individual opinions, the strong utterances of the printed oracle constitute their creed. So in common life, people live out the impulses and opinions of their companions. In no sense are they free. They have neither courage nor confidence. Their conduct is decided by what is fashionable, not by what is noble and honourable. I feel pretty sure if the sticking-plaister fashion was to come in again, and the aristocratic world dabbed their faces over with little black spots, such as we see in Hogarth's pictures, that the plaister manufacturers would make a speedy and tremendous fortune. Let those in high places build houses with ceilings against which you crack your head, and use beds which want a flight of steps to reach them, and we should, there is little doubt of it, most of us see the excellency of the proceeding, and probably go and do the

same. These material fashions, however, matter little, if the evil ended here. That is not much the worst oppression which, after all, only affects the body; but when this applies to the mind, and the conscience, and the moral nature, then it becomes serious indeed; and although penal laws and enactments have passed away, many can tell of an oppression which hinders the true worship of the heart by satire, and which loads with the heavy weight of opprobrium every effort to live the higher life, and to consecrate the whole heart to the service of God.

Oppression from without in any other sense we have very little of. We hate it! In an English brewery Haynau found out that the noble visitor, if he has an ignoble history, if he has scourged fragile woman with the cruel lash, must cut and run, if not for his own life, at least for his quick escape from the chastisement which, with sinewy hands and brawny arms, would have almost flayed the oppressor. Again, how we all cheered Garibaldi! —how we hurrahed till we were hoarse, and crowded around his open chariot like a very grasshopper multitude; and all because he bravely delivered a whole people from the grasp of cruel caprice and from the lawless enactment of tyrannical power. Yet, with all our love for freedom in the nation, it were well for us to see more and more that there is much oppression in the world, which—we say it with confidence—nothing but Christianity can cure. What mean those revelations in our divorce courts, of acts of cruelty to ladies such as our entire manhood may blush for? What mean those revelations at our police courts, which cast light upon the social miseries of the poor? We there see women who are not only slaves or serfs, but oppressed by every possible exaction, of cruelty laden with all conceivable burden of manual toil, and then shamefully maltreated and beaten.

But there is existent, if possible, a worse oppression even than that: I refer to the cruel inflictions which the brute creation have to bear in secret. The groom often takes his master's rebuke out in giving an under kick to his master's horse. Only this week I saw, in a stable which abutted on the road, a sleek black horse, quiet as a child, being groomed down after a day's hard work; either he did not move quickly enough, or exactly obey the word of command, and forthwith a thick walking-stick was savagely laid on his side, and a kick given to his hocks. I remonstrated earnestly, and that was all I could do; but it was a type to me of what occurs, again and again, when brutal men snag their horses by the bridle as they bear the heavy dray, or dust-cart. Omnibus drivers, too, often lash their horses over the tender head and ears; and last, but not least, there is a large amount of rough handling in the stables. Certainly it gives one a sorrow at heart to think of the fact that no evidence in such cases can be given by the horses themselves. Dobbin is silent—poor Dobbin! His master thinks he's a little lame: tell him you were kicked, Dobbin. Or he thinks he looks thinish: tell him your corn is chiefly chaff, Dobbin. Or he thinks you start at the touch of the whip: tell him to look at the wales on your back, Dobbin. Surely there can be no more cruel oppression than this! What a dominion has been given to man over all living things! Surely he ought to imitate in his earthly kingship the authority of the Great King,

whose tender mercies are over all his works, and who is kind even to the unthankful and the evil.

Shame upon thee, savage monarch man, proud monopolist of reason;
Shame upon creation's lord, the fierce, ensanguined despot.
What, man, are there not enough hunger, and disease, and fatigue,
And yet must thy goad or thy thong add another sorrow to existence?
What! art thou not content thy sin hath dragged down suffering and death
On the poor dumb servants of thy comfort, and yet must thou rack them with thy spite?
Thou twice-deformed image of thy Maker! Thou hateful representative of love!
For very shame be merciful; be kind to the creatures thou hast ruined.
For a dog cannot plead his own right, nor render a reason for exemption;
Nor give a soft answer unto wrath, to turn aside the undeserved lash.
The galled ox cannot complain, nor supplicate a moment's respite;
The spent horse hideth his distress, till he panteth out his spirit at the goal.
Liveth there no advocate for him, no judge to avenge his wrongs?
Yea, all the justice in heaven is roused in indignation at his woes.
Yea, all the pity upon earth shall call down a curse upon the cruel.
The angel of mercy stoppeth not to comfort, but passeth by on the other side,
And hath no tear to shed when a cruel man is damned.

Many other forms of oppression might occupy our attention in this brief paper, but we long to turn again to the bright relief which comes from a consideration of the Christian life. It is no light thing to say of the Gospel that, received into the heart by faith, it deals a death-blow to oppression. It overthrows the throne of the tyrant Satan in the heart of man; it removes the burden of guilt, with all its misery and despair; it gives a clear conscience and a clean heart, and in all the multiplied relationships of life, civil, social, and religious, it inspires compassion for the suffering, and prompts alike the succouring hand and the sympathising heart. The Christian man is kind to his own, and to his neighbour, and even to his dog; he does not even wish to hurt his adversary. He has been taught the sublime lesson of love from the lips of that Saviour who laid down his life for his enemies.

It is time to remember that no particular form of government ensures freedom. Rome had her highest liberty under the Cæsars, and also her greatest tyranny. Greece had her palmy days of prosperity under a Republic, also her days of darkness, oppression, and wrong. We must remember that true liberty comes alone from a new life, and is the heritage of those alone who love and serve the Saviour. We are bold to believe that freedom from oppression can only be attained through the power of the Gospel. Law may do much, but love can do more, and of all love that is the royal love which is born of God, and which, whilst it moves in harmony with righteousness and justice, always and everywhere, at home and abroad, breaks in pieces the oppressor.

I cannot close without reminding my readers that the notion some persons have of liberty is simply and solely the having their own way; this leads to licence in themselves, and to tyranny over others. Most remarkably is this evident in those who com-

plain of the bondage of creeds and churches ; they, forsooth, renounce the oppression of certain creeds ; but *their* dear dogma, take care how you venture to differ from them in that, or you will be narrow-minded, short-sighted, prejudiced, and presumptuous. There is no orthodoxy so oppressive as the my-doxo of the man who thinks all men ought to believe with him. Be sure, dear reader, that there is liberty for us all ; but it is the real lawful liberty of a genuine Christianity, by which we are delivered from the

dominion of sin, and enjoy that liberty wherewith Christ makes his people free. We can say more than "We be Abraham's seed;" our motto is, "We are Christ's :" and will not that be the dawn of freedom's day—not for slaves in Jamaica or America alone, but for men of all climes and colours, red, and black, and white—when He shall reign from shore to shore, and from the rivers unto the ends of the earth ? Then, indeed, over the wide earth and sea, will wave the banner of true and everlasting liberty !

CIVILISATION; ITS NATURE AND ORIGIN.

CHAPTER I.

THE subject of human civilisation in its origin, progress, decay, and revival, is one of deep interest and great importance. We can only hope, in this and a following paper, to give a very slight, but, we trust, not altogether inadequate sketch of this question.

There are two leading and opposing views of the origin and progress of civilisation. One supposes that man was dropped a rude and naked savage in the woods, and emerged, by the exercise of his native powers, into a state of civilisation. The other supposes him to have come from his Maker's hands a civilised being—to have derived directly from God that impetus which urged him on in his career—to depend on his connection with God for his progress ; so that the history of man's departure from the one living and true God is the history of the decay of civilisation, and the restoration of true belief is the history of its revival and expansion. We need scarcely say that the latter opinion is the one here advocated.

But first let us define what we mean by "civilisation." It means, then, by its derivation and its use, the condition of men *living in society*, and brought together in communities of greater or lesser extent. Hence its *very foundation and essence* is respect paid by each man to the rights of his fellow-men, without which there cannot be society at all ; and its *consequence* will be progress in the various arts by which social life is improved and adorned. The principle of law is the foundation of civilisation ; progress in the arts and sciences of life is its natural development. The great nation from whom we have derived the very name of civilisation showed eminently that they considered regard for others, even at the risk of life, to be its grand feature. In Rome the highest reward—the civic crown of oak—was given to him who, at the hazard of his own person, saved the life of a citizen.

Civilisation is the opposite to savage life. When we analyse our ideas of savages, we shall find disregard for others' rights, and a sluggish torpor and contentment with things as they are, to be our predominant ideas of them. The negro king, who recruits his exhausted exchequer by selling a few hundreds of his subjects, we call a savage. The Indian tribe, which has made no progress for centuries, whom the wigwam and blanket, the hunting, sleeping, and scalping that satisfied his

ancestors three hundred years ago, satisfy still, we call savage. So averse to progress or change is the savage or half-civilised race, that the curiosity even of the traveller has often caused his death. The absence of law and the absence of progress are the leading features of savage life.

At the very root, then, of true civilisation lies regard for the rights of others, and for their welfare. The man who would withdraw himself from human kind, and the man who would oppress human kind, are alike false to the great law of civilisation. It is a principle which, understood in its spirit, and carried out to its legitimate extent, embraces humanity. All that isolates man from man is alien from it. The nation which, like China or Japan, seeks to live within itself, and to shut out from its sympathies other peoples ; or the community which, like Greece in ancient times, or the late Confederacy of North America in our own, admits some of its members to all the rights of citizenship, while it condemns others to a fixed condition of slavery, are both so far false to the spirit of civilisation. Its spirit is one which recognises humanity and its claims under a black skin as beneath a white, which traverses a desert if it expects to find men beyond it, or an ocean if it hopes to find them on its farther shore. And when it comes and finds them, it is not to use against them the weapons of violence, of fraud, or of oppression, but to give and to take, to receive benefit and bestow it. Such is civilisation in its perfect idea. Respect for others' rights is its essence and foundation ; and so far as this is carried out, there is progress and development in all that benefits and beautifies humanity. What before was the forest, now waves with the yellow corn ; where was before the barren moor, or the impassable morass, rises the stately city, crowded with life, where mind acts on mind, where Demosthenes fascinates an Athenian audience, or Raphael delights the genius of Italy, or Milton, soaring into the regions of highest poetry, carries with him the admiration of English intellect. Their country owed much to these men, and others like them ; but they owed just as much to the age and the land which made them what they were, to the civilisation which had produced a thinking community, whose thoughts had kindled the spark of higher genius, which else would have lain for ever unkindled in the breasts of the world's greatest men. Out of Athens, Demosthenes would have been silent ; but for the school of Florence, we should not have had the paintings of

Raphael; and without the matured language and the masculine tone of the English mind, Milton would have been mute and inglorious. Progress and development, both of society and individuals, are the signs and fruits indeed of civilisation, but the root from whence they spring is that respect and regard for others which unites a family or a nation, which give to each the united force and acquirements of all, and so produce, sometimes an age of general prosperity undistinguished by individual greatness, sometimes an age in which individuals tower up above the community which yet gave them the power to be what they became, the great names of their own and of succeeding times.

And here an interesting question arises, which the eminent French statesman, Guizot, has discussed, and, as we think, wrongly determined. It is, whether that state be more civilised in which the human mind is actively developing itself, but in which the fruits of this progress are still imperfect and scanty; or that state which can present to view some of the noblest works of civilisation, but where *progress and development have ceased*. He decides in favour of the latter. He takes an instance—as strong as he could select. “Take,” he says, “Rome in the palmy days of the Republic, after the second Punic war, at the times of its greatest virtues, when it was marching to the empire of the world, when its social state was evidently in progress. Then take Rome under Augustus, at the epoch when her decline began, when, at all events, the progressive movement of society was arrested, when evil principles were on the eve of prevailing; yet there is no one who does not think and say that the Rome of Augustus was more civilised than the Rome of Fabricius and Cincinnatus.” We cannot help differing from him here. The city of the Empire had, indeed, a nobler architecture, a more polished oratory, and a more cultivated intellect than the plainer city of the Consuls, but is it not evident that all this latter glory was the fruit of the vigorous development of the earlier though rougher time? It was the harvest, which had never been but for the seed-time which had preceded it. The living generation, without the labour of the preceding generation, would not have been what those generations were. Each age is at once a harvest and a seed-time. It reaps what other men have sown, and it sows what a future age shall reap. And we assert that our fairest way of judging the relative civilisation of two ages is by the harvest which each produces for the coming time. The Rome of the Consuls gave birth to the eloquence of Cicero, and the wisdom of Augustus, and the statecraft of Maecenas, and the sweet strains of Virgil, and the elegance and sense of Horace. But what did the civilisation of Augustus’s time produce? It produced times when Roman soldiers set up the Empire for sale; when a foreign nation gave its emperor to Rome; when Augustus degenerated into Augustulus; when we find no trace of the glorious literature of the early Empire; when what there was throughout it of intellectual and moral progress derived none of its origin from the era of Augustus, but was kindled in Judaea by the Teacher who brought down from heaven a new element of power that, as one of its results, revived the dying civilisation of the world. We mean Jesus of Nazareth. In truth, that which we wonder at in the reign of Augustus was but the

fair fruit gathered from a tree which was itself decaying, and soon would die.

But how are we to account for the *origin* of civilisation? We cannot wonder if some heathen writers, looking back upon the earlier history of their own people, and finding that it had been, so far as tradition reached, in a condition much ruder and less civilised than it afterwards became, should have supposed that the savage was the primitive condition of mankind. We have accordingly, in heathen poetry, and in its graver history, very picturesque descriptions of naked savages roaming through the forests of our primal world, scratching up the earth for its roots, or climbing trees for their fruits, with no ideas beyond those of the lowest animal wants, and a language little, if at all, superior to the chattering of the monkeys—monkeys, in fact, without the tail. These were, according to them, the first men and women. With such fancies, the philosopher amused his leisure in his delightful villa on the shores of Baiae, or the poet, as he recited his verses in the luxurious baths of the capital, pluming themselves on that innate force of mind which, out of the raw material of the savage, had evolved the noble and polished master of the world. But we might well wonder how men, possessed of superior advantages to the most learned of the heathen, could gravely put forward a similar theory. It was, however—there can be little doubt, if any—the desire to cut off man as far as possible from God, and shut out any other than human influences from human affairs, which made such men as the historians Hume and Gibbon chime in with the day-dreams of Lucretius and Pliny. They would insinuate that man requires no direct influence from heaven, but has within him all the power needful to send him onward in his brilliant career of civilisation, subduing earth, and sea, and sky, mastering the problems of the physical and moral world, by the innate force of his mind; and therefore they too picture him as originally a savage developing himself into civilised man.

“The discoveries of ancient and modern navigators,” says Gibbon, “and the domestic history, or tradition of the most enlightened nations, represents the human savage, naked both in mind and body, and destitute of laws, of arts, of ideas, and almost of language. From this abject condition, perhaps the primitive and universal state of man, he has gradually arisen to command the animals, to fertilise the earth, to traverse the ocean, and to measure the heavens.” Such was the idea of the infidel historian; and Dryden, in verse as majestic as Gibbon’s prose, describes the delight of one who had returned to what he supposed the natural condition:—

“I am as free as Nature first made man,
Ere the base laws of servitude began,
When wild in woods the noble savage ran.”

With this theory the Bible, as well as common sense, is wholly at variance. According to the former, civilisation, in immediate connection with true religion, was man’s primitive state. Savage life is the degeneracy from this state. With the revival of religion comes the revival of civilisation. Supernatural influences from above overcome the indolence of the savage, and his brutal carelessness of another’s rights—in a word, that state of savage life which we find in the forests of America, the

islands of the Pacific, or on the great rivers of Africa, and which our Humes and Gibbons vainly suppose to have been the primitive state.

Adam, the first man, is pre-eminently civilised. Hume says that Milton represents him as "rising at once in Paradise, in the full perfection of his faculties;" but Milton here only copies from the Bible. Before he is blest with a companion he feels the solitary life wholly unfit for him. No sooner is he made than he reasons upon all around him, studies the nature of animal life, and forms it into a science before Buffon. He cultivates the garden which God Almighty planted, a taste of which Lord Bacon says, "A man shall ever see that when ages grow to civility and elegance, men come to build stately sooner than to garden finely, as if gardening were the greater perfection." Doubtless the first man was in civilisation, as in moral purity, beyond any of his fallen descendants, as the witty South, in one of his sermons, said, "An Aristotle was but the rubbish of an Adam, and Athens but the rudiments of Paradise." How beautifully does our great poet paint our first

parent looking on all around him with the eye of perfect intelligence, and then straightway reasoning up to the First Great Cause, while the wisdom of the world in its fallen state, after centuries of painful search, was not able to find it. Instead of the chattering savage of Gibbon, Milton thus makes Adam say of his beginning:—

"To speak I tried, and forthwith spake ;
My tongue obeyed, and readily could name
What'er I saw. 'Thou sun,' said I, 'fair light,
And thou enlightened earth, so fresh and gay,
Ye hills and dales—ye rivers, woods, and plains—
Tell, if ye can, how came I thus—how here ?
Not of myself—by some great Maker then,
In goodness, and in power pre-eminent ;
Tell me how I may know Him—how adore,
From whom I have that thus I move and live,
And feel that I am happier than I know.'"

Such was man at the first, coming a civilised being from the hands of God. In our next chapter we will rapidly sketch his progress and development in civilisation, the causes of its decay, and the source of its revival.

THE SOUL'S ORATORIO.

Psalm ciii. 1.

AND all that is within me!" Greater far
Than the outlying world is that
within;
Where life and death still wage re-
lentless war—
The strife of grace and sin.

The illimitable kingdom of the soul,
Thought's trackless realm, with plan and purpose
rife,
And myriad memories, like waves, that roll
Up the grey strands of life.

The far, yet ever-present hills of Hope,
Whence rise the streams, exhaling as they run;
Bright slopes, where climbs the heart, and from the
top
Just sees its sun go down.

And the wide zone, where differing passions dwell,
Each gentler kind like summer's gushing shower,
With the fierce brood who make the heart's torn
cell
A devastated bower.

And far down regions, where in lonely graves
Young hopes are buried, once too brightly brief;
What time the fond heart, dove-like, skimmed the
waves,
And brought home—but a leaf.

And many-coloured feelings, deep, intense,
Quivering like leaves, as countless—sordid, pure
All that we glean from soul, or share with sense,
To enjoy, or to endure.

The heart's great stirrings, which can never die,
The low, the lofty, some, like lightning's glare,
Shooting to earth, while others, streaming high,
Like North lights shine in air.

Oh! boundless realm, shut in the soul's strait cell,
Concentered clime, so great and yet so small :
Where Time and Thought, both infinite, do dwell,
And Earth, and Heaven, and all.

Oh! world of Mind, with many a project rife,
Where million dreams from brain and breast are
born ;
Mocking the Real—ere yet the stars of Life,
Grow pale before the morn.

Descend, O God ! to animate, inspire—
Warm with thy breath of love this sentient frame;
That all that is within me, touched by fire,
May wake to praise thy name.

Spirit, come down, as on a high-strung lyre—
Strike with a hand of power, breathe wide, abroad;
That from the depths of Life each trembling wire
May vibrate up to God.

Give Grief her mournful harp, that she may string
Its chord, to sound her sense of errors past;
Give Joy its clashing bells, and let them swing
Their sweetness on the blast.

Give Faith a lark-like strain, still warbling higher,
Up-soaring from her sod, through fields of day;
And Love a tenderer note, with strength to inspire
Each struggler on his way.

Let Memory's flute, with its rich dying fall,
Bring back bright angel-visits long gone by;
And give to Hope its thrilling bugle-call,
Down echoing from the sky.

Let Patience have her lute; for wandering still,
In search of rest, with retrospective eye
She loves to climb the steeps of Calvary's hill,
And watch her Saviour die.

Seize on our Fancy, make it all thine own ;
Till, like some organ pealing high and wide,
Each sounding swell, and stop, and dulcet tone,
For Thee is sanctified.

On earth's dark suffering pour thy healing balm ;
May the heart sing, albeit the flesh may groan ;
Taking the Master's prayer for its sweet psalm—
" Father, thy will be done."

E'en as thy saints* of old, what time they lay
In midnight dungeon, sang in spite of scorn ;

Wyton Rectory.

* Acts xvi. 25.

So may our souls, behind these walls of clay,
Sing on through night till morn.

Toiling through dust and thorns, from age to age,
Like a pale Palmer walks thy Church, and waits;
Till summoned from this weary pilgrimage,
To stand within thy gates.

Till then, this brain inform, this breast inflame ;
Touch these cold lips with thine own altar coal ;†
Now, all that is within me bless thy name,
Bless, bless the Lord, my soul !

R. S. BROOKE.

† Isa. vi. 6.

"THE PRAYERS OF ALL SAINTS."

PRAYER is a necessity of our spiritual nature. As Matthew Henry well observes, "All the saints are a praying people, none of the children of God are born dumb. A spirit of grace is always a spirit of adoption and supplication, teaching us to cry 'Abba Father.'" It is not more natural for a child to ask of his earthly parent, than for a child of God to bow at the throne of the heavenly grace. An old writer has called prayer the believer's right hand, the only means to supply all defects. "It gets all, and makes up for the loss of all." "I have no friend," said a poor afflicted woman, in an hour of deep distress—"I have no friend; but I have a prayer, and that will get favour with my God. So long as I can find a praying heart, he will find a pitying heart and a helping hand." But although prayer is the outpouring of the contrite soul, the cry of the awakened heart, yet so much of human infirmity minglest with it, and through sin we are deserving of nothing but condemnation, that to be acceptable unto our God it must be put into the golden censer, and purified with the sweet incense of the heavenly sanctuary by the angel of the covenant, who stands for this purpose at the golden altar. A somewhat quaint author says:—"Joseph gave strict command to his brethren that if ever they looked for him to do them any good, or to see his face with comfort, they should be sure to bring their brother Benjamin along with them: thus, if we ever expect any comfortable return of our prayers, we must be sure to bring our brother Christ Jesus in our hearts by faith, and to put up all our requests in his name." Oh, the sweetness of the name of Jesus! It is as precious ointment poured forth. If we but use it right we can obtain all things. "No man ever asked anything of God truly in that name, but he had his asking."

It is a consolatory fact that the Lord Jesus performs his priestly office without caprice or partiality. Those that stand next earthly sovereigns frequently favour some applicants, and reject others; but Christ undertakes the case, presents the petitions, and helps the infirmity of all his people. Much incense has been given unto him, that he should offer it with the prayers of all saints, with the prayer of the young disciple, who has just taken up

his cross to follow him, as well as the prayer of the aged believer, who, after enduring the toil of a prolonged pilgrimage, has reached the land of Beulah, and who is daily expecting the summons to appear before the king. "*The prayers of all saints.*" How numerous the wants, how varied the petitions these prayers include! What different scenes, and persons, and circumstances they suggest to us! Here is a broken-hearted man upon his knees, who has never prayed before, never until now realised his profound need; he dares not lift up so much as his eyes unto heaven, but smites upon his breast, crying, "God be merciful unto me a sinner!" There is a young man engaged in a large house of business, and who, unable to retire from the busy scene, makes his very duties high and holy, transforms them into a means of grace, by lifting up his soul unto the Lord, while endeavouring faithfully to perform them; or it is a family gathered together at the morning or evening hour, while the husband and father, the priest of the household, commends his dear ones to the loving care of Him who is the father of all the families of Israel; or it is a saint who, like Enoch, is able to walk with God apart from "the busy ways of men," and who, amidst the solitude of Nature, communes with his heavenly Friend; or it is a minister weighed down by the consciousness that he is labouring in vain, and spending his strength for naught, and who prays, not that he may become famous, but that he may be made useful—not that he may receive silver and gold, but that he may have seals to his ministry and souls for his hire; or it is a Sabbath-school teacher yearning over the lambs of his class, and who prays the Good Shepherd to carry them in his bosom, and place them in his everlasting fold; or it is a little band of earnest believers who mourn over the coldness of the Church and the unbelief of the world, and who meet from time to time to unite in the prayer of the prophet Habakkuk, "O Lord, revive thy work in the midst of the years, in the midst of the years make known; in wrath remember mercy;" or it is a child who, like Samuel, has heard the voice of the Lord calling him by name, and who cries, from the fulness of his youthful heart, "Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth;" or it is a believer bearing the burden and heat of the day—a believer fainting beneath the weight of his cross, as our Lord did in the fatal ascent to Calvary, and who sends up the trembling,

agonising cry, "Let thy grace, dear Saviour, be sufficient for me, let thy strength be made perfect in my weakness;" or it is a fair maiden who, like Mary of Bethany, has chosen the good part, and whose one desire is to sit at her Redeemer's feet and hear his loving word; or it is a weeping woman kneeling in a darkened chamber, by the side of the bed on which lies a motionless form, and who cries with a broken voice, amid her sobs, "Help me, Lord, to drink this bitter cup, help me to feel that thou hast done it, help me to give him up, help me to say, 'Thy will be done,'" or it is a great congregation bowing with one accord before the eternal throne, their spirits animated by the promises and predictions of the everlasting Gospel, while their hearts unite in the sublime prayer, "Let all the people praise thee, O Lord, let all the people praise thee; let the kingdoms of this world become the kingdom

of our God and of his Christ; and he shall reign for ever and for ever. Let the whole earth be filled with thy glory. Hallelujah, the Lord God omnipotent reigneth!"

Such are a few of the scenes suggested by the truth revealed in vision to the beloved disciple in Patmos, that Jesus, the angel of the covenant, presents in his golden censer, perfumed with the "much incense" of his spotless righteousness and his atoning death, the prayers of all saints.

"The saints in prayer appear as one
In word and deed and mind,
While with the Father and the Son
Sweet fellowship they find.

"Nor prayer is made on earth alone;
The Holy Spirit pleads;
And Jesus, on the eternal throne,
For sinners intercedes."

THE FIRST PREACHER.



E are all preachers. Not only so many pages and words, but lives also are sermons. Example is the most eloquent of discourses.

We are all, in our life and example, therefore in proportion to our fidelity, preachers against sin, against worldliness—in our several spheres and relations, prophets, speakers for God. To all alike, lessons derivable from the life and character of the *first preacher* will equally apply. There are two passages of Scripture which afford us the instruction. In Gen. v. 24, we have a description of his character; in Jude 14, 15, a specimen of the spirit and tone of his preaching.

1. And, as the first lesson, Enoch was a pious and good man. His daily communion was with God. His daily counsellor, his only adviser, was God. From that presence he came forth to the people, preaching with power. His nearness to God was his unction; his piety was his eloquence; his goodness his appeal. And here lies the secret of the *moral force* of all preaching, whether of word or of example and life. One may speak with the tongue of men and of angels, his eloquence may absorb and thrill; another, in his erudition, may essay to explain the deep things of God; but the power of either is weakness when compared with him who, whether he be eloquent or not, learned or unlearned, comes to the people from the presence of God, walks among them the walk of faith, reflects in his character the elevated communion of the soul. That man's words will be from God, and most eloquent; his learning from the feet of Jesus—it will bring to naught the wisdom of the wise.

The sermon which the Christian is to preach, which will move others to action, which he will preach with most effect, is the sermon of a holy life—the discourse of fervent piety, of unswerving truth. He will walk with men most powerfully, most an instrument for their weal, who, in the fellowship of his own heart, with Enoch, walks "with God."

2. A second lesson may be derived from the

meaning of the name *Enoch*—"undeviating, straight." There was a straightness, a consistency, between the preaching of Enoch and his life. He practised what he preached. He preached holiness, and he lived holily; he preached against sin, and he struggled continually against it in his own heart; he called others to God, he "walked with" him. There was an intimate correspondence between his words and his actions; between what he said with his tongue and what he felt in his soul. The one was only the reflection of the other.

As Christians, as preachers of righteousness, let us be always Enoch—undeviating, consistent—the same in word and in life, in preaching and in practice too. We who would turn others from sin, must ourselves fly therefrom. We who would point others from the service of self to the service of God, must ourselves walk with him. It was in this respect that the Jews, in the time of Paul, so utterly failed. "Thou therefore which teachest another, teachest thou not thyself? thou that preachest a man should not steal, dost thou steal? Thou that abhorrest idols, dost thou commit sacrilege? Thou that makest thy boast of the law, through breaking the law dishonourest thou God?" The Jews, with all their zeal, but in their inconsistency, were preaching theft, and sacrilege, and disobedience to the law.

3. And then Enoch, the first preacher, was an *earnest* man. We learn this from the description of Jude. The quotation which the writer gives us from the preaching of Enoch, in the fourfold repetition, is the type of fervent earnestness. "Behold, the Lord cometh with ten thousands of his saints, to execute judgment upon all, and to convince all that are *ungodly* among them of all their *ungodly* deeds which they have *ungodly* committed, and of all their hard speeches which *ungodly* sinners have spoken against him." He cannot speak too plainly. In a single sentence, the ungodliness of his day and generation is mentioned four times. And in this respect also the first preacher is a worthy example. There is surely much in the circumstances that surround us, in the position in which we are placed, that should make us, no less than Enoch, *earnest men*.

As Christians, placed as and where we are, what zeal, what fervour should we display! Many around us, and to whom our influence extends, are going down to death, perishing in their sins. How earnest should be our appeals, calling the perishing to life!

The nature of the conflict in which we are engaged, "not against flesh and blood," the number and the malice of the foes against which we contend, should make us earnest in the fight. As true Christians, realising the issues that are at stake, faithful in duty, we will be earnest men.

4. We will refer briefly to one additional lesson. Enoch was unhesitating in his denunciation of sin. In the brief quotation of Jude, he denounced *ungodly* sinners, and all the *ungodly* deeds they have *ungodly* committed. There was little reserve in that! There was little of the spirit of palliation and excuse. Judging from the *tone* of his preaching, how that first preacher *hated sin*! And it was a lesson he learned while "walking with God"—one of the ripest fruits of that communion; a proof of its nearness, of his own purity of life. Sin was in vital conflict with the presence he sought and loved; it was hateful to Him with whom he walked, and, thus arrayed in conflict, the blows he wielded were intended for effect—there was no intent to spare.

And this is one of the clearest and most satisfactory evidences we can possess of the depth and

reality of our experience, the best proof that our walk, like Enoch's, is "with God;" that, while *loving the sinner*, we hate *sin*, in some measure as God hates it. And, above all, that our abhorrence is the greatest when the sin is *our own*. There are a great many who, from other causes than superior grace, hate *sin* when others commit it. The Pharisee in the temple hated the sins of the publican, but forgot his own. The Jews, in their zeal, hated the sin of the woman, but never thought about qualifications for casting the first stone. We can discern a mote in our brother's eye much more easily than a huge beam in our own.

The true test of experience, then, is, that for sins in our own conduct and life we seek no palliation or excuse; that the object of our hatred is not *others sinning*, but *sin* whether theirs or ours—*sin* wherever it be found. And, in proportion as our conception is the true one—in proportion as, with the apostle, we realise the "exceeding sinfulness" of sin—this spirit will be deepened and increased. The prayer will ascend with more ardent fervour from our own hearts, "Purge me with hyssop"—with that which is exceedingly painful—"that I may be clean."

With others, because we love them while we hate the sins in which they continue, we will plead more earnestly, "Fly to the mountain, lest thou be consumed."

A B O U T W A S P S.



TRUE lover of the noble science of natural history ought not to be a very bad man, as the very study of it tends to promote a calmness and serenity of mind favourable to the reception of grateful and holy thoughts of the great and omnipotent Maker of the universe. He cannot be a cruel man, because he will be unwilling wantonly to destroy even an insect when he perceives how exquisitely it is contrived, and how beautifully adapted for the station it is destined to fill in the animal world. Few things afford one greater pleasure than to watch the wonderful instinct which induces insects to watch over and protect their offspring. This seems a favourable opportunity for examining the habits of that branch of the insect kingdom which forms the subject of the present paper, inasmuch as that particular species comes into prominence at this season of the year.

There are generally in a nest three classes of wasps: first, the queen, the founder of the colony; second, the drones or males; third, the workers or neuters. The nest of a wasp is one of the most beautiful objects of the insect world. This is usually placed in a heap of rubbish, or in a hole in a bank, or in an old wall, and not infrequently it is suspended from the slates or rafters of a loft or outhouse, when, indeed, it is a curious sight. It was our good luck on one occasion to see one in the latter situation. Nothing could exceed the extraordinary workmanship of this interesting specimen of insect labour; in less than six weeks it

had increased to the circumference of two feet eight inches. The hole of entrance seemed to be made of a substance much firmer and more solid than the rest of the structure. The nest, which is composed of particles of bark rasped from the exterior skin of the apple-tree, and softened with a gummy secretion from the stomach of the wasp, has been very aptly likened to a large ball of oyster shells.

When it is considered that one single female is the founder and parent of an entire colony, and that by her own unassisted efforts she makes the first cells for her brood, we may form an idea of the procreative powers of the insect. We cannot wonder that all the ingenuity of man is exerted to provide means for the destruction of some part of the swarms which are reared in our lanes and gardens: no sooner does an early pear or peach become ripe, than it is instantly attacked by a whole army of wasps. They destroy and spoil annually twenty times more fruit than they consume. We see in gentlemen's gardens and orchards snares of all sorts, in which thousands are trapped and destroyed, besides the scores of nests plundered by gardeners and schoolboys, and still their numbers are very slightly diminished. In some few instances where the destruction of wasps is carried on with great vigour, the neighbourhood is almost entirely cleared for the season, only, perhaps, to be more numerously populated the next year. No sooner do the fine days of summer come on, than the queen commences to search for a place for her future colony, and she deposits two eggs, which, when hatched, give help and assistance to the

female, who is employed in rearing another set of eggs. These also become breeders in turn. About a fortnight afterwards another set are hatched. These also become breeders. Thus the community increases, till from one queen some thousands of wasps are produced in a single nest before the end of July.

The wasp, grown to maturity, and prepared for plunder, becomes a bold, troublesome, and dangerous insect. Its appetite is most voracious, and, indeed, there is hardly an obstacle it will not brave in pursuit of booty. Nothing seems to satisfy its glutinous craving for sweets. Thus it is that it pursues the humble-bee and the hive-bee, and having stung them to death, will rob them of their load of sweets. Wasps seem to be fond of building their nests in the neighbourhood of beehives, and plundering them of their contents. When there are no sweets to be got, they seek the finest and richest fruits; and they are never mistaken. If we see a pear with a wasp at work at it, it is certain to be a good one. They even enter butchers' shambles, and carry off pieces of meat, half as big as themselves, for the sustenance of their offspring. They seem to be excessively fond of ox liver.

When winter approaches, having no stock of provisions for their young, the old wasps destroy those larvae which are undeveloped in the cells. The females retire alone to some winter retreat in an old wall, or tree, and in the spring become the founders of a new colony. The fact which has been mentioned of wasps destroying those helpless young ones, which they had previously tended with the utmost attention and affection, appears at first sight a barbarous cruelty, on further consideration proves to be not so, but, on the contrary, seems to be one of those merciful provisions of an all-wise and omnipotent Creator, in providing for his created beings. A well-known writer in natural history remarks, "that this apparent ferocity is the last effort of a tender affection, active to the end of life; and that they may suffer as little as possible, the Creator, mindful of the happiness of the smallest of his creatures, has endowed a part of the society with the wonderful instinct which, previous to their own death, makes them the executioners of the rest." From this instance it appears that insects are endowed with a faculty which approaches very near to reason. Another writer says that "if we were better acquainted with the histories of those insects, which are formed into societies, we should find that their arts and improvements are not so similar and uniform as they appear to us, but that they arise in the same manner as the arts of our own species; though their reasoning is from fewer ideas, busied about fewer objects, and is exerted with less energy." The same writer gives an instance of instinct in a wasp which he himself witnessed, and

which is conclusive of the fact that these insects are possessed of something very nearly approaching to reason:—"Walking in my garden, one day, I perceived a wasp upon the gravel walk, with a large fly as big as itself, which it had caught. Kneeling down, I distinctly saw it cut off the head and abdomen, and then fly away with the trunk, or middle portion of the body, to which the wings remained attached. But a breeze of wind acting upon the wings of the fly, turned round the wasp with its burden, and arrested its progress. Upon this it alighted again in the gravel walk, deliberately sawed off first one wing, and then the other, and having thus removed the cause of its embarrassment, flew off with its booty." If, as has been asserted, there is no surer test of reason than when, after having tried one mode of accomplishing an object, recourse is had to another more likely to succeed, surely the instance which has been quoted will prove the reasoning powers of insects; or if not amounting quite to reason, it is clear that they are possessed of a superiority of intellect nearly approaching to it.

A distinguished member of a Northern naturalists' club relates an anecdote hardly less wonderful. "While searching for insects in the month of August last, I noticed great numbers of wasps very busy amongst a bed of the common thistle, and on looking closely to their proceedings, was much surprised to find that instead of their being, as usual, in search of insects, they were feeding upon the sap of the thistles; and, moreover, had themselves cut off the heads to come at the enclosed sap. Now the act of cutting off the thistle heads, with the intent to procure food, may seem too near an approach to reason for a wasp, but we must recollect that the whole tribe to which they are related are celebrated for their instincts; one wasp I saw in the act of decapitation, having gnawed the stem in two, about one inch below the head. The colony of wasps was in a hedge-row, contiguous to a bed of thistles; and I watched their proceedings for some time to find out, if possible, whether this was an accidental or a usual mode of proceeding to procure food. I think the latter, for they flew direct from the nest to the thistles, alighted on the stems, ran up till they came to the headless and bleeding part, then passing their mouths carefully over it, appeared to lap up the exuding sap, visiting others in succession till satisfied, and then direct back to their homes. This proceeding was repeated over and over again. The thistles could not, I think, have lost their heads accidentally, as many that were so mutilated were much below their fellows, and were found scattered over the bed, which was many yards in length."

Did space admit, examples without number might be adduced to show the wonderful instinct of wasps, but enough have been given to answer the purpose of the present paper.



SHADOW AND BRIGHTNESS.



HE power whose breath kindleth
the cloudy storm,
And shoots the flying shafts of
blinding flame
From out the womb of thunder,
and lets fall
The floods of passionate rain, that
sudden earth
With over-fruitfulness, and swell its
streams
To overflowing, is that same power whose breath
Scattereth the black, firm masses of thick cloud
Into small flakes and feathers of light gold
Beneath the light-blue hue of firmament;
And stirs the many-voiced thankfulness
Of brightened Nature with unanimous praise,

From sod and cloudland ringing up to heaven
And down to earth; so He, whose all-wise will
Commands the clouds of sorrow and distress
That call forth showers of many and bitter tears
From the full depths, will, in his all-wise love,
Disperse the shadows that engloom thy life
With the full light of his eternal smile,
" Making a sunshine in a shady place,"
And drying up thy showers of many tears,
And leaving bare a softened fruitful soil
Wherefrom the heavenly seeds may spring and
flourish,
Blossoming brightly in thy summer-time,
Till, ripening gently into autumn-fruit,
The Lord of harvest claim thee for his own.

BONAVIA.

THE GOSPEL IN CHINA.



S a field for Christian missions, China exceeds almost all others in hopeful interest, whether viewed in its enormous extent, the position it occupies on the map of the world, or the singularly interesting character of its people. It is not long since China Proper was not open to the Gospel at all, but the preaching of the "good news," even in the outskirts, has been attended with manifest blessing.

One of the most successful missionary enterprises to that country with which we are acquainted is that connected with the Presbyterian Church in England, of which the Rev. Dr. James Hamilton is the convener. In 1847, the Rev. William C. Burns—so well known in previous years in connection with the Kilsyth and other revivals in Scotland—went out to Hong Kong as the first Presbyterian missionary.

In 1850 he settled in Amoy, which has ever since been the head-quarters of the mission. From time to time he was followed by other brethren, sent out to labour in the same district; but for years they toiled on, until some died on the field, without seeing many tokens of success. At length the blessing began to come, and we heard of Mr. Burns preaching until after midnight in the middle of the market-place of a town called Pechuia, to a crowd of anxious listeners, some of whom brought out their household gods and broke them in pieces before the people.

The mission staff now consists of nine missionaries—seven ministers and two medical missionaries, besides from fifteen to twenty native evangelists. They occupy twelve different stations, eight of which are in the district of Amoy, and four in the district of Tie-Chew, besides a station in the Island of Formosa. The American Reformed Dutch

Church has a mission also in Amoy district; and the church members in that district connected with these Presbyterian churches number 536, which shows an increase of baptised members of upwards of eighty during the past year. In connection with nearly all the stations a number of native evangelists have been raised up, who render invaluable assistance in making known the Gospel to their countrymen. This native agency is one of the most interesting and hopeful features of Chinese missionary effort. It is to the missionaries often wonderful, the rapidity with which an educated Chinaman, after his conversion, can grasp the leading doctrines of the Gospel; it is but for a day that he "sees men as trees walking," and, after he gets out into the noonday light, he is not only ready to witness for Christ, but also to "suffer for his sake."

Our engraving—from a photograph taken at Amoy—represents a group of these worthies; men who, having been found worthy, have been appointed "elders" over the little flocks at the different stations above alluded to. Ecclesiastically, some are English elders, and others American-Dutch; but nationally they are all Chinese, and practically they are all "brethren in Christ Jesus," dwelling—and working—together in unity, as their leaders and spiritual fathers have done for these many years past.

The gifted convener of that mission, Dr. Hamilton, in a statement recently issued by the committee, says:—"To such a country as China, Christianity has an ample mission, and where it succeeds, the 'signs following' are abundantly obvious. To give to a nation of materialists a heart and soul, by giving them the wide regards, the animating hopes, and the ennobling realisations of the Gospel, would of itself be no common achievement; and to a country which has fallen into such a state of collapse, we see nothing else which can be life from the dead. But even short



NATIVE ELDERS OF THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCHES OF AMOY, CHINA.



of the higher result, and long before any national regeneration can be anticipated, we may hope that to numberless individuals and families the Gospel may bring the same blessings which it has diffused in more favoured lands. It has done so already. On the converts it has bestowed a Sabbath, and even although some of them may be obliged to work a little harder through the week, the delightful transition from stated drudgery to a day in which there is no trading and no toil, with all its renovation of feeling, and all its suggestions of the rest which remaineth, is itself a boon unspeakable. And it has given them kindly feelings and affections. In loving Christ, they have learned to look with new eyes on one another; and after drawing water from the wells of salvation, a fountain of new tenderness has leaped up in their arid earthly natures, flowing out towards their teachers, their own families, their fellow-members. And it has made them unselfish and generous. When a chapel was needed at Khi-boey, there was a most eligible site which belonged to two Christians, in conjunction with a third, who was a heathen. The two bought up their neighbour's share, and then presented the ground to the mission; and the members of the church at once set to work, and carried stones and timber a distance of four or five miles,

whilst others mixed the mortar or reared the fabric; and one man, who was not able to build or carry burdens, prepared food for his companions. In the same neighbourhood an old farmer had embraced the Gospel, and for Christ's sake was hated and annoyed by his fellow-villagers. Harvest came, but though his fields were ripe, no one would help him to secure the crop, and the rice would have gone to waste, ungathered, if the Christians at Khi-boey had not heard of the old man's troubles. At once a band of them set off, and arriving at the farm in the evening, they commenced work early next morning, and they worked with such vigour, that before dusk the fields were clear, and the heathen were taught the practical power of brotherly kindness."

In conclusion, we cannot but remark, with Dr. Hamilton, that "it is a great honour which the Lord has put upon these men in allowing them to commence this mission, and it is his great kindness which has led them to offer for the work and go forth as our messengers. Above all, it is his goodness which has crowned their labours with continual encouragement, and made the success, both at Swatow and Amoy, so rapid and remarkable. To him be honour and glory for ever!"

DEPARTMENT FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

THE BEES AND THE WRENS; OR, MIGHT AGAINST RIGHT.

A FABLE.



COUPLE of golden wrens, who had been for some time affectionately attached to one another, prompted by the deliciously mild weather of advancing spring, began to think about taking up house. The tiny creatures flew about hither and thither, peeping into all such snug corners and crannies as they thought might possibly suit their purpose.

"It must be in an airy situation," said Robin, "for I should like my future offspring to be fine, hardy birds, not afraid of a gust of wind, and therefore more likely to survive the rigours of winter."

"Yes," said meek little Jenny, "but not too much exposed; for consider how tender the little things will be, when they first come out of the egg; and above all," added she, "it must be in a retired situation, well concealed from those dreadful young two-legged giants, who climb the trees, carrying away all the nests they can find, or rifling them of their eggs, for the poor sport of blowing out the contents, and hanging the empty shells on a string. Many a poor little mother's heart has thus been made desolate."

"True," replied Robin. "I shall never forget how I awoke one morning, when still a helpless nestling, and was thrown into a panic terror by the vision of an enormous round face, with great, glistening eyes, and a head covered with masses of

very fine, curly, brown feathers, looking right into the nest—our mother being absent at the time in search of food. The creature, however, only smiled, showing two rows of great, white teeth, and went away; so we escaped the danger for that time."

After a little further consultation, our young couple agreed to build their nest in a sheltered cavity, under the overhanging edge of a river's bank, screened from the observation of passers-by, yet, by its nearness to the water, affording facilities for procuring both food and drink. The river was a beautiful clear stream, fringed with alders, poplars, and willow-trees, while the wide-spreading prickly branches of the bramble, or blackberry, now covered with its cream-coloured blossoms, and the pink wreaths of the wild-briar rose, gently moved by the wind, nodded forwards, as if to catch a glimpse of their own beauties reflected in the stream. The water-flag, or *fleur-de-luce*, with its richly yellow-coloured tripartite blossoms, and leaves like magnified grass, grew partly in and partly out of the water; the elegant froth-like flowers of the meadow-sweet, and the clustered hawthorn blossoms, diffused a rich fragrance through the air, and the tall, upright ranks of the green club-rushes, with here and there a stem crowned with an elongated, dark brown, velvet head, stood like sentinels to guard the flood. What a happy time had now our little builders! how actively did Robin fly out and in, bearing each time in his tiny beak some fragment of fibrous root, or crooked twig, to serve for the outworks of their nest; then how he helped his little wife, with beak, and claws, and tail, to lay the moss, wool, and other soft materials in order, and fasten them neatly and firmly together. They began their work very early

on a beautiful morning, and having laboured almost without intermission during the day, were glad, when daylight failed, to go to roost on a neighbouring branch, with the pleased consciousness of having worked well, and the hope that in a day or two more their domestic arrangements would be completed.

They had not long resumed their labours on the following morning, when the little lady was the first to become aware of a peculiar humming sound, sometimes near, sometimes at a greater distance, as if a multitude of little fairies were blowing their war trumpets. At last the noise, mingled with that of many rustling wings, came ominously near, and in another moment their nest was surrounded and filled by a swarm of wild bees, which, headed by its young queen, proud of her newly-acquired dignity, was on the look-out for a convenient place to form a new colony.

Poor little Robin and Jenny were soon fairly pushed out, and had to seat themselves on the nearest bush.

"This is our new house," said they, in a tone of expostulation. "Oh, do please, Queen Bee, to go somewhere else with your brood; it will be quite the same to you, and you see that we have already expended a great deal of labour in preparing the nest for our young ones."

"That signifies nothing to me," said she, with a haughty buzz; "I also am looking out for a place to build in, and I think this nice hollow will suit us very well—the rough branch-work which you have placed at the entrance will be useful in supporting our cells, and in concealing our nest: in short, I have made up my mind to remain here."

"But some cranny in the old wall that borders the cowslip meadow, on the other side of the road, would suit you much better, where there are plenty of flowers; while here it is so convenient for us—we need to drink so often; besides, in the evening come swarms of gnats and other insects, buzzing in crowds over the water, so that we can catch plenty of them to feed ourselves and our future nestlings."

"That is all very well," said the unrelenting bee; "but there are plenty of flowers by the river-side also, and we can easily fly over into the meadow when we choose."

"Yes," remonstrated the birds; "but it is cruel and unjust that you should turn us out of this place, and appropriate our work to your use."

"Oh, as to that," rejoined the little tyrant, "I should like to know what is the use of being a queen, if not to carry out my royal will. Besides, we are a much more important sort of creatures in the world than you are: we can make beautiful cells of wax, and fill them with honey for our winter food; we have stings also, for self-defence, and to attack our enemies with—a hive of bees is quite another thing from a couple of silly little wrens. Come, my soldiers, out with your stings, and drive them from the field."

Poor Robin did his best, for some time, with beak and wings; but his defence was of little avail against an army of creatures, small, it is true, but formidable. A lamentable shriek from Jenny, who had just received a sting in one of her pretty black eyes, decided him, and they beat a retreat to an alder bush, where Robin sat swelling with indignation, his little body puffed out, and his feathers

ruffled, so that he looked more like a tangled ball of brown worsted, than like the quaint, dapper little figure, with well-cocked tail, and satin poll, that the rising sun had shone upon.

"Those odious bees!" said he at last; "how I should like to peck every one of them dead! Our lovely nest that was getting on so beautifully—"

"My love," began Jenny, in her sweet little voice, "I do not think we should be any happier, and I am sure we should be no better off, if we could do as you say. As to the nest, it is very disappointing, no doubt; but perhaps we may find another place to-morrow where we can begin afresh; and surely we shall not be interrupted a second time."

Then Jenny's voice became so faint, that Robin turned to look at her, and was shocked to see her with open beak, panting with thirst and pain, while the eye next to him was quite closed up.

"Oh!" cried he, "my angry, revengeful feelings have made me quite forgot how you are suffering."

Then off he flew to the river, and passing many times backwards and forwards, he supplied her with water from his own bill, not forgetting to drop some dew into the wounded eye, from the point of a shady leaf, where it still lingered. When the evening approached, calm was well nigh restored to their breasts.

"After all," said Robin, just before tucking his head under his wing, "I would not like to be that naughty queen-bee. You are right, Jenny, and I am sure one can sleep better when conscious of not having wilfully injured any one."

The next day, after some little searching, they found a charming hollow just at the junction of a branch with the stem, in the heart of an old elm-tree. Very little trouble was needed to make it into an excellent nest, and the entrance was naturally adorned with moss—green, grey, and white—more beautifully than even Jenny's delicate beak could have arranged it. Here she soon laid several pretty, cream-coloured eggs, minutely dotted with pink, and sat on them with unwearied patience, while Robin kept her well supplied with food: no doubt he had some distance to fly for it, but that was quite a pleasure to him.

One evening the sky became suddenly covered with unusually dark clouds, the wind rocked the branches over their heads, torrents of rain fell, and had it not been for the thick foliage of the tree, they must have been washed out of the nest. The rain lasted, though with less violence, all the next day and the day following, and Robin had some difficulty in braving the boisterous weather, while seeking food for himself and his faithful mate. On the morning of the third day he ventured as far as to the river-side, but what a changed scene greeted him there! The clear, transparent brown of the water had turned to a muddy, yellowish hue; the flowers that fringed the banks had disappeared; and that part of the hollowed edge where the wrens had begun to build, was now under water, and partly washed away.

"Oh," thought Robin to himself, "I wonder what has become of the bees now;" but the somewhat triumphant feeling was soon checked by another reflection: "What would have become of us, and our eggs, if we had remained there?"

During that night the rain ceased, and next day, the sky being clear, and the sun shining brightly,

Jenny left her nest for a few moments, and flew down with her mate to see the effects of the storm. The swollen waters of the river had now fallen considerably, but how altered was the scene! The flowers which had been submerged lay broken and dabbled with mud, their heads all dragged in one direction by the force of the current; the lower branches of the willows and alders were sticking, full of dirty straws, and other rubbish; the site of the proposed nest was effaced in one smooth surface of mud; and the bodies of the drowned bees were, some of them, floating down the stream, some turning helplessly round and round in little eddies near the side, and others sticking among the weeds at the river's brink. Our little birds returned, sadder but wiser, to their snug nest in the old elm-tree, where in due time they brought out a family of lovely fledglings, whom they had the pleasure of seeing grow up to be dutiful children, combining the courage of Robin with Jenny's winning ways and sweetness of disposition.

It is better to suffer wrong than to do it. The violent dealings of the selfish and unjust often return upon their own heads.

THE BROKEN-DOWN DONKEY.



ONE afternoon, as a lady, whom I shall call Mrs. Temple, was walking home from a call, she overtook a man driving before him a donkey laden with sacks of coals. The poor beast could scarcely totter along, he was so weak and thin; and the sacks were so much too heavy, that his poor back was quite bent with them. Still, the man pushed and beat him, calling him all sorts of bad names, until at last, down the unfortunate donkey fell, and lay with his neck stretched straight out, groaning.

"Oh, you cruel man, you have killed it!" said Mrs. Temple, who had just reached the place. "Oh, don't beat it!"

But the man only looked sulky, and went on beating the poor thing, until, seeing Mrs. Temple take out her purse, he began to think he might as well pretend to please her, and, after she was gone, he could beat the donkey as much as he liked.

To his surprise, Mrs. Temple asked him how much he would take for the donkey, coals and all.

He told her, and, having paid him the money, she made him carry the coals to her house, which was quite near.

When the heavy sacks were taken away, the donkey looked quite relieved, and, getting up, went straight to the hedge, and began tearing at the fresh green grass in a way that showed how very hungry he must have been. Mrs. Temple watched him for a little while, then, taking hold of one of his ears very gently, led him to her own field, and put him in.

Next morning, when breakfast was over, Mrs. Temple said to her children, whose names were Tom, Addy, and Fred—

"What do you think I bought for you yesterday?"

The children looked very eager, but all said they could not guess.

So she continued, "Run down to the paddock and see."

The words were scarcely out of her mouth when the children were racing down the garden, screaming with delight and wonder. Now there was a thick hedge between the garden and the paddock, so they could not expect to see until they reached the gate; but they could hear, and so could the donkey, for directly the sound of their voices reached him where he was feeding, just under the hedge, he set up a loud "Ehaw, ehaw!" and, kicking his heels, galloped off to the furthest end of the field.

Oh, what a start the children got! They all stood stock-still and looked at each other.

Tom's face got very hot, and Addy held little Fred, who, being only three years old, was not to be expected to know what made such a terrific sound.

"What is it, Addy?" he whispered.

"It's a donkey," shouted Tom, finding his voice in such a hurry that he had no time to speak quietly. "It's a donkey, a real live donkey; we'll all learn to ride now. Come along, Addy, and see him through the gate," and Tom ran off. Addy followed, leading Fred, who was not quite sure he liked going to see such a noisy beast, and kept a very tight hold of his sister's hand. When they did get a sight of the donkey, they were just a little disappointed, and no wonder. He was a very miserable-looking animal; his hair was rubbed off in all directions, and, in more than one place, the skin too; besides, he was very thin, the bones sticking up—as Tom said, looking like a skeleton; and it was with very grave faces they went back to their mother.

When they heard the donkey's story, however, the matter took quite another turn, and they were never tired of petting poor "Neddy," as they called the donkey; so that, what with good feeding, a comfortable shed to sleep in, and no work, Neddy soon began to improve, and, at the end of three weeks, was as sleek and fat as any donkey could wish to be.

One evening the children were sitting in the drawing-room waiting for their mamma to come in; they were all upon the hearth-rug, with their heads close together, and so busy whispering, that they did not notice when Mrs. Temple came until she laughed; then Addy gave Tom a push and said—

"Now then, Tom, you ask."

But Tom held back, saying, in an equally loud whisper—

"No, no, you are a girl, Addy; you ask."

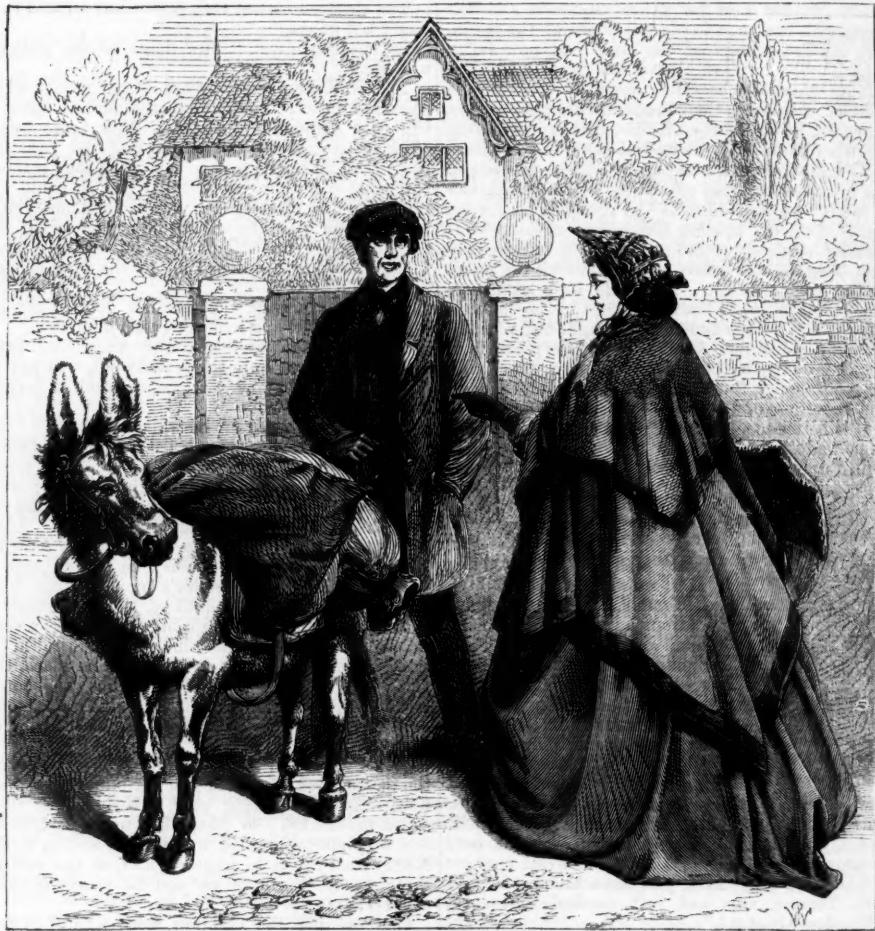
Then there was a pause and a long whispering, at the close of which Freddy got up. He was very red in the face, and stumbled; he was in such a hurry, you know, he had not time to look after his fat legs; but he reached his mother at last, and, laying his curly head on her knee, said—

"Mamma, may us hab a saddle for Neddy?"

"A saddle for Neddy, Fred! Who's to pay for it?" said his mother, taking him on her lap.

Then the others rushed up, poor little Freddy having stormed the fort.

"Oh, mamma, do let us! We want so to learn to ride."



"The poor beast could scarcely totter along."—p. 435.

"Cousin Jack can ride like bricks, and I want to."

"Stop, stop, Tom!" exclaimed his mother. "If you all talk at once, how can I answer any one? Neddy has cost me a great deal of money already; I cannot afford to buy a saddle. You must save up your own money, if you want one; or," she added, seeing how very blank the little faces got, "make some."

"I'll easily do that," cried Addy, nodding her head. "I'll sell the cabbages, and turnips, and carrots, and get ever so much."

"But the cabbages, and turnips, and carrots are mine," said her mamma; "and the cook wants them to make the broth you like so much."

"Nonsense, Addy!" said Tom. "I'll make baskets, mamma. I could do that."

"But you must buy the willows first, and then get some one to teach you."

"Oh, dear! what is to be done?" sighed Addy. "We'll never make money."

Now Mrs. Temple had no intention of disappointing her little children; she had proposed to them to buy the saddle for themselves, because she thought it would be a good opportunity of teaching them what they could do, and, at the same time, learning what it is very difficult ever to learn even for big people—self-denial—that is, "doing without a thing you want very much;" so she thought a little, and said—

"Now, if you will listen carefully, I will tell you how you can get money to buy the saddle. You all like sugar, don't you?"

"Oh, yes!" cried the children, looking surprised.

"And you all like butter?"

"Oh, yes!" they cried again.

"And you all like jelly?"

"Oh, yes! but how is that to buy the saddle?"

"Wait a little," said their mamma. "Well, you know the sugar, and butter, and jelly you eat all costs me money; so if you will each of you give

up eating any one of these for a week, I shall give you the money the thing you give up would have cost me, if you had eaten it, and you can save it for the saddle."

"Then I'll not eat either butter, or sugar, or jelly," said Addy, clapping her hands. "I can easily do that."

"I will not either, mamma," said Tom, though he did not look quite so confident as his sister.

Little Freddy crept closer to his mother, and, putting his lips to her ear, said—

"I'll plant a penny in my garden, and I won't hab delly."

So the matter was settled, and for a whole week the children kept to their agreement; then, when the time was past, their mamma put some money on the table, saying—

"There, children, there's sixpence for Tom and Addy for sugar, sixpence each for butter, and one shilling each for jam, that makes five-and-sixpence; and you know, as a penny saved is a penny gained, you can honestly feel you've made five-and-sixpence this week. Another such week, and you'll be able to buy the saddle."

You may imagine how delighted the children were, and how eager for the next week to pass; and when it did, and they had eleven shillings lying upon the school-room table, they thought themselves the grandest and happiest children in the world, and could scarcely help running all the way to the village where the saddler lived, and from whom they bought a neat little pad and a bridle, with a bright, red band to go across the donkey's forehead; these they carried home, and had them fitted on to Neddy, who looked so conceited and frisky, and pranced about so proudly, that no one could have possibly recognised in him the poor thing Mrs. Temple had picked up upon the road.

Tom was the first to mount the new saddle, and

away he cantered quite bravely; but his legs hung dangling about in such a funny way, that Neddy, not knowing what to make of it, began to kick, and presently landed Master Tom in the clover. Addy got on next, but did not venture out of a walk, so got on very well. And then little Fred's turn came, and they all declared that he sat better than any of them; his feet could not nearly reach the stirrups, so he held on with his fat legs, and chuckled up Neddy's head until he made him canter, and, as the gardener was holding him on, he had a nicer ride than the others. After that day they practised riding until they all became quite expert, and Mrs. Temple never regretted buying "the broken-down donkey."

THE SABBATHS OF THE YEAR.

EIGHTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

"For ye have not received the spirit of bondage again to fear; but ye have received the Spirit of adoption, whereby we cry, Abba, Father."—Rom. viii. 15.

GHILDREN, ye need not fear,
For God is love, and in his kind embrace
Your timid hearts may find a sweet repose,
Such as he gives to those
Who ask his guidance, and who seek his grace;
He is no tyrant, but a Father dear,
And will that child in sweet adoption take
Who asks it for Christ's sake.

Fear is cast out by love,
The perfect love which feels that God is nigh,
And faith and heavenly hope new courage gather
From the sweet cry, "Father!"
The "Abba" breathed from childhood trustfully,
Its chastened, yet familiar love to prove,
O Father God, in Jesu's name we call,
Shed blessings on us all.

NORTON PURNELL.

CHAPTER XLIX.

PITFALLS IN THE PATH.

DURING the two years which Norton had spent at Bath, Jim Perkins and his friend Dick Emery had been plotting to carry out their long-cherished vengeance against Sir Henry Jardiffe, but they had found an unexpected hitch in their plans. Martha Simpson, a former servant at the Hall, and on whose evidence they had relied, had emigrated with the family of her brother to America, and would not be forthcoming, therefore, when she was wanted.

A general election was at hand. Sir Henry was again about to stand as candidate for the borough of B—; but this was the period of reform agitation, and radical feeling ran strong and fierce in the borough. The Radicals had got down from London a rising young orator, Mr. Norbury, to oppose the Conservative, and so determined was the faction to fight to the death, that it was supposed it would go very hard with the Blues. Both parties, it must be confessed, were bribing in every direction. The principals, of course, had nothing to do with this. Mr. Norbury left everything to his committee, who had agreed to find means as well as votes;

and Sir Henry supplied his committee with the usual funds, not asking how they were applied.

The Radicals depended much for their success on the cleverness and activity—principally, I suppose, in planting bribes—of an agent they had picked up. This was no other than our old friend Vagg, who was introduced to the reader at the commencement of our tale as the officer who took into custody Jim Perkins for smuggling.

Vagg was well fitted for his work. He was not particularly scrupulous, had unbounded impudence, and was well acquainted with men, and easily discovered their weak side. He had been a detective in this very borough, and therefore knew many a secret which he could cunningly employ to serve his party now. Vagg was determined to gain laurels by making the Radicals win. He was sitting in the bar-parlour of the "Full Moon" one evening, treating and fuddling one or two customers, whom he was determined to cajole out of their votes, when who should enter and sit down at a table by himself but Jim Perkins. Vagg and Jim instantly recognised one another, and Jim showed his teeth and scowled at his old enemy. However, presently Vagg contrived to get to Jim while the rest of the company were engaged in a fierce argument, and sat down beside him; Jim moved away.

"Come, come, Mr. Perkins," said Vagg, "don't bear malice for old scores. Why, 'twere in the way of duty, you know. Forget and forgive. Maybe I can do you a good turn now, as I did you a bad turn then."

"What d'ye mean?" said wary Jim.

"Will you come wi' me into No. 3? we'll have a glass by ourselves, and I'll tell you."

Jim followed Vagg, the agent, into No. 3. Vagg rang the bell and ordered brandy for two with hot water.

When the beverage appeared, Vagg made a sign to the barmaid not to show any more customers into No. 3 at present, and thus began—

"Well, Mr. Perkins, I dare say you recollect some years ago you fell into trouble. Whether or no your humble servant here had any share in bringing you into that trouble, or whether he hadn't, we won't now inquire; it's nothing to the purpose. But what is to the purpose is this: I dare say you recollect that when that squire at Chilton, Sir Henry Jordiffe, thought fit to send you to quod, you, as were very nat'ral, were in a mortal passion with him, and threatened to do for him one of these days, and at the same time hinted that you could even hang him, if you had a mind. Very well; now I should like to ask, and I don't ask out of any impertinence, where the hitch is, if there is a hitch, and why all these years you have not put your threats into practice?"

"Aha, Mr. Vagg," said Jim, putting his finger to his nose, "what do you do with fools when you ketch 'em? Suppose I had a bit of spite again old Jordiffe, what interest can I have in telling you?"

"Ah! now we come to business, Mr. Perkins. Well, you see, it might so happen that your interest and mine might be the same, and I might help you to get over the hitch, whatever it is."

"Now, look here, Mr. Vagg. You want, don't ye, to see the cards I've got in my hand? Very well: let's know first, if you please, what your game is."

"Aha, what a cunning old fox it is! Very well then, I'll have confidence in you, Mr. Perkins, and show you my cards. You know that there's a prospect of a general election; it may be soon—it may be furder off?"

"Yes."

"Very well. You see I'm on the side o' the Yellows, again Sir Henry, and I shouldn't mind putting a spoke in any wheel, to spoil his election when the time comes."

"Ah, very good. And what may you be going to do?"

"I'm going to help you, if you'll tell me how."

"Oh, ho! spoil his election. And what'll you stand to make it worth my while to show the cards?"

"Why, rot it man, I should ask you what you'll stand to have my help."

"Exactly, Mr. Vagg: only, d'ye see, I can do without you, and you can't do without me."

"Come, come, Mr. Perkins, you mustn't try to catch old birds with chaff. If you could have done it without help, why haven't you done it afore now? Come now, don't let us try to dodge one another. There is a hitch, and my experience in the service, especially as detective, is just what you want to help you with it."

"Well, maybe the hitch is just want of the rhino. Now the point is this: how much'll you come down wi'?"

"How much is wanted?"

"Oh, several hundred pound."

"Very well, show me that several hundred pound'll do it, and I think it may be got."

"You do really think zoo, do ye?"

"Yes, I do."

"Well then, what I say is this: You put down a ten-pound note on this table vor earnest-money and my share."

CHAPTER L.

THE PLAN.

Vagg drew from a pocket-book a greasy ten-pound note, and laid it on the table. Jim examined it and placed it in his own purse, and then began, lowering his voice to a whisper: "Sir Henry Jordiffe have got a murder—nothing less—to answer for."

"Aha, so I guessed; but, man, where's your evidence?"

"There's the hitch. The murdered man was his own servant. 'Twas 'bout twenty-four or five years ago. He had a servant, and his name was Will Jones. Well, Jones, he was in love wi' pretty Molly Bevan that lived at the lodge gate. Will thought Sir Henry, who was a young man then, had been making love to her, and so he was jealous of the squire. Whether or no, the squire was sweet on Molly. It's known for certain some thought so, and some thought he weren't. But, howsoever, he used to have a bit o' chat wi' Molly when he went in and out o' the lodge gate, and so Will Jones he was jealous. Well, I can bring the evidence o' one Jim Fisher, who was stable-boy at the Hall at that time, that he overheard Will and the squire quarrelling. Will told the squire that he'd a-been trying to rob him o' his sweetheart, and threatened to go and tell the squire's young lady, one Miss Careton, up the country, of his goings on, and the squire was in a dreadful passion, and called Will an impudent scoundrel, and all sorts of names, and said that if he dared to slander him to Miss Careton, or anybody else, he'd shoot him dead.

"Very well, in a day or two arter this quarrel, Will was missing, and nothing has ever been heard of him from that time to this. But there's evidence to prove that the night when Will got missed, the squire come home late. 'Twere thought that Will let him in at the front door, and twitted him with having been with his sweetheart Molly.

"There's evidence as to a noise, and the shape o' two men a-struggling in front o' the Hall, about twelve o'clock at night."

"What's the evidence?"

"Dick Emery was gamekeeper to the squire at the time. He was in the park, looking arter some poachers. He saw atween the trees two men that looked like the squire and Will. He heard them quarrelling. He hurried towards the house, and lost sight of them behind the trees. Then he heerd some groans, as if one had foul play done him. But when he got up to the house both men were gone, as if one had taken the other inside. Next morning he examined the spot, and, sure enough, there was blood upon the gravel.

"Well, another witness is Martha Simpson, then housemaid at the Hall. She can prove that she heard a noise at the front o' the house about the same time. She went to the window and looked out as soon as she could, and saw the squire, as she believes, a-taking up a dead body in his arms, and bringing it into the house. She went out to the banisters to look, and there, sure enough, was the squire, bringing up the dead body, wrapped in his cloak. She crept back into her room, and the squire went along with the body into one o' the chambers that is always kept shut at one wing of the house. Well, he stayed some time, and then he came out and went to bed. Next morning Will was missing. The squire seemed to be dreadfully put about; but for several days he went into the room that was shut up, and there he bided for many an hour, and at night, when everybody was gone to bed, he'd come out with something in a basket, and went across the grounds down towards the old coal-pit; and Martha said she believed the squire were anatomising the dead man, and carrying the body to throw it into the old pit."

"But why in the world should this evidence have kept still, and such terrible things as these going on?"

"Why, d'ye see, Martha was very fond of the squire; her mother had nussed him when he was a baby, and Martha and he had played together as children, and so she was loth to do anything to hurt en, though she was terribly troubled in mind about it. And then, d'ye see, she kept company at that time wi' Dick Emery, the gamekeeper, and was in hopes he'd marry her, and they should be comfortable. And if anything happened to the squire, why, there was an end to all her prospects."

"Still, 'twas very hard she should put up with the murder of one of her fellow-servants."

"Well, d'ye see, she wasn't shour 'twas murder. She'd heard Will himself say he'd murder the squire if he didn't let Molly alone; and so she thought Will might have set on the squire, and the squire might only have hit in self-defence."

"And is there any evidence to show what the squire did in the room that was shut up, and if there are any traces of the murder there?"

"Yes, that's the strongest part of the case. You must know that the gert calves of servants and folk about the Hall have always fancied that the Hall were haunted by spirits, and that sort o' cattle. Well, arter Will's murder the spirits in the Hall were terrible. One night, one o' Martha's fellow-servants was took bad, and Martha went down-stairs to get something hot for her by the kitchen fire. Well, when she come back, sure enough, she saw the ghost. At first she awmost swoond, but, however, she managed to stand fast, and then she seed as 'twere her master in his nightgown, with a candlestick in his hand, and his eyes staren wide open; but he didn't seem to see her, but went on to the chamber that was shut up, and opened it with a key and went in. She went and peeped in too. 'Twere a gert, ugly black place, wi' someold furniture o' one side; but the squire went to an old oak chest, and opened the cover, and looked in, and groaned. Then he came out again, and locked the door, and Martha slipped behind a corner, while the measter went by her, and she heerd en mutter all sorts of strange things."

"Martha was determined to know the end of this, and she watched for her master many a night. And sometimes once or twice in a week, and sometimes not so often, he'd come out of his room in his white nightgown, and go into the dark door and open the chest, and groan. And then she'd hear him go back muttering. Mostly, he said the seame words."

"But how came Martha to let out all this?"

"Well, d'ye see, as I told you, Dick was a coothing her, and found out that there was summat wrong, and, bit by bit, wormed it all out of her."

"But has nobody ever been into the chamber that is kept shut up?"

"Yes, one day when the family were away, and the cook gone out to see her friends, Martha let Dick in, and he picked the lock, and got into the room, and, sure enough, there was a skillentoon in the chest. And Dick got a notion into his head that Will's clothes would be found somewhere about the room. He looked under the chest, and high and low, but could not find them. At last he bethought himself of looking at the floor; and there was a plank that seemed to have been taken up and put down again, and he wanted to take it up, but Martha wouldn't let him stay, for she was afraid somebody ud come. 'Tis my belief, Mr. Vagg, that the murdered man's clothes is under that plank."

"Well, it looks so, certainly; but what became of the witness?"

"Well, d'ye see, Dick were always a bit wild, though he'd promised to mend. But he didn't mend; he got worse and worse, and was often drunk when the squire met him; and so, by and by, the squire discharged him, and Martha wouldn't have him then. And, with one thing and

the other, she got low-spirited, and couldn't bear to stay at the Hall, so she went away to Bath, where she lived in service, at one place and another, for many a year. Dick and I were thick together, and Dick told me all about what she'd said and heard at the Hall, and we often tried to persuade her to come forward and give her evidence, but she never would. You know, Mr. Vagg, that the squire had done me so many queer turns, a-sending me to gaol for poaching and smuggling, and one thing and the other, that 'twas natral I should want to do him a turn too. And Dick ud like to have done him a turn as well, for sending him away without a character, and takin' the bread out of his mouth. But Martha would not come forward, say what we would, so we were forced to be mum."

"Well, then, when young Annesley, the squire's nevvy, grew up, we let the bulldogs sleep for a time, for we got thick with the young squire, who was free with his money, and we didn't want to bring his uncle into trouble, for his sake. But a year or two ago, d'ye see, the young squire was forced to make himself scarce, on account of a little bit of love business he was up to, and he hasn't come back yet—he's somewhere on the Continent. Well, arter Annesley went, there was no reason for letting the bulldogs sleep no longer, so we thought we'd try to do the old squire's business at last. We went to Martha. She'd left service, and was living with a nevvy, Etherd Simpson, and he was going to emigrate, and she said she began to feel the secret heavy on her mind, and so, especially as she did feel it very hard for her to be a burden for the rest of her days on her kinsfolk, she said, if we could only find a hundred pound or two to put her into stock as her share, and help her nevvy to emigrate, she'd let herself be tempted to come forward to say what she had to say. But we could not get a hundred pound or two, and so Martha and her nevvy went off to Meriky, and there they are now. *And that's the hitch, Mr. Vagg: the chief witness is out of the way.*"

"How long has she been gone?"

"About fourteen or fifteen months."

"Where are they settled?"

"I think it is Wisconsin territory, up somewhere near the lakes."

"And you think two or three hundred pounds put into Etherd's stock would induce the old lady to come over to England to give her evidence?"

"I'm awmost sure of it. I heard that her nevvy had got a bit of clearing, and had built a bit of a house, and had got a pig, and cow, and a few fowls, and a bit of land with something on it, but he's bad off for want of capital to buy stock, and seed, and one thing and the other. Two or three hundred pounds would be the making of him."

"Well, 'tis a bold game, Mr. Perkins, but I'll play it. But I must have somebody to back me. 'Tis too big to venture on by one's-self. I'll let Lawyer Higson into our scheme. He's a sharp fellow, and the chairman of our committee, and he and I between us can get a hundred pound or two, I'll warrant, for such a promising job as this. Now, I'll tell you what my plan is. You must go over to America, and see Martha and her nephew."

"I doan't think she'll listen to me."

"I'll get you a letter from Lawyer Higson, and a promise from' him that on Martha's coming over to England, and giving the evidence which you have mentioned, two hundred pounds shall be paid to her or her nephew by Higson, and I'll give you money for your own expense and hers, so that there can be nothing to fear, and everything to hope."

"Well, I think she'll come for that."

(To be continued.)

THE EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR.

DESERVING of our first notice is a compilation* of thoughts and speculations from the writings of some of our best divines, upon the state and welfare of the soul on its separation from the body. The compiler in his dedication to the good and pious Earl of Shaftesbury, states that "the doctrines most prominently set forth in the following pages are—The Immortality of the Soul—its Consciousness during its Separation from the Body—its Immediate and Abundant Admission at Death (if a believer) into the Presence of Christ—its Happiness in its Glorified State—the Unextinguishable Cravings of our Social Nature—and the Recognition and Reunion of Friends in Heaven." We cordially concur in the editor's sentiment that these "are subjects worthy the most serious consideration of all, involving as they do anticipations which the wise spirits of every age and nation have delighted to cherish."

The book is divided into two parts:—I, "Connection between Heaven and Earth," and II, "Death-divided Friends Reunited Again." To the first part, the most remarkable contributions are—"Disembodied, yet Conscious," by the Rev. William Trail, A.M.; "Modes of Celestial Information," by the author of "Heaven our Home;" and "Communion of the Dead with the Living," by the Rev. A. P. Peabody. The most important sections of the second part are—"Reasons for Expecting Reunion in Heaven;" "We shall Know Each Other;" "Our True Humanity in Heaven;" and "Individual Friendship among the Glorified." From the third of these, of which the Rev. J. M. Killen is the author, we take a paragraph:—

One of the chief objections brought against the doctrine of recognition in the world to come, arises from the supposed greatness of the change which will be wrought on us in a future state. The most extravagant ideas are wont to be entertained on this matter; and the conceptions of many, as to the nature of the transformation which death, the grave, and resurrection combined will effect, are such as, if well-founded, would really constitute us an entirely new order of beings. Now, we must beware of such extravagances, and even endeavour to remember that the great object of the Gospel is not to destroy, or metamorphose, or essentially to alter our nature, but to redeem, renew, and perfect it. The change, then, to be effected, is one of perfect development, rather than of essential alteration. We are to be the subjects of a complete purification and wondrous expansion, but not at all of a transmutation or substantial change. We shall still be human beings, for it was human nature Christ assumed, such he has redeemed, such he will completely sanctify, and yet fully glorify. If, therefore, the design of the Saviour's mission is to be accomplished, we must continue to wear our humanity throughout eternity. The change, then, to be wrought in us is not one of essence, but of degree; for in this present life we are but in the infancy, if not in the very embryo, of our existence; and the full manhood of our being will not be attained till we enter the eternal world.

The quotation we have given will better define the nature of the volume than would have any description; and therefore, though we cannot endorse every opinion,

* "Lost Friends Found Again; or, Heavenly Solace for Christian Mourners. Consisting of Select Paragraphs from the Works of Celebrated Authors." Edited by Edward Shepherd Smedley, and dedicated, by permission, to the Right Hon. the Earl of Shaftesbury, K.G. London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co.

or follow every speculation advanced in it (nor is it possible for all to agree on some points in subjects of such kind), we pass on, with a recommendation of its perusal to the thoughtful reader.

In a short treatise* now before us, on education in public and middle-class schools, many useful and suggestive hints are given for the improvement of the system of instruction as at present pursued. The author, by giving evidence of a long experience, has a claim upon the thoughtful consideration of tutors and parents. He very strenuously opposes long and continuous application at mathematics; and for the young, advises the expunction from our text books of all purely theoretical propositions, to be replaced by practical geometry, "by doing which," he adds, "we shall avoid creating in the minds of children the strong dislike for mathematics, which now prevails in almost every school."

In conclusion, we unhesitatingly commend to favourable notice this practical little tractate.

We have received a memoir† of a pious captain in the navy, who was born in 1794, lived a useful and religious life, and died in 1863. This is all that we can say; for beyond the circle of the author, or that of the subject of the memoir, this little book can have no great interest. Too many private and unimportant biographies are now a days published, and very few are worthy of the least attention. It is true that there is a lesson to be learned from the life of every man, but in most cases we have but a repetition of the same trite lesson, be it one of encouragement or one of warning.

A collection of simple, attractive, and appropriate addresses to sailors‡ has been published, very suitable for presentation to men before the mast. This "Sunday-book" fully substantiates the author's claim to the *nom de plume* "A Sailor's Friend." We cannot, however, speak highly of the writer's verses at the conclusion of each address. They spoil the effect of the last words, which are very stirring and full of feeling, and if allowed their full force, are calculated to make impressions strong and lasting.

The thousands of readers of the Rev. Newman Hall's tracts, "Follow Jesus," "Come to Jesus," and "It is I," will welcome another§ from the same able pen, entitled "The Saviour's Bible." We hope that it will become as popular as the other three.

Before rising from our Easy Chair, we have to acknowledge the receipt of the Rev. G. E. Maunsell's "Harvest Hymn," set to music by Charles Wise.|| The air is very simple, exceedingly effective, and well adapted to the ear and taste of the class for whom it is composed.

* "Public and Middle-Class School Education: What it is, and What it should be." By a Practical Man. London: Virtue Brothers and Co.

† "Faithful unto Death: A Memoir of William Grahame Rhind, R.N., who fell asleep in Jesus, March 17th, 1863." Second Edition. London: William Yapp.

‡ "Heavenward, Ho! or, Homeward Bound: A Seaman's Sunday Book." By a Sailor's Friend. Second Thousand. London: S. W. Partridge.

§ "The Saviour's Bible: A Plea for the Old Testament." By Newman Hall, LL.B. London, Nisbet and Co.; John Snow.

|| "Harvest Hymn." Dedicated, by permission, to the Right Rev. Francis, Lord Bishop of Peterborough. The Words by the Rev. G. E. Maunsell. The Music by Charles Wise. London: Novello and Co.

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